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THE NEW YORKER

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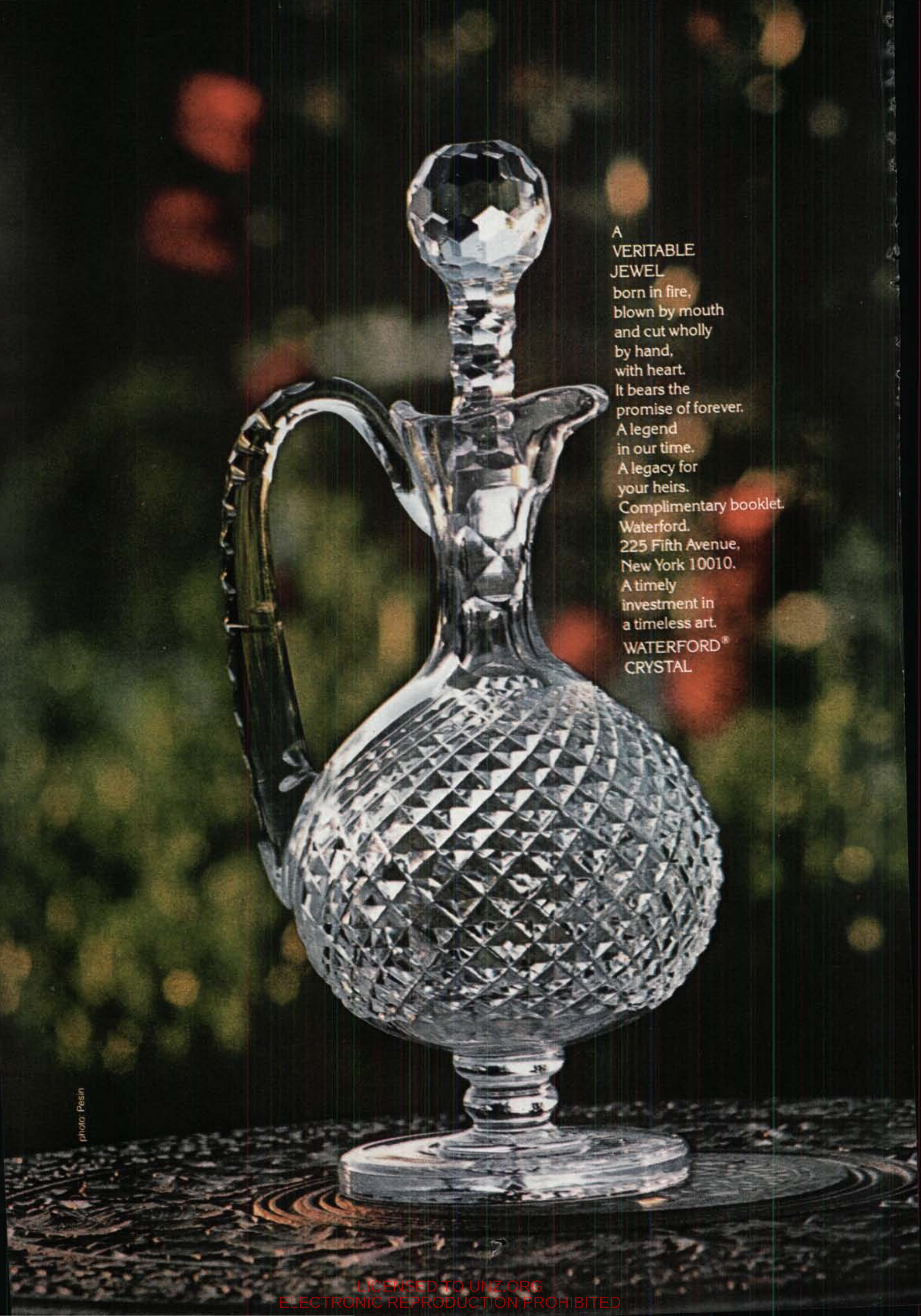

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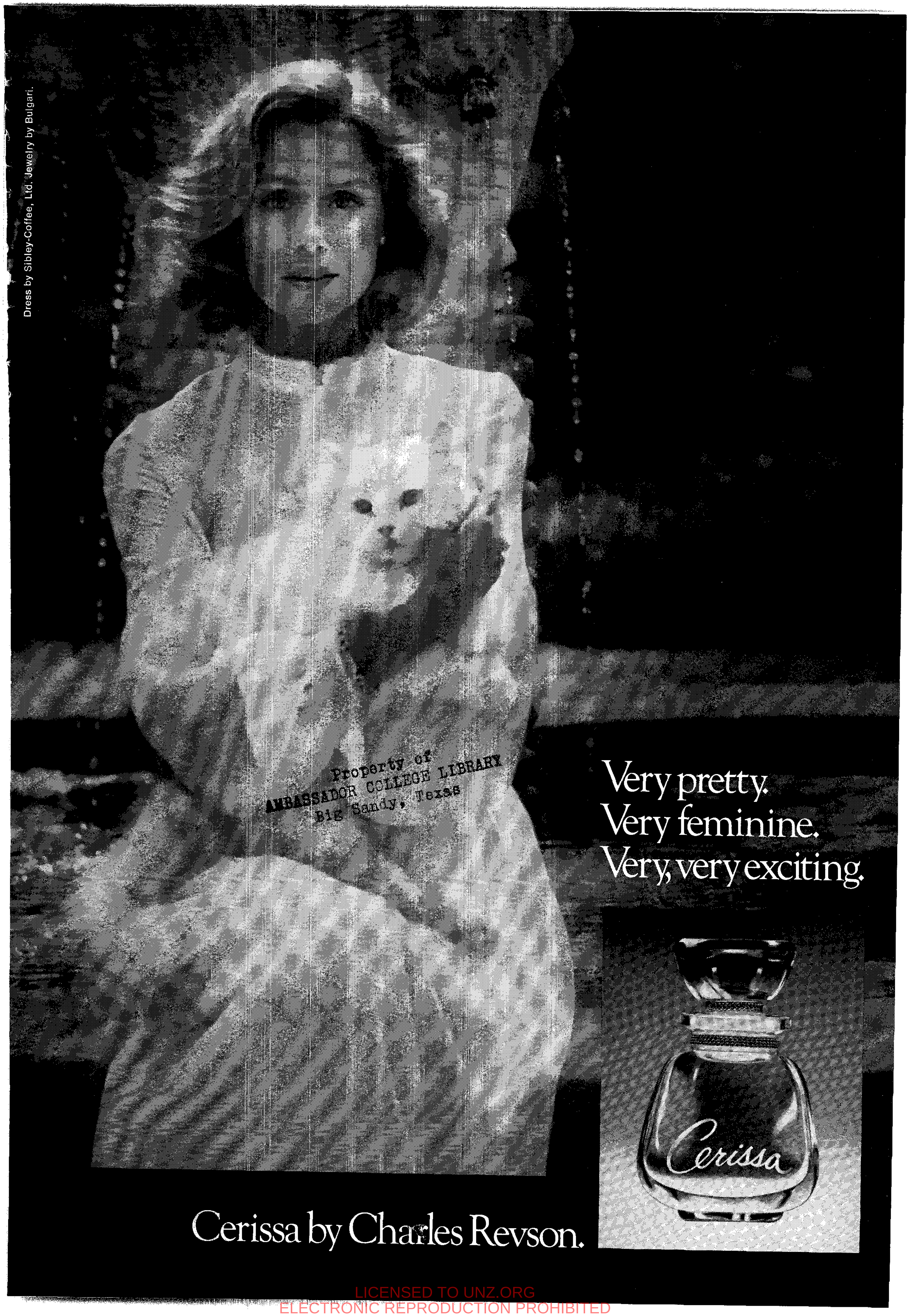
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 19-21, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—Milo O'Shea and the rest of a fine cast directed by Mike Nichols act out the philosophical (and political) implications of comedy, as seen by the playwright, Trevor Griffiths. A serious and funny play. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—The Rodgers and Hart musical **the boys from syracuse**, with a book by George Abbott, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, except Christmas, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2.)

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Lincoln—A play by Saul Levitt, with a single actor, Fritz Weaver, and videotape background. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Saturday, Dec. 18, and Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Music Is—A musical with a book, based on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," by George Abbott, a score by Richard Adler, lyrics by Will Holt, and a cast headed by Christopher Hewett. Directed by Mr. Abbott. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 20. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play, with Richard Chamberlain, Dorothy McGuire, and Sylvia Miles. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 16, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Weeknights, except Christmas, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Man's Land—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in top form as two hard-drinking old literary gents, in a characteristically witty and mysterious play by Harold Pinter. The director is Peter Hall. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays and Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8; Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2.)

Poor Murderer—Laurence Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Kevin McCarthy, and half a dozen others in a scintillating cast make the most of a Pirandello-like inquiry into madness and make-believe. The author is a Czech playwright, Pavel Kohout, and the director is Herbert Berghof. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Satur-

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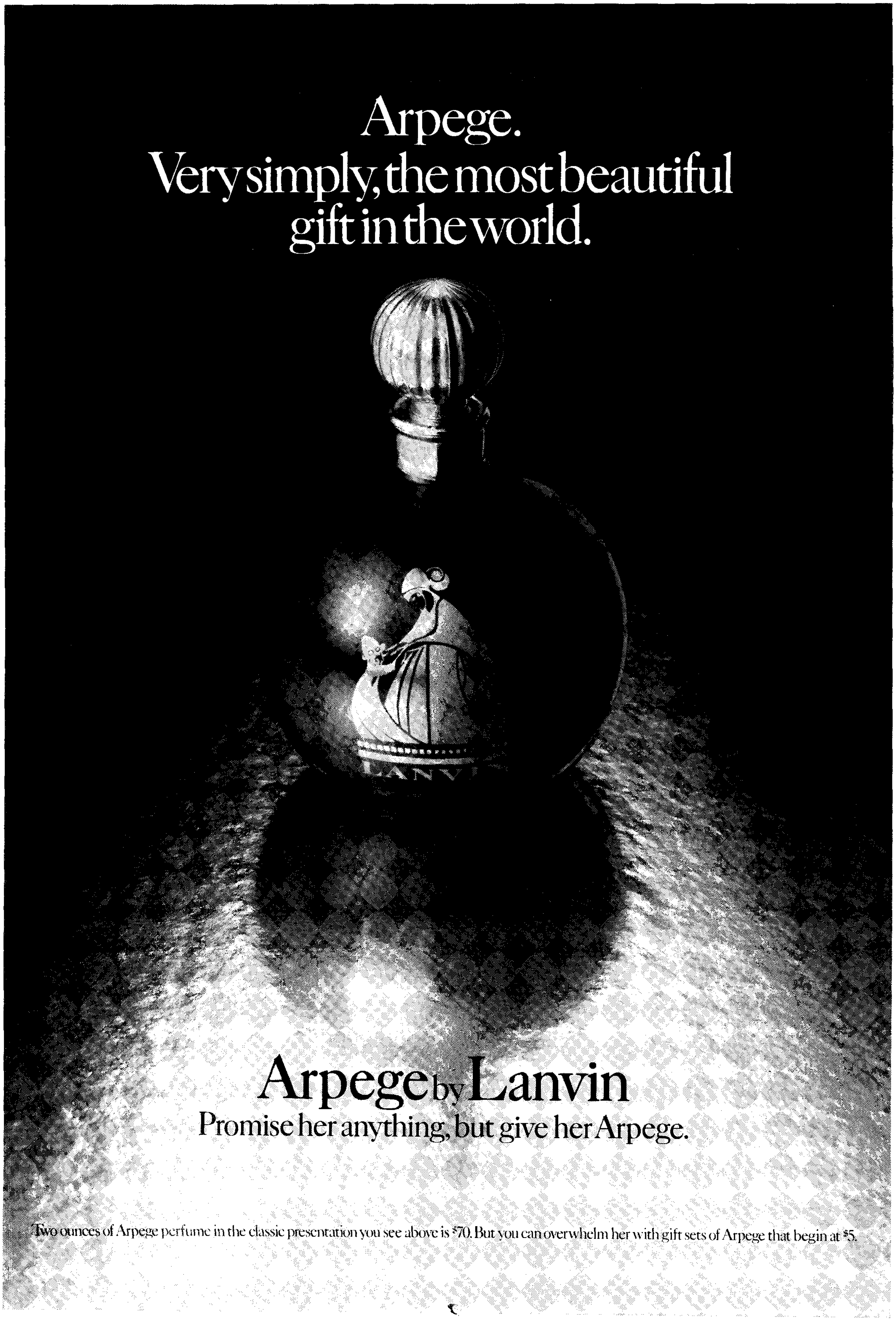

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A superb and, for once, complete operatic version of Gershwin's masterpiece. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—A comedy by Larry Gelbart, based on Ben Jonson's "Volpone" and starring George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, and Trish Van Devere. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

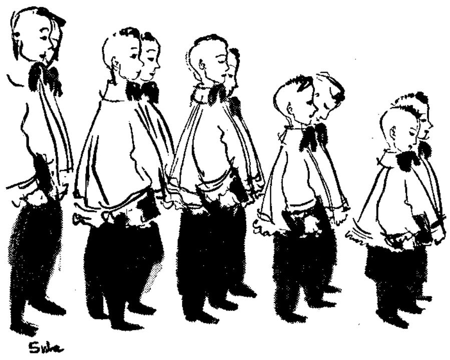
Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Tribute to Lili Lamont—An old, down-at-heels movie star meets her fan club. Star and members are all freaks and, what is worse, retreads. In short, rubbish about rubbish. Leueen MacGrath, in the title role, deserves better than this. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)



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Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A musical taken from the Book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant, and the cast includes Salome Bey, Delores Hall, and William Hardy, Jr. Previews Friday, Dec. 17, through Tuesday, Dec. 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, except Christmas, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2.) . . . **chicago:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,929 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 24, at 2.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **shenandoah:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented—or maybe are not being presented, depending on the outcome of current labor negotiations—through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, at 6; Friday, Dec. 17, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 6; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, at 6; and Friday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 6.)

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week season that will run through Sunday, Jan. 2—Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, at 6: "Petrouchka" and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7, and Friday, Dec. 24, at 1: "The Dream" and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Blood Memories," "Missa Brevis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Blood Memories." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Gazelle," "Facets," "Missa Brevis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Revelations," and "Songs for Young Lovers" (company première). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," "Blood Memories," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 19: "Three Black Kings," "Facets," "Deep South Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 19: "Gazelle," "Hobo Sapiens," "Blood Memories," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

"The Spirit of Denishawn"—The Joyce Trisler Danscompany in an evening-long reconstruction of the exercises and dances of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, staged by Klarna Pinska. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Les Sylphides," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Pas de Quatre," and "Ecole de Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—An evening of tinkling, elegance, and politesse, in which **john lewis** and **hank jones** (accompanied occasionally on bass by **bob cranshaw**), seated at cheek-by-jowl grands, play stately duets and solos that are likely to include "Stompin' at the Savoy," "What's New?," and "Walking" (duets); "Don't Blame Me" and "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" (Jones solos); and "Odds Against Tomorrow," "Django," and "Funny People

Parure. It is a word which is difficult to translate.
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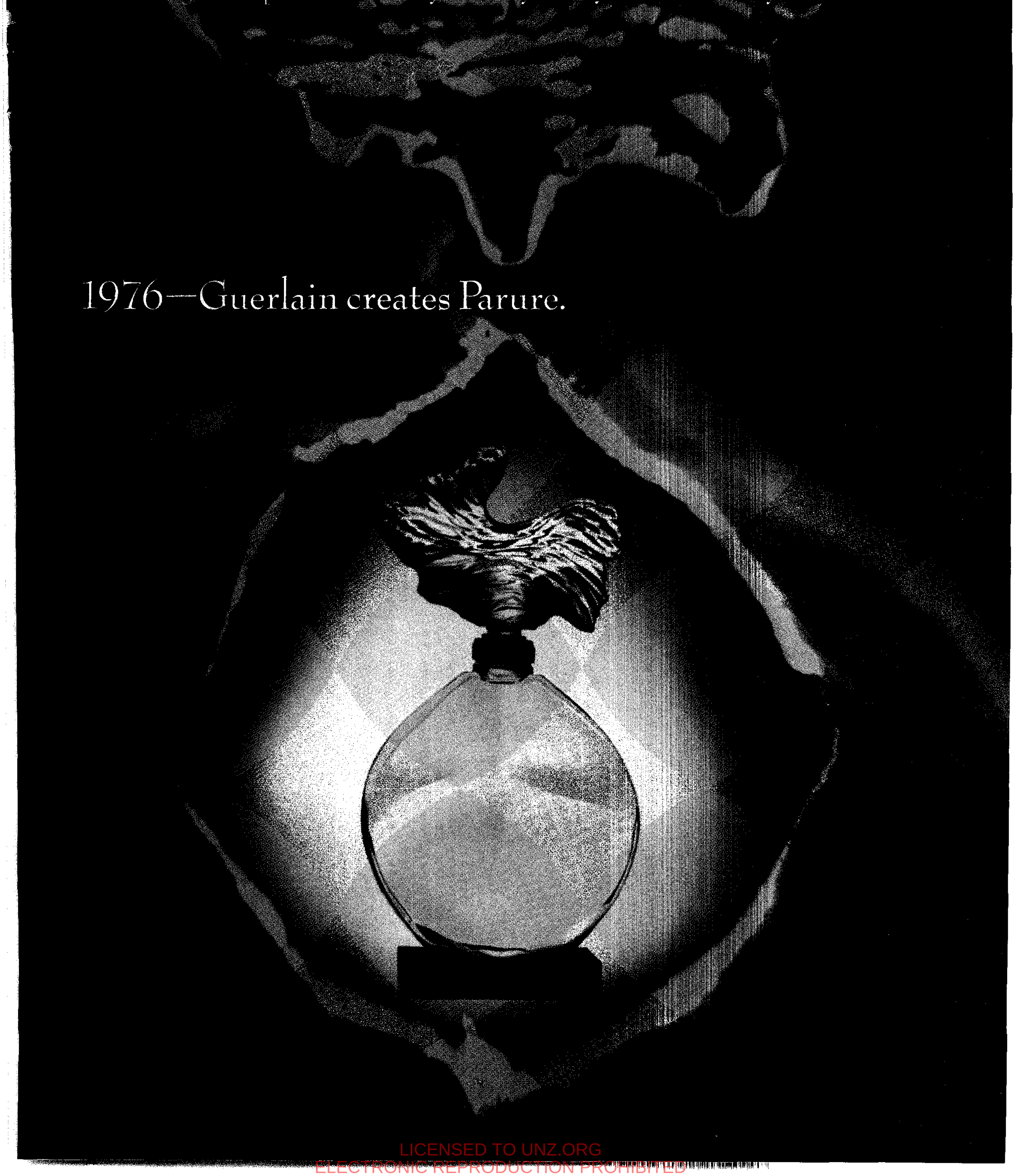

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Cuervo Especial. Tastes somewhere between the smooth of scotch and the mellow of really good cognac.

When you're feeling a bit bored by your usual—try it on the rocks. If you're more bored than usual—try it in a snifter.

Of course, when you raise your glass, you'll also raise a few eyebrows. But surely you've done that before.

Try it with soda.

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"Don't Want to Be Funny Anymore" (Lewis pieces and Lewis solos). The pianists' styles, though struck off in the same era, are very different—Jones is deerlike and full of Tatum turns, and Lewis is a master of the legato single note—and that's fine, but on a recent night the pianos themselves were antithetical, too: not only were they out of tune, but they were out of tune with each other, which gave the ensemble passages an air of discord and wild surmise. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ The widely admired JIM HALL will move in with a trio on Monday, Dec. 20. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali, and his wife, Patricia. Tenor saxophonist Marvin Blackman heads up his ensemble through Thursday, Dec. 16; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 17-19, pianist Don Pullen's quartet will be present; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 21-23, alto saxophonist Noah Howard will front a quartet; and on Friday, Dec. 24, drummer SUNNY MURRAY will take over with his quintet. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist FRANK FOSTER presides over the LOUD MINORITY, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist DARDANELLE is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. LARRY YOUNG, a fine composer and a keyboard whirlwind, is here with his trio Wednesday, Dec. 15; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 16-18, bassist CECIL MCBEE will work with his wonderful sextet; on Sunday, Dec. 19, pianist Al Dailey's trio will occupy the bandstand; and on Wednesday, Dec. 22, the New York Jazz Quartet, with pianist ROLAND HANNA and flutist FRANK WESS, will come in for four nights. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Rock singer and producer Al Kooper is here on Wednesday, Dec. 15; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 16-18, singer-hipster Tom Waits, whose record company calls his music "a lesson in reality," will be snapping his fingers and hunching his shoulders; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 21-22, will see Sparks, a rock group, on the stage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Christmas Eve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians. DICK WELLSTOOD plays solo piano through Saturday, Dec. 18; on Monday, Dec. 20, pianist JIMMY ROWLES, one of the house favorites, will return. The Sunday chores are handled by BARRY HARRIS and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner. Closed Christmas.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Gershwin, Porter, Coward, et al. are here in spirit; BOBBY SHORT and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, are in the Café Carlyle in the flesh Tuesdays through Saturdays. Their first set begins at ten. Dinner and supper. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . MARIAN MCPARTLAND is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with MICHAEL MOORE, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

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C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands with names like Orchestra Luna, City Lights, Talking Heads, Milk 'n' Cookies, Custer's Last Band, and Susan. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 23-25, the Ramones—who are, after Patti Smith, perhaps the most successful act to pass through these parts—will plug in. Their tunes are short beyond belief, loud, simple in melody and lyric, and frequently indistinguishable from one another. Their appearance is teenage-punk—T-shirts, jeans, dirty sneakers, leather jackets, and shades. The band's four members, who have all taken Ramone as their stage name, are in their mid-twenties and come from Forest Hills. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—MABEL MERCER, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright HELEN HUMES does ballads and authoritative blues songs with courtly, delicate, and unflappable support by pianist ELLIS LARKINS weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist SAMMY PRICE cuts loose. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Dec. 21, Budd Johnson will sit in with them. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 19, Soprano Summit—soprano saxophonists KENNY DAVERN and BOB WILBER and their quintet—will perform from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, AL HAIG, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist CHUCK WAYNE and bassist Jamil Nasser. Sunday, Dec. 19, vibraharpist WARREN CHIASSON leads a trio from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, HOD O'BRIAN, a versatile young pianist; SONNY GREER, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and RUSSELL PROCOPE, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from five to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—ANITA O'DAY, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, has settled in with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights, plus a backup quartet guided by pianist NORMAN SIMMONS. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Dan Hill, a country-folk singer from Canada, sings and strums Thursday through Monday, Dec. 16-20. Raun MacKinnon, a longtime local folkie, and a talented one, will take the stage with her band on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 15, and Christmas Eve.

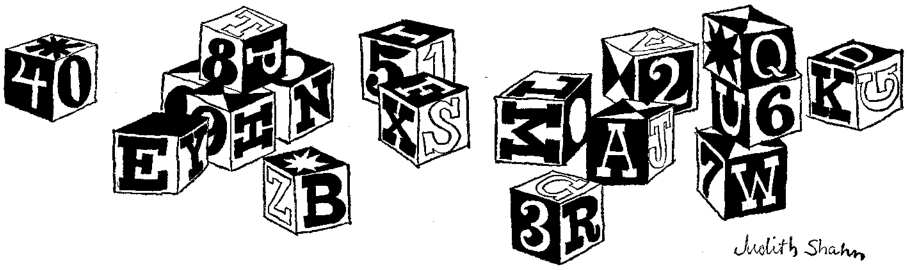
Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—LIONEL HAMPTON, as frisky as ever, is leading a band at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and originals written in a similar forty-year-old mode. She's here with her band, which includes drummer Freddie Moore, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Singer and actress Andrea Marcovicci will perform Sunday and Monday, Dec. 19-20. Shows at nine and midnight. Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, BLOSSOM DEARIE presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, fragile, direct voice. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here offers different musicians and ensembles each night; some of them are tenor saxophonist George Kelly and drummer Panama Francis and their group, which will play for dancing, Thursday, Dec. 16; pianist JOHN LEWIS and an ensemble of jazz majors from C.C.N.Y. on Tuesday, Dec. 21; singer and pianist Bobby Scott, Wednesday, Dec. 22; trombonist Matthew Gee and his band, doing Ellington tunes on Thursday, Dec. 23; and FRANK FOSTER and the LOUD MINORITY on Friday, Dec. 24. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist DAVE MATTHEWS takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels fronts a wonderful rhythm section that usually includes Michael Moore on bass and Gene Bertoncini on guitar; and pensive altoist LEE KONITZ, always worth listen-



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ing to, heads a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** teams up with different performers—singer **TEDDI KING** on Dec. 17, singer Joe Sardaro on Dec. 18, and saxophonist Cecil Payne on Dec. 24. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Glen Moore, Paul McCandless, and Steve Haas, three-fourths of the jazz-raga quartet Oregon, perform through Saturday, Dec. 18; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will work with bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** and keyboard player Mike Nock. Pianist Hal Galper's quintet will show up on Saturday, Dec. 25. The hours are from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Christmas Eve.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** the broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young Boston quintet that has been storming this place all fall, will return on Tuesday, Dec. 21. Shows at ten and midnight. Dinner. Closed Christmas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio alternate with guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** and his quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18; on Tuesday, Dec. 21, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine will begin leading his quartet. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** an impressive, driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about Paul Desmond and Cannonball Adderley, finishes up a stint with his quintet on Sunday, Dec. 19; on Tuesday, Dec. 21, **BETTY CARTER,** one of the very few truly improvisational, risk-taking singers, will arrive with a trio. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two. Closed Christmas.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and on Friday, Dec. 17, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will work out. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet that usually includes ex-Basie-ites **EARLE WARREN,** Paul Quinichette, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **IBRAHIM FARRAH NEAR EAST DANCE GROUP** on Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 5:45.

Bing Crosby—The last five in a series of benefit performances, with Rosemary Clooney, Joe Bushkin and his quartet, and Kathryn, Harry III, Mary-Frances, and Nathaniel Crosby. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Eumir Deodato—With the Brecker Brothers and the Dave Sanborn band. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Salute to Milt Hinton—Cab Calloway, Ron Carter, Richard Davis, Hank Jones, Al Cohn, Budd Johnson, Jon Faddis, Chet Amsterdam, Panama Francis, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Aerosmith and **Derringer**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.)

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.

Dave Mason—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Mongo Santamaria and John Blair—With Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, and others. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford—Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.

Barry Manilow (with Lady Flash)—Uris Theatre. Tuesday, Dec. 21, through Sunday, Jan. 2. Nightly, except Friday, Dec. 24, at 8.

Benefit Concert—Ray Barretto and his orchestra, the Gil Evans orchestra, the Unholy Modal Rounders, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed Friday, Dec. 24, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Craggy, earthy figures that might be blood brothers to those Easter Island sculptures, by a German artist who works in acrylics, charcoal, and chalk. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Anne Blodgett—Semi-abstract landscapes and interiors done with a canvas-collage technique. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Howard Cook—A retrospective of his graphic works, along with examples of his drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors of his favorite subjects—labyrinthine walled cities and towering racing yachts—drawn with his characteristic crackling line and enlivened with his geometric planes of pure color. Through Jan. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Leonel Góngora—Strange, Expressionist paintings, done in a satiric vein and mostly involving nudes in abandoned attitudes. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Collages made of a tough paper stained with paint or colored with pastel and cut into shapes that the artist assembles into a male head or figure whose features are mysteriously hidden under several layers of mummifying tape. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions set in boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Flowing masses of rich color, sometimes evoking the sea, sometimes a sunset sky, and sometimes a strangely lighted landscape, mostly done with acrylics that have dried to a sort of crackled, reticulated surface. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harriet Korman—Crayons and acrylics are used on these canvases, in which vertical stripes of varying thicknesses wander up and down a soft-colored, neutral field. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—A new crop of the miniature paintings of pears, apples, flowers, and dollar bills that this artist is celebrated for. It is possible that this year's brushwork seems a bit more practiced than last year's. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—A retrospective of landscapes and cityscapes, many of them focussed on the Harlem River and High Bridge, by this member of the Eight. One painting, dated 1902-3, shows the just-completed transept arch of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta genre sculptures from the last ten years. Through Jan. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joan Mitchell—The white canvas that once figured prominently in the backgrounds of this artist's abstract landscapes has now disappeared under a deluge of color—a veritable storm of pigment that takes up practically every inch of her huge compositions, one of them nine feet two inches high and twenty-four feet four inches long. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Robert Nickle—Collages of found paper; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 8. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Rothschild—Abstract figures, suggestive of Matisse's dancers in spirit, outlined in black and cut out of sheets of a thick, white material called Foam Board, which is then affixed to a bright-colored background. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Shannon—Did you know that the globe we live on is wrapped around a forty-five-hundred-mile metal cube, and that one gold-tipped corner of that cube is protruding from the earth in a tiny garden behind the gallery where this artist's work is showing? (The opposite corner sticks out near Perth, Australia.) The gold-tipped corner reflects rays straight back to the sun, and a captured ray, looking very much like a stainless-steel wand about ten feet long, hangs as a trophy on a gallery wall. These and other wonders, plus drawings and diagrams, make up this exhibit. Through Jan. 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—Montages incorporating antique playing cards and gaming counters. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Paul Smith / Joanna Krasner—Hand-painted porcelain vases, jugs, bowls, and plates. / Representational paintings and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Warshaw—Recent paintings, mostly of horses rolling over, by a California painter who plays polo and is thus able to study them in such a situation. Accompanying these are numerous anatomical drawings, both equine and human. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass abstract sculpture, some of it related to marine subjects like anchors and mooring posts, and some of it concerned with metal forms under severe stress and depicted just at the breaking point. Through Dec. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Charles Wells—Marble figure sculptures, together with drawings and etchings. Through Jan. 8. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A loan show (admission $1) of stone sculptures relating to Aztec religious rituals. Through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FAIR,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A couple of pencil abstracts by William Baziotes; the germ, in ink, of an architectural enterprise by Le Corbusier; and a number of remarkable pencil drawings in a surrealist vein by a young woman named Janet Fanto are included in this show of twenty-one American and European artists. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: On the third floor, exceptionally polished pencil drawings of nudes, by Robert Crowl; pen-and-ink book illustrations by Edward Sorel; and small chips of porcelain inset with tiny sculptured figures and landscapes, by Alexa Grace. On the second floor, three miniaturists—Victoria Fairbanks, who does English country scenes; Pamela Bianco, who does imaginative drawings; and Anthea Lewis, who does jungle cats and house cats with equal facility. Through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **GUREWITSCH,** 55 E. 74th St.: Paintings, prints, and tapestries by Everett Shinn, Ulfert Wilke, Will Barnet, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Opens at 1.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American drawings and watercolors spanning a two-hundred-year period, by a hundred artists including George Bellows, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through Dec. 30. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 29. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Dufy, Modigliani, and Braque. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Recent paintings by William Beckman, along with a show of paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Closes for a ten-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.) . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, watercolors, and small sculptures by Louis Lozowick, Maillol, Picasso, and others. Through Dec. 31.

Sculpture—Works by Arp, Ernst, and Giacometti make up this show of bronze sculptures; Arp's are highly polished, and the others have a rich dark patina. Of especial interest is an early (1926) Giacometti, entitled "Couple," done before the process of attenuation set in. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Abstract paintings completed over a twenty-year period. Through Jan. 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Karel Appel—Paintings from the sixties, when he was still using a slashing attack on his subjects with raw color but moving away from the more primitive, abandoned draftsmanship of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—Large, autobiographical paintings done in a no-nonsense, almost Egyptian flat pattern. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Francesca Chandon—Wall hangings comprised of painted-canvas strips arranged horizontally. Also collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—White-on-white paintings of arcs in various lengths and arrangements, brightened occasionally by bits of primary yellow or red. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Evans / Mell Daniel (1899-1975)—More of his stamps for imaginary countries (some of them are even cancelled). / Early and late drawings by an artist who had his first one-man show at the age of eighteen. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lionel Gilbert / Legh Myers—Still-lifes and interiors in semi-abstract and occasionally not at all abstract patterns by this veteran New York painter. / Twisting, sinuous pieces of carved and highly polished marble, some of them based on vegetable forms and some on organic ones, and others purely abstract. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jan Groth—Wall-size black tapestries by a Norwegian artist who has woven a single, nervous streak of white into each of them, sometimes cutting across the whole piece and sometimes barely intruding at one edge. Through Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hamwi—Abstract drawings done in the thinnest and sharpest colored-pencil lines imaginable; in most of them, strips are cut out of one drawing and interwoven, on another sheet, with strips cut out of others. The effect often evokes Persian decorations. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes / Bruce Monteith—Small still-lifes, done in pastels or acrylics, showing arrangements of arcs in various positions and casting shadows. / Box constructions in which meticulous miniatures of architectural details can be seen—a revolving Art Deco doorway, a classroom with a clock and blackboard, a hotel lobby with tile floors, a stairwell, and so on. Through Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Eighty-three prints and original drawings devoted to her powerful and unremitting graphic protests against the lot of the poor and downtrodden, relieved occasionally by a cathartic work showing the destitute storming the gates of the privileged. Through Dec. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Bright, colorful wall hangings that look like Persian rugs at first glance, until one perceives the bawdy figures that make up many of the patterns. In addition, there are tiny watercolors of city scenes, and bits of landscape that are like mirages shining in the distance. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Motherwell / Sondra Freckleton—Distinctive monotypes of abstract shapes, mostly black-and-white but sometimes set off with a dash of bright color. / Large watercolors of showy plants in becoming arrangements. Through Jan. 4. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Josef Nobauer—The latter-day satyrs depicted by this Austrian artist, who works with colored pencils and sometimes with watercolor, combine men and automobiles in surprising mergers. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Richard Gorman Powers—Semi-abstract seascapes. Through Dec. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

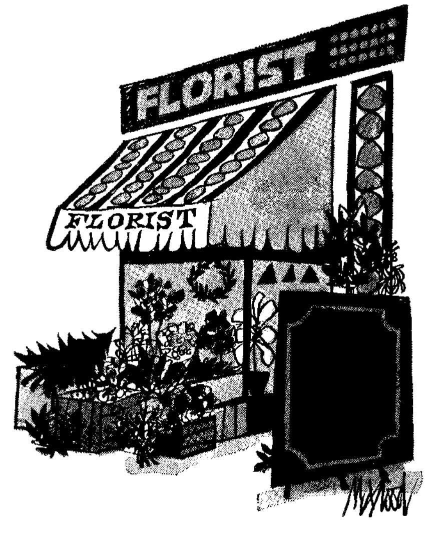
Christopher Pratt—Realist paintings, drawings, and prints of empty rooms, figures, and other subjects. Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Eric Sloane—Landscapes of New England in all seasons. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—A selection of cartoons dating back as far as 1943 and offering prime examples of his prestidigitation with ideas as well as with pen-and-ink. Also works in other mediums which have appeared on the cover of *The New Yorker*. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Small abstract bronzes made from wax models. Through Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Anne Tabachnick—The interior of her Westbeth studio and views from its windows are frequent subjects for this artist, who combines fresh, direct draftsmanship and a distinctive sense of space and color. Through Dec. 31. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Robert Vickrey—Another series of this artist's sunlit egg-tempera paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: The end of the gallery's twenty-fifth year is being observed with a showing of some of the realist artists who have been associated with the gallery all along, among them Grace Hartigan, Jane Wilson, and Fairfield Porter. Through Dec. 31. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Small works by well-known artists, including a Christo project for wrapping the trees along the Champs-Elysées, a couple of tiny (for him) nudes by Tom Wesselmann, and samplings of Diebenkorn, Motherwell, Frankenthaler, Twombly, Steinberg, and so on. Through Jan. 6. . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Recent works by ten gallery artists include a bowl filled to bursting with fruit that itself is bursting with ripeness, by Botero; an almost photographic portrait of Barnett Newman, by Larry Rivers; and a massive collage of Abe Lincoln in a red-white-and-blue plaster frame, by Red Grooms. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: A show of paintings by gallery artists Power Boothe, John Ferren, Alice Baber, and others. Through Dec. 30. . . . **TRUMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: Mr. Truman's second "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art" show, in which thirteen artists display things they couldn't *not* make—among them a sixty-five-foot stretch of what might be a special roadbed for a toy railroad, by Joe Neill; what looks like a hundred and fifty loaves of bread made of raw wood and clustered around a huge raw-wood breadboard, by Ursula von Rydingsvard; and three slender eight-foot sticks made of reed, bound with copper and brass wire, and painted with casein, and stood in corners, where they cast odd shadows, by Tom Nozkowski. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—What one sees upon leaving the elevator to this third-floor gallery is a long, narrow wooden table that projects eight feet out the window, and sixteen raw-wood stools set up along its indoor length. What one hears, via a speaker hanging above the table, is something like "Where are we going?," over and over again. Occasionally, vague crowd noises erupt from behind a black wall to one side. The stools are fairly comfortable. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis Anips—Last year, this artist memorialized the Kent State tragedy in a series of paintings culminating in a wall-size depiction of the *Times'* front page, with pictorial emendations; that canvas is now the takeoff point for an extension of the series, but with rather milder pieces, one of them showing a godlike being keeping tabs on a computer of our Vietnam activities, and another making a friendly reference to Operation Sail on the Fourth of July. Through Tuesday, Dec. 21. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Ansell Bray / Neal Gibralter—Large and accomplished pencil portraits, mostly of friends, who are usually shown in settings appropriate to their ways of life. / Precisionist renditions of spheres, great piles of them so arranged that they seem to rise and fall in orderly peaks and craters. Through Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Howard Buchwald—In all these abstract paintings, a thick field of many layers of oil, brushed onto linen or canvas, is gouged here and there with arcs, whose precise placement is the result of projections worked out by geometric means and involving the drilling of holes through the surface (as few as eight and as many as forty). Related drawings are also being shown. Through Jan. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jeffrey Burtch—Abstract works in limestone that appear to have been sculpted by nature, like stalagmites, plus other pieces in wood or metal. Through Jan. 5. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closes for a nine-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Inviting-looking hammocks and huge straw mats woven to his designs by Indian craftsmen in Nica-

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ragua and Guatemala. Through Jan. 5. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Eunice Golden—Erotic films and photographic works. Through Jan. 5. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon; the films begin at 3.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract designs with a Byzantine or ancient Egyptian flavor, painted on raw linen in thick strokes of oils and acrylics and in downbeat colors. Through Jan. 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Rockne Krebs—An environmental arrangement that doesn't quite take the place of Grandma Moses' winter scenes but that does include thirty-eight Christmas trees traversed by the beams of red and green lights whose source is a laser. Through Jan. 5. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Marilyn Levine / Warren Owens—Ceramic sculptures of shoes, handbags, and other leather goods. / Large abstract sculptures made of industrial wood pallets. Through Dec. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Steven Linn / Guy Johnson—Bronze and wood sculptures of street people (a man roasting chestnuts, for instance). / Photo-Realist paintings that incorporate Diane Arbus photographs. Through Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Richard Long—Arrangements of rocks—ninety-five specimens of Texas corkstone in one room, sixty-three in another, and twenty-three large splinters of Jersey bluestone in a third, all of them hand-selected recently at a quarry in New Jersey. The artist is an Englishman who lives in Bristol. Through Jan. 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. Closes for a ten-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.)

Malcolm Morley—Expressionistic watercolors. Through Dec. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Boaz Vaadia / Jack Hernon—Eight sculptured pieces that look like primitive objects of worship, consisting of a rough stone, scrawled with symbols and cradled in a framework of raw saplings, by an Israeli artist whose work seems to combine both African and American Indian motifs. / A series called "The Strawberry Photos," which have been doctored with pencil. Some of them are mildly erotic, as things go these days. Through Dec. 31. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Outsize collages, ten feet tall and eight feet wide, made of heavy canvas cut in geometric shapes and cemented to the background. The component sections are painted in heavy-duty colors, and the result is a collage that seems to have been made of structural-steel plates. The artist, an Englishman, teaches at Yale. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite-on-paper abstractions that bear some visual relationship to the settings for his avant-garde opera "Einstein on the Beach." Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Sanford and Michael Wurmfeld—Color progressions worked out on grid patterns, some of them enormous and some of them small watercolor renditions, by Sanford Wurmfeld, and 16-mm.-film experiments in the same field by him and his brother Michael. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Contemporary Graphics—An exceptional showing of artist's proofs, printer's proofs, and *bon-à-tirer* proofs (all terms that indicate a quality of prints as near perfection as is possible), of recent graphic works by fifteen top-flight contemporary artists. Included are an unusual photo-silk screen of a watercolor landscape by Saul Steinberg, combined on the sheet with a lithograph by the same artist; a portrait by David Hockney; an array of tools by Jim Dine; a large bouquet by Andy Warhol; and works by Larry Rivers, Alex Katz, Robert Motherwell, Peter Stroud, Jasper Johns, Robert Indiana, James Rosenquist, Robert Rauschenberg, Billy Al Bengston, Doug Ohlson, and Marisol. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Artist's Choice: Figurative Art in New York—Five galleries are participating in a four-week exhibition (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6, through Wednesday, Jan. 5) of paintings and sculptures by nearly two hundred contemporary artists who work in the realist tradition. The five are the **bowery** and **green mountain**, 135 Greene St. . . . **prince street gallery**, 106 Prince St. . . . **soho center for visual artists**, 114 Prince St. . . . **first street gallery**, 118 Prince St.

Group Shows—At the **friedrich**, 141 Wooster St.: Ten artists have contributed to this show, which includes a corner treatment in fluorescent tubes, by Dan Flavin; John Chamberlain's new compact model (a squashed oil barrel); a procession of thirteen bulky timbers (a foot square and four feet high), called "Palisade," by Carl Andre; a large wooden floor piece based on an isosceles triangle, by Donald Judd, whose recent sculptures had centered on rectangles; and a pair of room dividers by Fred Sandback that seem quite solid, although they are nothing more than two right triangles of dark yarn stretching to the ceiling from their bases on the floor. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Opens at noon.) . . . **thorp**, 139 Spring St.: Sculptures by Ira Joel Haber and Robert Witz, and paintings by Bill Jensen. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

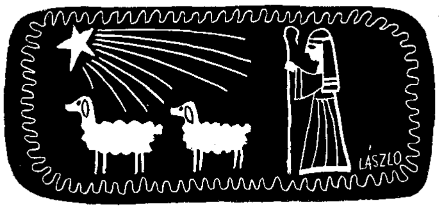
Erika Weihs / Jan Wunderman—Figurative paintings. / Abstract paintings done in earth colors and based on landscapes—specifically the rock walls of canyons. Through Dec. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Claire Zeisler—Sculptures made of wool, leather, chamois, and so on, by a Chicago woman who was a pioneer in the field of fibre art. The pieces range from a ten-foot-tall cascade of red and light-gray strips of scissored leather to ornamental doodads for the top of a dresser. Through Jan. 8. (Hadler, 35 E. 20th St.)

New York's Stepchildren—An exhibit of photographs of architectural details on civic buildings, some of which are earmarked for destruction. Through Dec. 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, from 9:30 to 4:30.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the **cathedral museum of religious art**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Paintings and sculptures by American and European artists—Rothko, Soutine, Flack, and others—on loan from private collections and museums. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **center for international arts**, 28 E. 4th St.: Drawings, prints, and works in mixed mediums by three Latin-American artists: Jafet Heisler, Liliana Porter, and Luis Camnitzer. Through Jan. 8. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **glass**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Works on paper by Benny Andrews, Max Weber, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—A group of prints, all of them taken in France before the Second World War, by a photojournalist who used to work under the name of Aral. Through Dec. 30. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Open Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, until 8; open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Harry Callahan / Aaron Siskind—Recent photographs of beach scenes, along with 8 x 10 snapshots of his family, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Eighty prints made from 1966 to 1975. Through Jan. 8. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closes for a ten-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.)

William Christenberry—Small-format color pictures of architecture and grave sites in the South taken with a Brownie camera; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ted D'Arms / Gail Russell—Abstract color works. / Photographs (also in color) taken in Mexico and in the port town of Belize, Honduras. Through Jan. 2. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Fifty vintage prints by a French Pictorialist. Complementing the exhibit are works by Stieglitz, Käsebier, and Steichen. Through Friday, Dec. 17. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Janie Eisenberg—Forty photographs, half of them devoted to New York City bigwigs—Felix Rohatyn, Patrick Cunningham, Mayor Beame—and the other half to non-bigwigs. Through Jan. 15. (Crossroads at Chess City, 2639 Broadway, at 100th St. Daily, noon to midnight.)

Michael Greene and Brian William Kosoff—Black-and-white prints by two young photographers who studied at the School of Visual Arts. Through Dec. 30. (Third Eye, 17 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

David Hockney—Color photographs by a leading British artist who is known for his elegant draftsmanship. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Marvin Lazarus—Portraits of Duchamp, Giacometti, Rothko, and others by an attorney who took several years off from his practice to photograph leading artists. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Myers—Recent gum prints by a California artist; first solo show in New York. Through Jan. 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closes for a ten-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.)

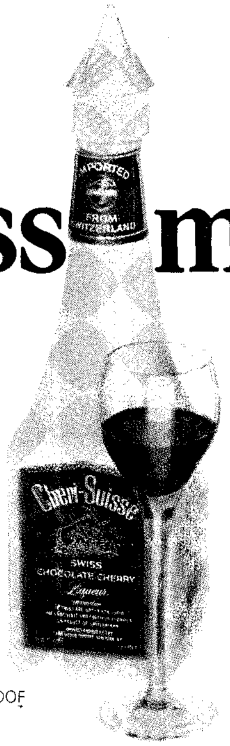
Lucas Samaras—Small, tricked-up color photographs of the artist, usually shown in the nude striking dramatic poses, and one large abstract tapestry, built up like a quilt. Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. Closes at 5 on Friday, Dec. 24.)

Eve Sonneman—Thirty pairs of color photographs (each taken in sequence) on top of the World Trade Center. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Frank M. Sutcliffe (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a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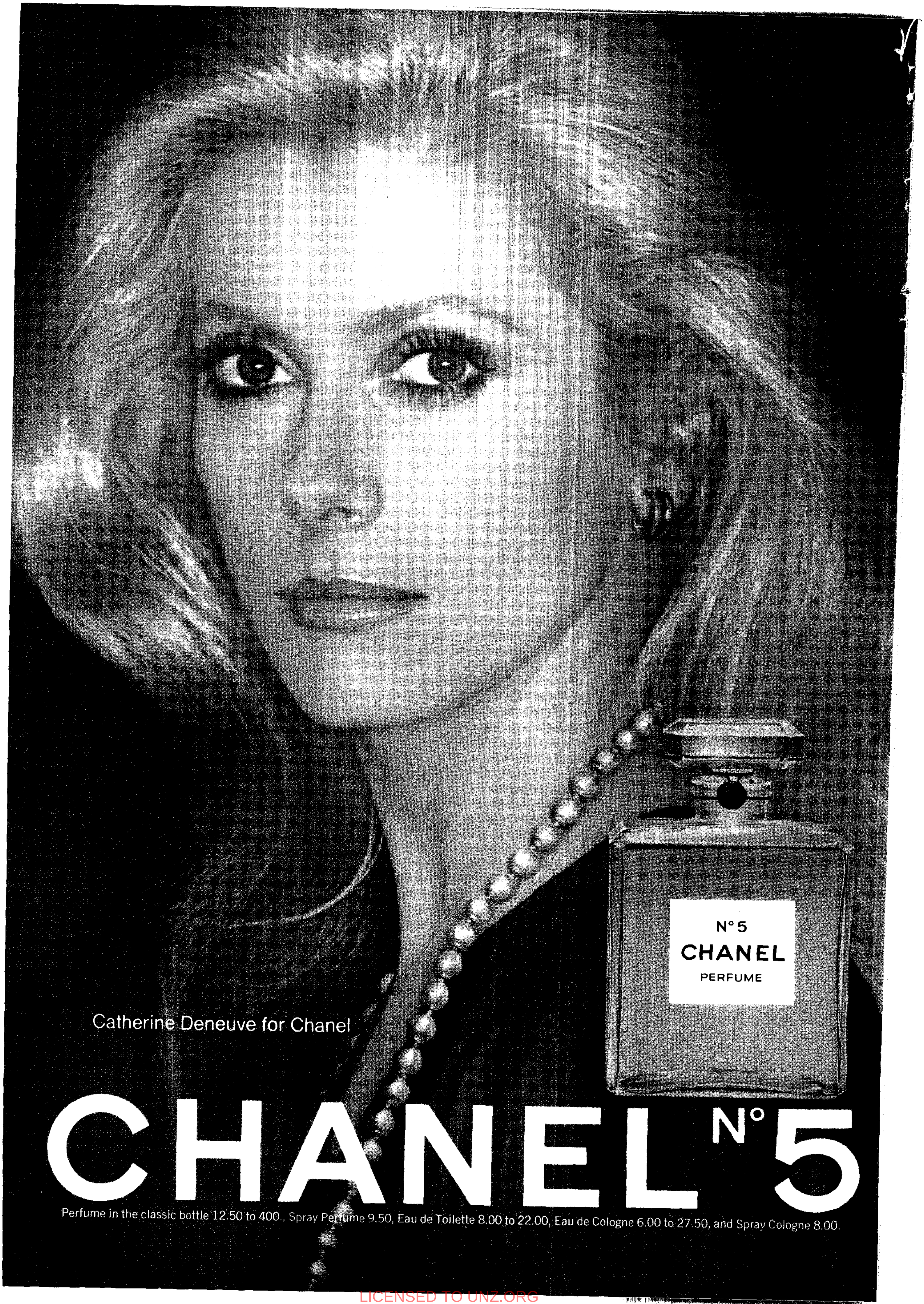
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer *who was influenced by the works of* Millet and Corot. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Karin Székessy—Photographs of still-lifes, cityscapes, and nudes; first solo show in New York. Through Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closes for a ten-day vacation Thursday, Dec. 23.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Cole Weston / Ilse Bing—Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties, plus recent color photographs, by the youngest son of Edward Weston. / Photographs of Paris in the thirties and other works by a German-born photographer. Through Jan. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints on handmade paper. Through Dec. 30. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, with examples by W. H. Jackson, Steichen, and Weston, among others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs of dancers, most of them taken in the early years of this century, by Charles Schenk, Emil Otto Hoppe, Arnold Genthe, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, portraits of Pablo Casals by Yousuf Karsh, Fritz Henle, Elliott Erwitt, and others. Through Jan. 2. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that centers on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 31, when the moth threat is over. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. The exhibit of Russian costumes and the new Egyptian galleries can be seen most evenings until 7:45, through Jan. 2. A few exceptions: Regular hours will be observed Wednesday, Dec. 22, Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31. The museum will be closed Christmas.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Starts Friday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty prints make up a retrospective of the works of Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 3. A complementary show is at the Light Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. Closes at 5 on Friday, Dec. 24.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Jan. 16.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition paying homage to one of our major national resources, has now unexpectedly become a memorial tribute to the artist whose recent death cut short the abundant flow of blessings from his hand. Included in the show are samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—One work from the sixties plus a recent work by each of six artists (Held, Kelly, Martin, Noland, Poons, and Stella) who are closely identified with hard-edge abstraction. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The new quarters for the museum's collection of African objects are now open on the first floor. . . . ¶ The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller. . . . ¶ Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Jan. 2.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Among the artists included are Michelangelo, Watteau, Ingres, Goya, and Rubens. Through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," *an exhibit of quilts* made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30. Closes at noon on Friday, Dec. 24.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Hill, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ "The Dutch Republic in the Days of John Adams," *a loan show of paintings*, furniture (including two room settings), maps and other items that illustrate eighteenth-century Holland. Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays and Christmas, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Figurative paintings and drawings by Murray DePillars. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Sculptures (bronze and glass) by Geraldine McCullough. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays, except Christmas, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, 980 Park Ave. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"Toccatas and Flourishes . . . and Christmas Ornaments"—Richard Morris, organ, and Martin Berinbaum, trumpet, with the Eastern Brass Quintet, the All-City High School Chorus, and others, in an old-fashioned carol sing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.)

Waverly Consort—The second in a series of three performances of a program of music from medieval and Renaissance times. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Denis Halik directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 6.)

Candlelight Concert—Dino Anagnost directing the Orpheon Chorale, the Cathedral Choir, and members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Greek Orthodox Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. BU 8-3215. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

YORK: Lyndon Woodside directing, with Emily Derr, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)... **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing the fourth and fifth in a series of six performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael May, harpsichord; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5:30 and 7:30.)... **MUSICA SACRA:** Richard Westenburg directing and playing the harpsichord, with Maria Spacagna, soprano; David Smith, tenor, Daniel Collins, countertenor; and Richard Anderson, bass-baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)... **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** With Kenneth Bowen, organ, Robert White, tenor, and John Ostendorf, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

ROCKEFELLER CENTER CONCERTS—The last eight in a series of ten in the plaza beneath the Christmas tree—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 12:30: The Rye Middle School Chorus, directed by Helen Cannistraci.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 12:30: The Bronx Opera Repertory Chorus, directed by Lee Gore.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 12:30: The Simon Baruch Madrigal Society, directed by Robert Sharon.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3: Colonel Arnald Gabriel will conduct a program of music by an ensemble of more than three hundred tubas assembled by Harvey Phillips. Imagine.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 20, at 12:30: The Barrington (R.I.) Boys' Choir, directed by Gregory Goida.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 3: The Ringers-on-the-Green (Morristown, N.J.), directed by William Payn.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 12:30: The Huber Street Chorus (Secaucus, N.J.), directed by Joan Judd.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 12:30: The Academy of Holy Angels Chorale (Demarest, N.J.), directed by Jacqueline Chibbaro.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Tatiana Troyanos, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Karl Ridderbusch; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 20: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 21: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 22: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 23: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 25: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Tatiana Troyanos, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and Philip Booth; Kazimierz Kord. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 25: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1, and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Bernstein directing, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—The last in a series of all-Mozart programs, this one called "The Salzburg Mozart," with Morris Newman, bassoon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

BACH'S BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber orchestra. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Brian Priestman directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY—E. Jon de Revere directing a performance of Brahms' "A German Requiem," with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Alan Baker, baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL CHORALE—Martin Josman directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

MUSIC MASTERPIECES OF OLD RUSSIA—Igor Buketoff directing the Russian Choral Society and the American Symphony Orchestra, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Jerome Hines, bass; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Betty Lane, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Ronald Corrado, baritone; and John Challener, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directing an all-Vivaldi concert, with Daniel Waitzman, flute, and Martin Berinbaum, trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

YUVAL WALDMAN—Violin, with Cathy Waldman, piano, and others, in the second of two programs of American music on Jewish themes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—The second in this season's series of six concerts, this one a program of music by Miriam Gideon and George Perle, performed by Patricia Spencer, flute; Janet Steele, soprano; Morey Ritt and Fritz Jahoda, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Jaime Laredo and Yoshiko Nakura, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—The second in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds, this one with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

PETER REJTO—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

EILEEN DICKINSON—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

GARRICK OHLSSON—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FROM JAPAN—A program of premières, performed by Tashi; the Gregg Smith Singers; the Kronos String Quartet; Naoyuki Miura, double bass; Susan Jolles, harp; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Jerome Rose—The last in a series of Beethoven-Liszt recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Mozart program performed by Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Rudolf Firkusny and Harold Wright, piano; and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Sunday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. New Orleans, Wednesday, Dec. 22.

Gymnastics—Olga Korbut, Ludmilla Tourischeva, Nelli Kim, Nikolai Andrianov, and other members of the U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Cleveland Barons, Sunday, Dec. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8:05.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 18, and the Bold Ruler Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 22. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Michael Brownstein and Harry Mathews reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 17, at 2: Eighteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, American and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 15-17, from 10 to 5.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A nineteen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Friday, Dec. 17, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 21: "The Story of Adèle H." and "Amarcord."
From Dec. 22: "The Front."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 21: "Gable and Lombard" and "W. C. Fields and Me."
From Dec. 22: "Carrie" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 19: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube."
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Bad News Bears" and "Smile."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rocky."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 21: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "The Way We Were."
From Dec. 22: "Voyage of the Damned."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 22: "Sérail."
From Dec. 23: "The Pink Telephone."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 21: "Maitresse."
From Dec. 22: "The Enforcer."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rocky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 20: "Carrie."
From Dec. 21: "Nickelodeon."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 20: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Dec. 21: "Nickelodeon."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 21: "Face to Face."
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 21: "Blazing Saddles" and the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour."
From Dec. 22: "The Enforcer."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 16: "Two-Minute Warning."
From Dec. 17: "King Kong."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 21: "Marathon Man."
From Dec. 22: "Voyage of the Damned."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 16: "The Food of the Gods" and "Squirm."
From Dec. 17: "Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks" and "Daughter of Dracula."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 16: "No Way Back" and "Blood of the Dragon."
Dec. 17-22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" and "Torso."
From Dec. 23: "Pipe Dreams."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 21: "Beware of a Holy Whore."
From Dec. 22: "The Enforcer."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Dec. 21: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "Sleuth."
From Dec. 22: "Marathon Man."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "The African Queen" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." From Dec. 22 (tentative): "The Marquise of O . . ."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Ritz" and "Day for Night." From Dec. 17: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" and "Torso."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: "The Happy Hooker" and "The Seduction of Mimi." From Dec. 22: "The Thief of Paris."
Theatre 4: "The Starlets" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 19: "Silent Movie."
From Dec. 20: "Across the Great Divide."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Dream City."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 21: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 20: "Small Change."
From Dec. 21: "Mikey and Nicky."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 21: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: Theatre closed. From Dec. 22: "The Enforcer."
Theatre 2: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: "Carrie." From Dec. 22: "Marathon Man."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 21: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Taxi Driver."
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"The Happy Hooker" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 15: "Pickpocket" (1958), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; and "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.
Dec. 16: "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" (1970), directed by Douglas Hickox, with Beryl Reid and Peter McEnery.
Dec. 17: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
Dec. 18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh; and "The Rose Tattoo." (†)
Dec. 19: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
From Dec. 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 15: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
Dec. 16: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.
Dec. 17: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (†) and "One, Two, Three." (†)
Dec. 18: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970) and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), both films directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson.
Dec. 19: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.
Dec. 20: "The Miracle Worker" (†); and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
Dec. 21: "Volpone" (†) and "The Honey Pot." (†)
Dec. 22: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "My Favorite Wife." (†)
Dec. 23: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles

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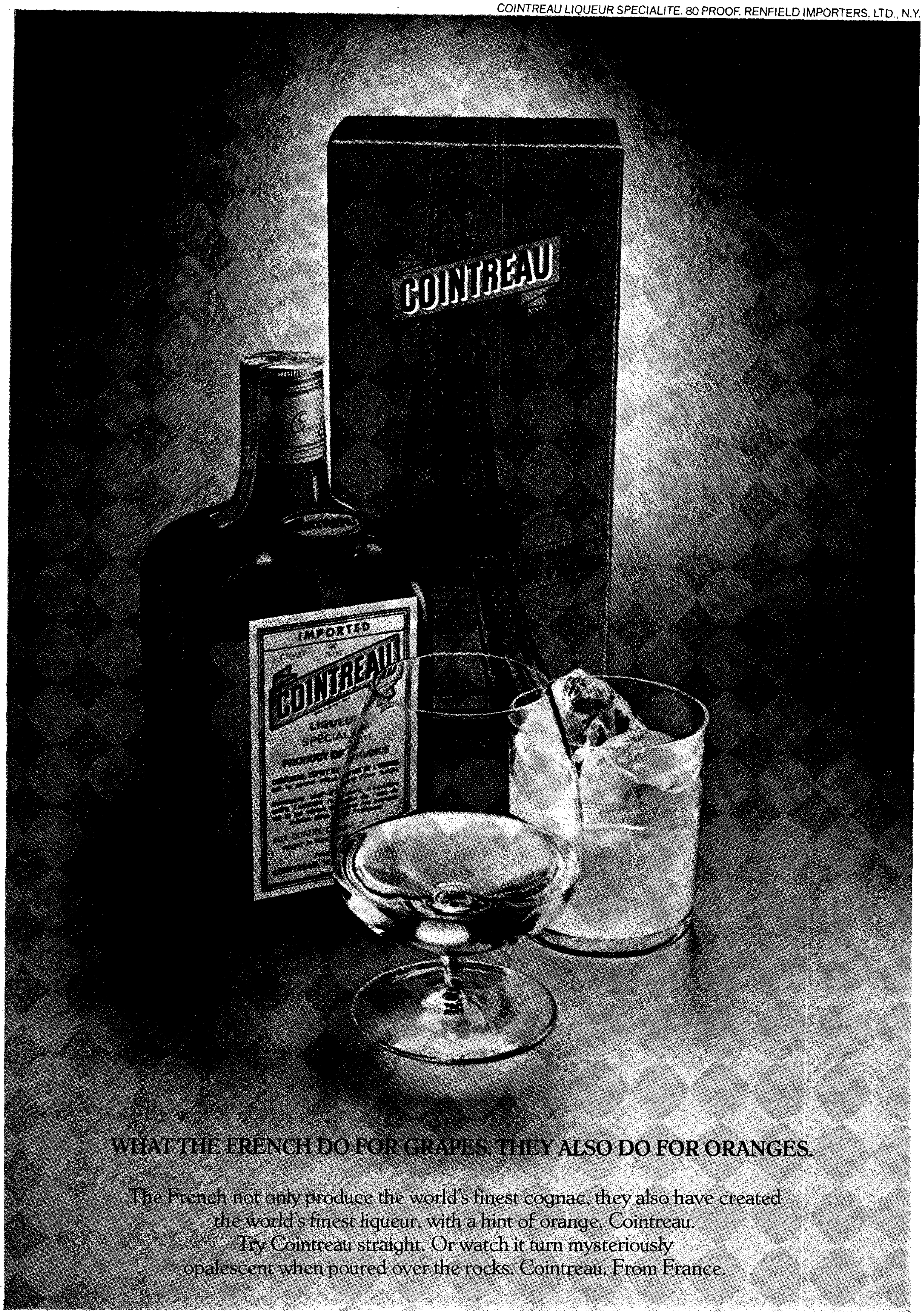
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Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Strange Interlude." (†)

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Dec. 15: "Band of Assassins" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Sawashima, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 16: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973), directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.

Dec. 17: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.

From Dec. 18: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 18: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942), directed by William Seiter, with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.

From Dec. 10: "Daddy Long Legs." (†)

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Dec. 15: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

Dec. 16-18: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, dubbed in English by Woody Allen; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

Dec. 19-20: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern; and "The Lion in Winter." (†)

Dec. 21-22: "Elvira Madigan" (†); and "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

From Dec. 23: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Mutations" (1974), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Donald Pleasence and Tom Baker.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 15: "I Love You Again" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Frank McHugh, and Edmund Lowe; and "Double Wedding" (1937), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dec. 16-18: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924), directed by Mauritz Stiller, with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

Dec. 19-20: "Kismet" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

From Dec. 21: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Aerograd" (1935), in Russian, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6: "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn, James Callahan, Ellen Burstyn, and David Bauer; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8:30: "Beyond the Law, Blue" (1968), directed by Norman Mailer, with Mr. Mailer and Rip Torn; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "The Kid from Brooklyn" (1946), directed by Norman McLeod, with Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, and Vera-Ellen. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Aerograd." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "Strike Me Pink" (1936), directed by Norman Taurog, with Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30: "The Projectionist" (1971), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5: "Lovers and Other Strangers" (1970), directed by Cy Howard, with Gig Young, Beatrice Arthur, Anne Jackson, Richard Castellano, and Harry Guardino. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at noon: "The Kid from Brooklyn." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2:30: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" (1970), directed by Ossie Davis, with Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques, and Calvin Lockhart. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at noon: "Cotton Comes to Harlem." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish van Devere. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "The Supreme Kid" (1976), directed by Peter Bryant, with Frank Moore and Jim Henshaw. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at noon: "Half a Hero" (1953), directed by Don Weis, with Red Skelton, Jean Hagen, and Polly Bergen. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Watermelon Man" (1970), directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Godfrey Cambridge and Estelle Parsons. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6 and 8:30: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 19: "The Apparition" (1976) and "Triptych in Four Parts" (1958), both directed by Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 21: "Regrouping," directed by Lizzie Borden. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Cocteau, Zdravic, Gigliotti, Lee, Dreyer, Hayeem, Brakhage, and others. Showings Dec. 15 at 7 and 9; Dec. 16 at 8; Dec. 17 at 7 and 8:30; Dec. 18 at 2:30, 8, and 10; Dec. 19 at 8; Dec. 21-22 at 7 and 9; and Dec. 23 at 8.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 16-19: A program of six films by Chick Strand. Showings at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE—An adventure film, with Robert Logan and George Flower. Directed by Stuart Raffill. (Guild; starting Dec. 20.)

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. With Robert Morley; John Huston directed. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (34th St. East; through Dec. 21.)

AMARCORD (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Art; through Dec. 21.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. Michael Ritchie directed, from Bill Lancaster's script. (Gramercy.)

BEWARE OF A HOLY WHORE (1970)—With Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly; through Dec. 21.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (U.A. East; through Dec. 21.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows good taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Coronet.)

CARRIE—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, froggy-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Columbia I; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 22.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—Cold and repellent, Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Columbia II; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 21.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

DADDY LONG LEGS (1955)—This story of a May-December romance between an adorable orphan and her benefactor was published in 1912; it became a 1914 play starring Ruth Chatterton, a 1919 silent movie with Mary Pickford, and a 1931 talkie with Janet Gaynor. By the time Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire made this Fox Cinema-Scope musical version, the accumulated adorableness was overpowering. Phoebe and Henry Ephron did their best to update the material, and Jean Negulesco directed; Roland Petit choreographed the far-from-original dream sequences. Johnny Mercer did come through with a new song, "Something's Gotta Give." With Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, Larry Keating, and Terry Moore. (Regency; starting Dec. 19.)

DAY FOR NIGHT (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Dream City—With Per Oscarsson and Rosemarie Fendel, directed by Johannes Schaaf. In German. (Festival.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Dec. 21-22.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood playing Inspector Harry Callahan, for the third time. Directed by James Fargo. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, U. A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Dec. 22.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 21.)

The Food of the Gods—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 16.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Baronet. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 22.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 19.)

The Happy Hooker (1975)—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Olympia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

The Honey Pot (1967)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz wrote and directed this movie, based on Frederick Knott's play "Mr. Fox of Venice," which was adapted from Thomas Sterling's novel "The Evil of the Day," which was based on Ben Jonson's "Volpone." And the movie feels at that far a remove from the play (which was filmed fairly straightforwardly, though with too heavy a spirit, by Maurice Tourneur in French in 1939, starring Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet). In this overcomplicated, talk-infested Mankiewicz version, set in the present day, Rex Harrison is Cecil Fox, reputedly a millionaire, who lives in Venice. After attending a performance of "Volpone," he decides to trick three of his ex-mistresses (Edie Adams, Capucine, and Susan Hayward) into believing he's dying. The story then plunges into conventional twentieth-century mystery, complete with a corpse, a bungling detective, misleading clues, locked attic rooms, and flickering electric lights. Even the author may have wondered how he was going to get out of the whole damn thing. Maggie Smith is also around, and Cliff Robertson, Adolfo Celi, and Herschel Bernardi. Originally it ran 150 minutes, but it was cut to 131 minutes; count your blessings. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks—With Dyanne Thorne, directed by Don Edmonds. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 17.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Embassy 72nd St.)

King Kong—With Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, and Jessica Lange; directed by John Guillermin. (Loews Orpheum; starting Dec. 17.)

Kismet (1955)—This time, it was Vincente Minnelli who tried his hand with the familiar material, in a Hollywood-doctored version of the Broadway show that featured music derived from Borodin (including "A Stranger in Paradise" and the ubiquitous "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads"). Despite Howard Keel's relaxed, strong voice and Dolores Gray's lowdown wiles, it didn't work the way it had on the stage. Defeat seems to hover over the players' heads; maybe over the years the material had simply been flogged to death. Jack Cole staged the dances; with Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, Monty Woolley, and Sebastian Cabot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 19-20.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 19-20.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

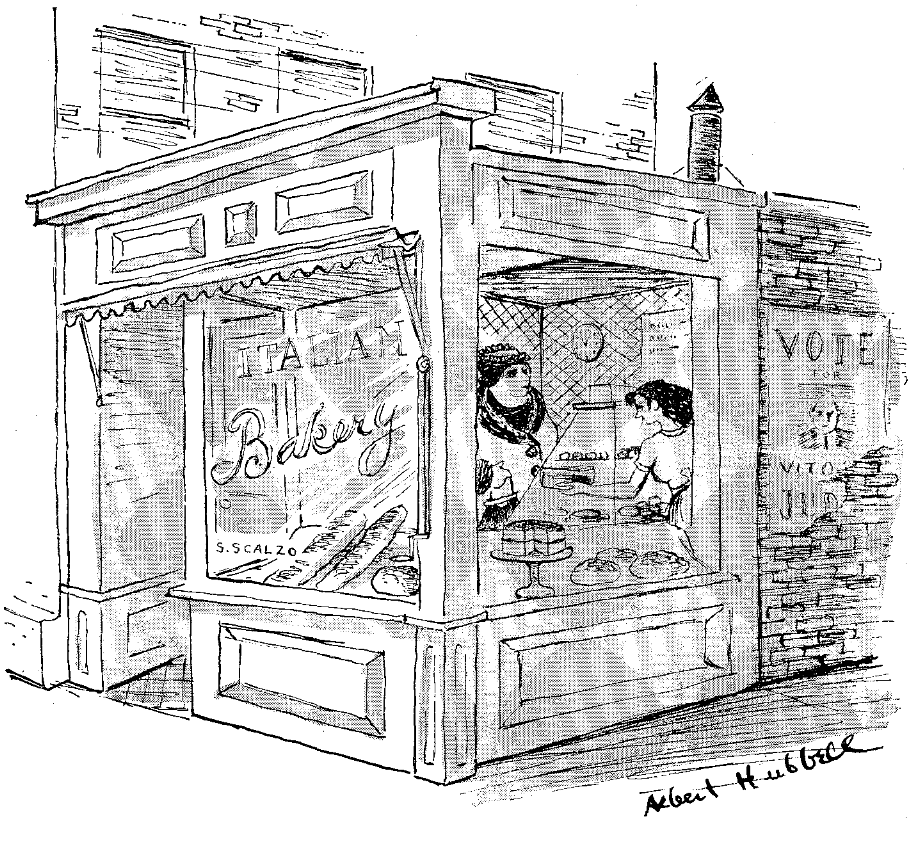
The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Dec. 19-20.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; regrettably, the version now in distribution cuts thirty-four minutes. This seriously damages the play's structure and removes several of Robards' crucial scenes. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

Lumière—Directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

Maîtresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 21.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a



visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Ciné; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Dec. 22.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 22, tentative.)

Mikey and Nicky—With Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, directed by Elaine May. (Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 21.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Arthur Penn, who had directed the Broadway version of William Gibson's play about Annie Sullivan and her pupil, Helen Keller, brought his two chief players with him—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. The play has some weaknesses, and they come through all too glaringly in the performances of Victor Jory and Inga Swenson as Helen's parents, but the dramatic force of the pitched battle between the strong-willed Annie and the equally strong, animal-willed Helen carries everything before it. Truffaut's "The Wild Child" is a more beautifully conceived picture on the same theme, but even with its imperfections and staginess this early Penn film is extraordinary. Anne Bancroft won the Academy Award as best actress, Patty Duke as best supporting actress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Cinema Village; through Dec. 19.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since. D. W. Griffith did it in 1911. This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife, Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he wrote and directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

Nickelodeon—With Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith; directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Columbia I, and Columbia II; starting Dec. 21.)

No Way Back—Directed by, and with, Fred Williamson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 16.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 21.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale old jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot this example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where the Brandenburg Gate was reconstructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—The fourth in the series, with Peter Sellers as Chief Inspector Clouseau (he's had a promotion) and Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Blake Edwards directed. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Pink Telephone—With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Fine Arts; starting Dec. 23.)

Pipe Dreams—The story takes place in Alaska. With Gladys Knight (in a non-singing role) and Barry Hankerson, directed by Stephen F. Verona. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 23.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970)—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and 86th St. East.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection, a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won the Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won the Academy

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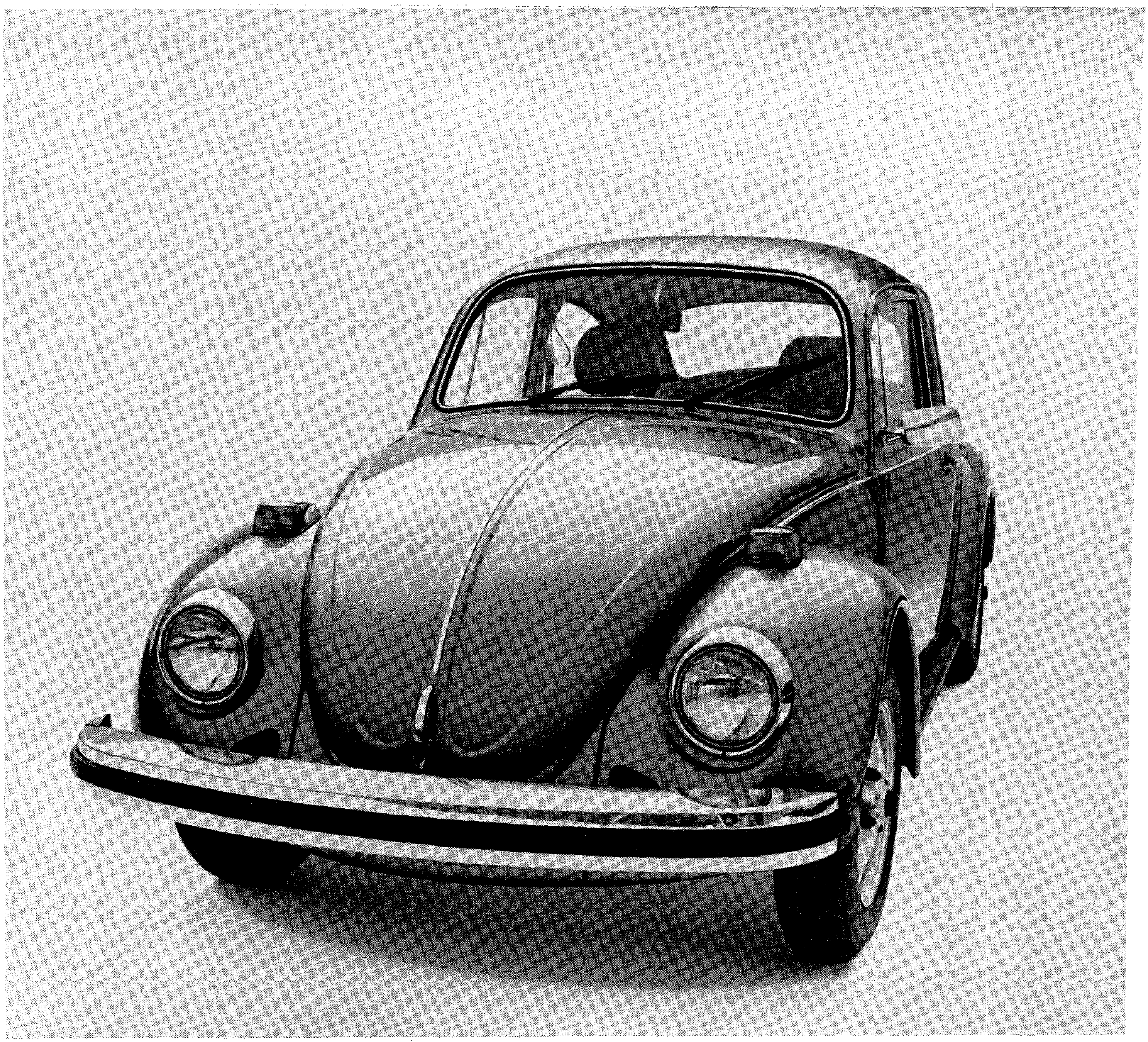

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Award, for cinematography. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Olympia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

Sérail—With Leslie Caron and Bulle Ogier, directed by Eduardo de Gregorio. In French. (Fine Arts; through Dec. 22.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild; through Dec. 19.)

Silver Streak—With Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Tower East.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 20.)

Smile (1975)—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Gramercy.)

Squirm—With Don Scardino and Patricia Pearcy, directed by Jeff Lieberman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 16.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Art; through Dec. 21.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this forgot that sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 21.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifying funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (New Yorker; through Dec. 21.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Dec. 17-22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 17.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie yet is so successful he becomes part of it. With Geneviève Bujold. Photographed by the famous Henry Decae. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 22.)

Torso (1975)—With Suzy Kendall and Tina Aumont, directed by Sergio Martino. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Dec. 17-22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 17.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 16.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production, directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Voyage of the Damned—A ship voyage, in 1939, of a group of Jews escaping from Nazi Germany. With Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Orson Welles, and James Mason; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 22.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (34th St. East; through Dec. 21.)

W. C. Fields and Me—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. She lived with the dyspeptic, mumbling, brine-pickled Fields for fourteen years, but the film is such a genteel libel of the man we know from his films that it is best approached with a pair of tongs. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup, which gives him a thin ration of yellowed fake straw for hair, a mouth twisted as if Fields had spent his working life recovering from a stroke, and a nose that looks like a horse's badly darned feed bag. (4/12/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have in our office a photograph of Grace Vanderbilt from the year 1934. Mrs. Vanderbilt is wearing a long black dress. Mrs. Vanderbilt is wearing diamonds. Mrs. Vanderbilt is (according to a caption) attending the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera. Mrs. Vanderbilt has on her face an expression—almost blissful—that can only have resulted from the convergence of three powerful sensations: the sensation of being Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the sensation of being in a situation appropriate to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the sensation of being photographed by the press. To the extent that euphoric moments of the sort experienced by Mrs. Vanderbilt are achievable in New York at this moment, they are experienced not at the Metropolitan Opera (where there is a new and not wholly healthy emphasis on *music*) but at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and on one night only—the night when Diana Vreeland, who is Special Consultant to the museum's Costume Institute, celebrates the opening of a new Institute show. The trick of having a regal New York social life is not to go to distinguished parties but to go to distinguished parties publicly, and in New York at the moment only Mrs. Vreeland has the skill to provide a public event with enough authority to withstand the dissolution implicit in publicity. For one night, she takes over the machinery abandoned by Caroline Astor and the machinery abandoned by Flo Ziegfeld, and, combining them into one machine, she *makes it go.*

We paid a visit to Mrs. Vreeland one day last week as she was getting ready to *make it go.* Mrs. Vreeland was dressed, as she frequently is, in black, this time with two red cashmere scarves—one around her neck and one around her waist. She was concerned about several difficult issues having to do with her new show, which is called "The Glory of Russian Costume," and which has been installed at the Metropolitan as part of a program of cultural exchange with the Soviet government. One of the issues that Mrs. Vreeland was concerned about was her urge to decorate various mannequins with Dynel braids in unusual colors. Some of the mannequins themselves were painted blood red. "I want to see blue Dynel braids on those girls, and *green,*" Mrs. Vreeland told us. "But we have to—ummm—*consult.* The whole issue of the Dynel braids is being *analyzed* now." Mrs. Vreeland is not entirely used to the processes of consultation and analysis. Consultation and analysis have been necessary during the preparation of the Russian show, however, since the Russian clothes sent by the Soviet government have been accompanied by three very competent Russian experts: Luiza Efimova, costume curator at the State Historical Museum, in Moscow; Tamara Korshunova, costume curator at The Hermitage, in Leningrad; and Nina Yarmolovich, costume restorer at the Kremlin Museums, in Moscow. Mrs. Vreeland said that she had the very highest respect for these three competent women but that she had found them unfamiliar with certain tools of her trade—like green and blue Dynel braids. "If you could only have seen it yesterday with the Chinese goats," Mrs. Vreeland said, referring to a decorative scheme that had not survived the processes of consultation and analysis.

Mrs. Vreeland walked us around her show. She showed us the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. "What a waist!" Mrs. Vreeland said. "You know, people say they don't believe she was that thin, but I believe it absolutely. You get what you wish for, you know? And at that moment women wished for waists. *I* never had a waist until the nineteen-thirties. Then all of a sudden you had to have one, so I got one." Mrs. Vreeland showed us other dresses worn by Catherine the Great, as a mature woman. The waists on these dresses were large. "Life moved on," said Mrs. Vreeland.

An assistant approached Mrs. Vreeland. Assistants that day made it a point to keep Mrs. Vreeland informed of the whereabouts of the Soviet curators. "Tamara is putting on the shawls," the assistant told Mrs. Vreeland. "Nina is putting on the train of Catherine the Great, and Luiza is waiting for the Consul."

"Now, give that to me again," said Mrs. Vreeland. "Where is Nina? When it comes to Nina, I want to hear it two or three times."

Mrs. Vreeland supervised the sealing of a display case. Once sealed, a case could be reopened only with difficulty. The case being sealed showed the costumes of Russian merchants' wives. "I was asked in Moscow—I was asked several times—if I would be sure to show the merchants' wives' dresses," Mrs. Vreeland said. "So here we have the merchants' wives' dresses."

Mrs. Vreeland took us to see her favorite things in her show. Her favorite things were the boots of Peter the Great. Mrs. Vreeland told us a story about Peter the Great. The story illustrated, she said, just why Peter was Great. "The point is results," Mrs. Vreeland said. "The point is you have to get results. Now, there's a story that Peter was being kept prisoner in his own palace by his own men. And he said, 'I want these men killed,' and he was told that that wasn't possible. So he sent for the men who were keeping him prisoner and he cut their heads off himself—one by one. The point is you have to do it yourself."

We asked Mrs. Vreeland if Peter hadn't been a bit extreme.

"Of course he was extreme," she said. "Everything interesting is a little extreme. All this understatement is just pitter-patter. The pitter-patter of tiny little feet."

•

THE morning of the day of Mrs. Vreeland's gala, we were back at the Met. Stella Blum, the curator of the Costume Institute, and Tamara Korshunova, Luiza Efimova, and Nina Yarmolovich were meeting the press. Mrs. Vreeland was nowhere in sight. "Out of my way!" said a very brisk and very brusque lady fashion editor we did not know, who then turned to Luiza Efimova and said, "Stand over there"—in front of a case containing a Cossack uniform. Then she motioned to a photographer to shoot. Luiza Efimova, who until that moment had sworn that she could not put two English words together, immediately said "Cheese," and then added "Kek," and laughed with delight at her own proficiency.

The exhibit focusses on two hundred years of Russian history—from 1700 to 1900—but moves as far back as the twelfth and eleventh centuries. The Russians wanted an ordered, chronological, academic display. (Back in the Soviet Union, they show their costumes on the sort of headless dummies that one's grandmother had her dresses fitted on when she was somewhere else.) Mrs. Vreeland wanted magic and theatre. She got them both, in the settings, installed by Herbert Schmidt, manager of the Met's Design Department, and the designer Lucian Leone. The sophistication, the pace of work as the show was being set up, and a tape put together by Columbia Records which plays continuously in the background for "atmosphere" (if you stop listening actively for a moment to concentrate on a visual detail, you realize that "Night on Bald Mountain" has dawned into a Tchaikovsky waltz that has then moved eastward into "Sheherazade") left the Soviet women slightly breathless and confused.

There are more than a hundred costumes, and this is the first time that they have left the Soviet Union. Although they look remarkably well preserved, we couldn't help asking Tamara Korshunova, in Russian—a language we happen to know—about the risks involved in sending such fragile old fabrics on a long journey. She answered in that typical Russian, or Soviet, way of both amplifying and muting a practical question: "Isn't there a risk as soon as anyone, or anything, displaces itself from Spot One to Spot Two?" Then, back to earth: "Of course, I did all the packing myself. I wouldn't have dreamed of letting anyone *touch* any of these costumes. Cotton tissue paper, very old-fashioned, is the way I do it. Boxes go into crates. About three costumes to a box. And three boxes to a costume like Catherine's wedding dress. And another box for the train." She laughed.

Catherine's wedding dress, of silver silk shot with more silver, is a monumental and not particularly elegant garment, with an outsize crinoline and that tiny waist.

"How big around, actually?" we asked.

"Seventeen inches," said Luiza Efimova.

"Nineteen," said Nina Yarmolovich. "And the weight of it. You can't imagine. At least sixteen pounds. And I'm not counting the train. But the sort of cage that holds it up is very light and mobile. Yes, she could sit down and move in it easily." (Catherine was sixteen and quite tall for her age when she married the physically and mentally deficient future Peter III, on August 21, 1745.)

The exhibit can be divided, roughly, into three categories. There are the clothes of the peasants—immensely imaginative, very different from region to region, meticulously embroidered in designs that sometimes go back to the Byzantine. The peasant clothes are both ample and joyful, generous in the use of very vivid colors—particularly red, the word for which in old Russian also means "beautiful." The peasant women's clothes usually consist of an embroidered shirt, with or without a collar; a skirt or a *sarafan*, which is a wide jumper unhampered at the waist; a kerchief on the head, or a regional *kokoshnik*. Traditionally, the *kokoshnik* is a stiff headdress worn well off the brow, narrow in back and widening in front, held at the back by a bow or a veil. Most Russian women used to wear *kokoshniks* for occasions. They are either plain or, in the case of "rich peasants," embroidered with pearls or, in the case of the aristocracy, adorned with precious stones.

The clothes of the rich peasants make up the second category. The so-called rich peasants were actually free farmers or craftsmen or manufacturers or merchants. They dressed their women with surprising luxury, particularly on holidays, in *sarafans* or in dresses with jackets called *dushegreikas*—literally, soul-warmers—often trimmed in fur. The costumes were handed down for generations. They were wide and waistless. They would fit the young, the old, and even the pregnant.

The third category is made up of the clothes of the aristocracy. There are very few men's costumes in the exhibit except those of the aristocracy. When did Peter the Great have time to wear his bois-de-rose field caftan trimmed with gold lace from Western Europe, or his green silk dressing gown with a pattern of vegetation, since he chose to live mostly in log cabins and roamed the docks of Holland dressed as a sailor? The fact that his costumes were now distributed in different parts of the exhibit disturbed the three Soviet women (the troika, they called themselves), but in a way this distribution confirmed his many pranks, his love of dressing up and of mystification: Peter who, in Vienna in 1698, at a dinner given in honor of his pal and ambassador Franz Lefort (the son of a Geneva apothecary), insisted on standing behind Lefort's chair in the livery of a footman; Peter who would appear, in the course of his travels, as a noncommissioned officer of the Preobrazhensky Regiment under the name of Peter Mikhailov, and a few hours later transform himself into the Duke of Muscovy, Czar of all the Russias. And how did he look on June 11, 1717, when, having arrived in Paris, he decided to visit Mme. de Maintenon, who had upon the death of Louis XIV retired to her beloved Saint-Cyr, a school she had built for about two hundred and fifty young girls of good family? In order to avoid the rigors of yet another state visit, she immediately took to her bed and had the curtains drawn. Peter, through an interpreter (and the curtains), inquired as to the nature of her illness. "Extreme old age," she replied. She was eighty-two. Peter did not linger. He asked to have the curtains opened, and, once they were, he held them apart himself, with his vast hands, and looked down at her in her little convent bed. "You can well believe he must have enjoyed the sight," Mme. de Maintenon wrote her niece Mme. de Caylus. Peter had opened his "Window to the West." None of Peter's five handsome costumes had the power to move us, because they were relics, but we kept returning to Mrs. Vreeland's favorite things, his jackboots: well-worn, thigh-high, scuffed, square-toed, thick-heeled and thick-soled, they looked positively haunted. They were the size-14 seven-league boots of the ghost of the six-foot-seven giant who had been Peter the Great.

Cultural détente is all to the good, but we think there are some minor chasms that are better left unfilled. We joined the troika for a coffee break. Luiza Efimova forced a second pastry on Tamara Korshunova, who said she was putting on kilograms. Stella Blum joined us and said she had brought a hair dryer for Luiza. "Be sure to do something with your hair for tonight's gala," she told her.

Luiza was silent. Then she said, "Who cares?"

Mrs. Blum, the soul of kindness, insisted. Perhaps Luiza would compromise with a comb?

A comb? Don't have a comb.

A couple of curlers, maybe, just in front, easily dried with the hair dryer?

Curlers? Never. Luiza was adamant. "Look," she said. "If you have liked me for almost two months and you like me right now, you will still like me tonight."

Mrs. Blum, defeated, went off.

"I have this reputation for being dishevelled," said Luiza.

"In any case," said Nina, usually the most laconic of the three, "by now the three of us have such a reputation for being unfashionable that we're quite beyond salvation. Nor are we very good at conversing."

We asked why not, and were given an example:

> Mrs. Vreeland: "I met Chaliapin when I was a young girl."
> Silence.

It seems that the three Soviet women were perfectly well aware of who Chaliapin was, and were proud of their musical past, but they didn't quite know where to go from there.

At the moment, they were slightly worried. The House of Chanel had revived its Cuir de Russie, and the scent that was to be used in the galleries after the opening just might attack the delicate fabrics? And what did we think of the blood-red mannequins? What enchanted the troika was the technical virtuosity of the lighting. Very low (but the eye adjusted immediately), and projected through special filters, so that it could not possibly harm the delicate colorings of the fabrics. Some of the costumes were so fragile that they could be exhibited for only so long and then had to rest.

Then we had a chat about the designs of the second half of the nineteenth century. We said we preferred Mme. Olga, and Tamara identified her as Olga Bulbenkova, who trained in St. Petersburg and, by the turn of the century, was doing sinuous, narrow, sophisticated designs, and whose atelier was kept open by a niece as late as 1914. The troika all preferred the work of Nadezhda Lamanova, whose designs were more traditionally Russian, more opulent.

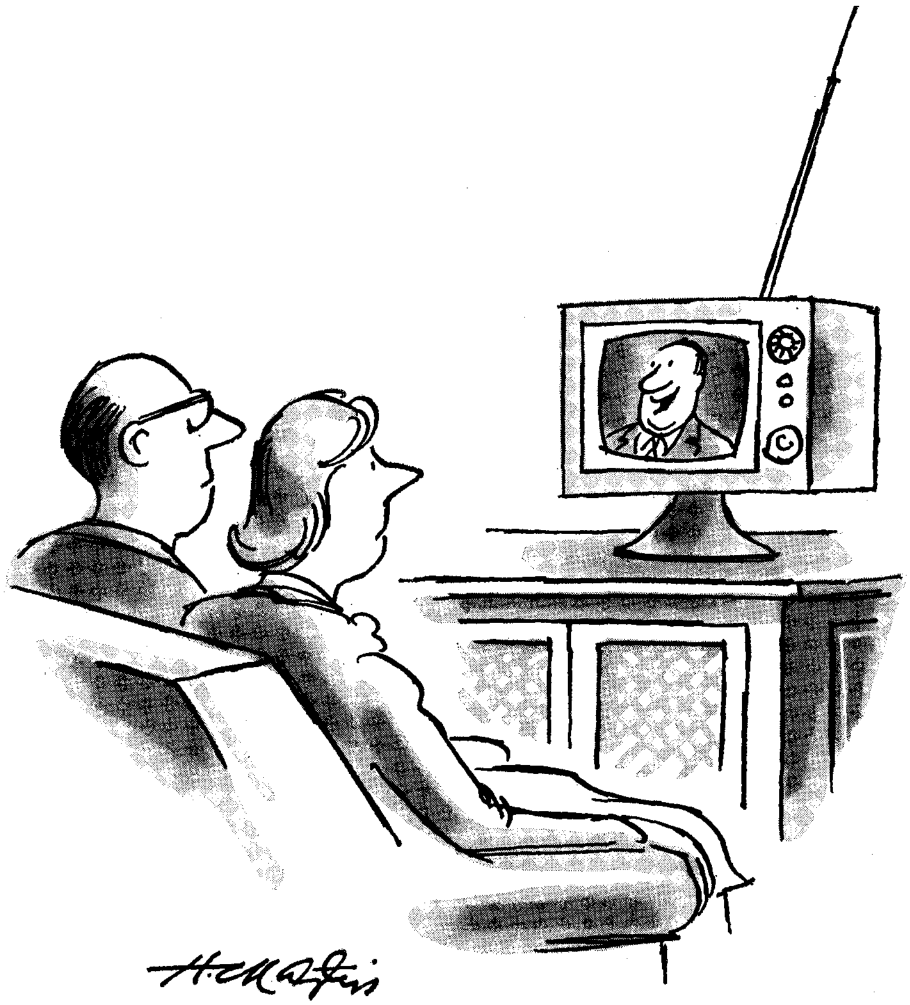
And were we sure we had missed nothing? The woman's red velvet boot embroidered in pearls, dating from the seventeenth century? The late-nineteenth-century morning dresses of embroidered white batiste? The sleigh of the Empress Elizabeth, Peter the Great's daughter? There seemed to be no end to their enthusiasm.

•

THAT evening, in the main hall of the Metropolitan, the huge stone urns held white lilacs that not only looked fresh but were. They smelled like spring anywhere. The crowd was enormous. Six hundred and fifty people had come to a dinner being held in the Fountain Restaurant, and well over a thousand had come for a reception that started at ten o'clock. Jacqueline Onassis was the chairman for both events, which were to benefit the Costume Institute. In the main hall, the band played, and the young and those who felt young gyrated. Everyone said that the exhibit, downstairs, was going to be a huge success, but mostly people walked around and looked at each other and said that they would go to see it on a day when it would not be so crowded. A red carpet had been rolled out from the Fountain Restaurant to a gallery just off the main hall, and soon the mob and a horde of photographers rushed toward it. There was a good deal of shoving, and two photographers lost their temper. One shouted that this was, after all, "the party of the year" and all these stupid people would prevent him from doing his job. But all the people were there to see the dinner people come out. And soon they did. A lot of them were as avid for the photographers as the photographers were for them. Some of the women were lovely, and some were not. Flashbulbs went off. The men accompanying the women who were lovely escorted them as in a ballet, and paused for a moment for the pose that would be static once again, and two-dimensional, in next morning's newspaper. It was a celebrity-watchers' paradise.

The exhibit itself was not crowded at all. "Wasn't she cold?" asked a man in front of one of Catherine the Great's silk regimental dresses in which she is said to have reviewed her troops.

"You can always count on the Russians to shortchange us," said a



"Good evening. This is TBC, bringing you the best from ABC, NBC, CBS, and BBC."

man in a hurry. "We send them our most beautiful paintings and they send us old clothes."

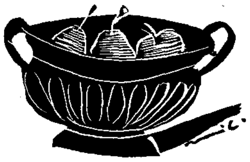
"This is supposed to be a peasant's dress," said Prince Alexander Romanoff, grandnephew of the last Czar, and moved on.

A friend asked him what it felt like, walking through those rooms.

"As my great-aunt said, 'I'm rather "off" abroad,' " he replied. "And I don't like anything ethnic."

Glazunov moaned on the Columbia Records tape.

We had not seen Mrs. Vreeland anywhere by the time we decided to head for home. We embarked on the escalator that goes up to the main floor, and suddenly caught sight of half of her before we were carried away. She was intoning a strange kind of mantra, the meaning of which escaped us. Instead of turning around and running down the up-going staircase, we went all the way up, walked through a long, breathtaking Egyptian room, and ran down an ordinary staircase. And there at the bookshop outside the Costume Institute galleries was Mrs. Vreeland standing behind a counter hawking copies of "In the Russian Style," a so-called Studio Book by Viking, edited by Jacqueline Onassis with the coöperation of the Metropolitan, and brought out expressly for the exhibit. "Buy a book," Mrs. Vreeland was chanting. "Buy a book. Buy a beautiful book." Then she lifted one up in the air, and, unhampered by a demanding tribe's ransom of ivory bracelets on her right wrist, signed it. "Buy a beautiful book," she started chanting again, in the tones of a Parisian chestnut vender. Black hair shining under strong lights, beautiful hands, immaculately painted fingernails, poison-green print tunic with full black velvet sleeves, pear-shaped mock emeralds dangling from her ears, a thick mock-diamond rope wound round and round her neck and terminating in a menacing ivory tusk, she showed not the slightest trace of fatigue but held up another book, as the escalator separated us once again.



It was one o'clock in the morning, and the crowd upstairs, dancing and standing around, was just as thick. We had given up the idea of saying goodbye to the troika, but then we accidentally bumped into Tamara, wrapped in a flowered cashmere shawl, and Nina, cool and collected and looking completely relieved. And there was Stella Blum, who said that Yuli Vorontzov, the chargé d'affaires in Washington, had been terribly pleased with the evening and with the work of his curators. That accounted for everybody's mellow mood. Tamara and Nina ("Luiza has disappeared," they told us) fervently invited us to visit them in Leningrad and Moscow, respectively, as if they were speaking about Nyack and Mount Kisco. Their invitations were accepted on the spot.

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Mature Music

WE'VE had a talk with Emil Kahn, the octogenarian conductor of a singular performing group. It's the Senior Concert Orchestra of New York, a now ten-year-old institution made up almost entirely of professional musicians who have retired from the Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and other musical aggregations. The Senior Concert Orchestra is giving five concerts this season, and the most recent one, in late November, was something special. It was an eightieth-birthday present to Mr. Kahn from the Senior Musicians Association and from his children, among whom are a Peter and a Wolf—Peter Kahn being a professor of art history at Cornell, and Wolf Kahn being a New York landscape painter. (Another son, Hans, is an engineer, and a daughter, Mrs. Eva Ekvall, is the author of two cookbooks.) All the orchestra's performances have to be underwritten by somebody, inasmuch as admission is free, and has been from the outset. The group is the brainchild of William Feinberg, the longtime secretary, now also retired, of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians; and of Albert Modiano, a violinist. Fully manned, the orchestra is between seventy and eighty strong—a couple of dozen shy of the normal complement of the Philharmonic. Its numbers are limited chiefly by budgetary considerations: the venerable instrumentalists get paid, at union rates, for each dress rehearsal and each performance, but the orchestra's income—derived partly from the union's trust fund and partly from foundation and individual grants—is limited. (If the group charged for tickets, it wouldn't be eligible for support from the trust fund.) The players are recruited mainly from some six thousand members of the Senior Musicians Association, which is affiliated with Local 802, and whose president, the violinist and guitarist Samuel Heyward, performs in the orchestra and also serves as its personnel manager. Heyward is sixty-six—six years below the average age of his confreres. Until recently, the orchestra boasted a viola player who was ninety; he felt obliged to retire from the retirement ensemble not long ago. One of the oldest active players is the violinist Henri Wolsky, almost eighty-eight, who in his youth worked under Gustav Mahler in Prague. Another Henri, the Comte De Tiberge, is also a violinist. "The Count doesn't like to say how old he is," Mr. Kahn told us, "but I know he's eighty."

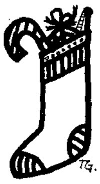
The Senior Concert Orchestra performs exclusively in the afternoon, because its audiences are composed largely of other senior citizens, many of whom don't enjoy staying up late and feel it's dangerous to be about at night; quite a few of them arrive by the busload from old people's homes, and they seem equally pleased with the music and with the fact that it is being energetically produced by their chronological peers. The original conductor was David Mendoza, who led the Capitol Theatre pit band in the silent-film days (Eugene Ormandy was once his associate conductor); after a couple of years with the Seniors, Mr. Mendoza got bursitis and regretfully gave up conducting for the insurance business. Mr. Kahn, who had filled in for Mendoza on occasion, took over the baton full time in 1971, nine years after he retired as a professor of music at Montclair State College, in New Jersey. He was no neophyte conductor. He had been the leader of the Stuttgart Philharmonic in the pre-Nazi era, and once conducted the Havana Symphony in the pre-Castro era, and for one season in the mid-forties he had conducted for Léonide Massine's Ballet Russe Highlights. Kahn is the author, moreover, of two textbooks—"Elements of Conducting" and "Conducting Guide to Selected Scores." A native of Frankfurt, he studied cello, piano, composition, and conducting at the conservatory there before and during the First World War (Paul Hindemith was a schoolmate), and was stationed at an anti-aircraft training center there during much of that war. A music-loving colonel commanded the unit, and on learning that four of his men were gifted instrumentalists he mustered Kahn and the others into a string quartet and ordered them, without demurral, to eschew all duties other than playing—at hospitals, for the troops—whenever he bade them to. After the war, Kahn conducted at a movie theatre in Germany, and in 1925 he became the leader of the first orchestra to have performed on the radio in Stuttgart. Twenty-seven years after that, he went back to Stuttgart for the first time since the end of the *Second* World War (he had come to this country in 1935), as guest conductor of the South German Radio Orchestra, and he has made a return appearance almost every subsequent summer.

Because the Senior Concert Orchestra's auditors tend to be mature, Mr. Kahn selects fairly conservative pieces to perform for them; they seem to fancy especially what he calls "fireworks" music—Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Borodin's Polovtsian Dances, and their ilk. He did both of those in his birthday concert, and, what with a rehearsal in the morning and a performance the same afternoon, got such a painful cramp in his right arm before the fiery Borodin was through that he had to switch to his left. "It didn't seem to bother anyone," he told us. "And, in any event, I had a somewhat sympathetic audience. Thirty-two of my relatives turned up, including one nephew's mother-in-law—a rather extended family gathering. Now everybody is talking about another birthday concert on my eighty-fifth. There's no reason I shouldn't still be conducting then. Toscanini kept it up till he was eighty-seven, Casals kept it up to ninety-six, and Stokowski is still going at ninety-four. But eighty-five's an odd number and doesn't mean anything. A concert for my ninetieth birthday would be nice, though. I'll probably do Beethoven's Ninth. I think that would be appropriate."

Bright Bridge

At least one spot of color has materialized to brighten New York during the city's latest dark financial crisis. We refer to the pedestrian bridge at East 103rd Street, connecting Manhattan with Ward's Island, which has been newly painted yellow, purplish blue, and red, and has been making motorists on the East River Drive blink with astonishment and, in our case, delight. Our trail of inquiry about this large new municipal objet d'art led to the offices of the architectural firm of Conklin & Rossant, on Park Avenue South. We were received by William Conklin and James Rossant, designers of, inter alia, the Metro North Riverview Apartments, an Urban Development Corporation project in East Harlem which will house seven hundred-odd families when it is finished. It already has two hundred and fifty of them in residence, and also has an operating public school, which is named (the neighborhood is now mainly Spanish and black but used to be Italian) after the controversial and colorful Representative Vito Marcantonio.

"Bill and I are very fond of bright colors," Mr. Rossant said, "and we stipulated that in each of the classrooms one whole wall was to be painted in a primary red, yellow, or blue. About two years ago, as the complex was going up, we began to be bothered by the faded green color of the bridge, which many of our prospective tenants would have to be looking at every day. Here we were trying to renew East Harlem with, among other things, big splashes of color, and there was this big, drab, tired bridge staring us in the face. The bridge itself was a splendid idea—one of Robert Moses' best. He had it put up in 1951, to give densely packed East Harlem access to a green oasis. Ward's Island was, and is, a fine picnic spot. The bridge, which, as far as we know, is one of the largest pedestrian bridges anywhere on earth, is a vertical-lift bridge, but its horizontal span is so high—fifty-five feet, in the middle, above mean water level—that it has to be raised only for battleships, and the East River doesn't see many of those anymore."



"Anyway," said Mr. Conklin, "we had a chap in our office find out who had authority over the bridge, and we learned that it was the city's Highway Department. So we phoned and made an appointment with Henry Busek, the department's chief engineer in charge of bridge design, and we asked him if the bridge could be repainted. He said that it had already been scheduled for repainting—hadn't had a fresh coat in a decade—and what did we have in mind? With that encouragement, we went back to our office and made some sketches. For the span, nine hundred and fifty-six feet long, we picked yellow—not primary yellow but a vivid shade called Signal Yellow, which is the yellow that's used on taxicabs and school buses. For the pair of towers, which are a hundred and seventy-five feet tall, we chose a purplish blue. You could say that the blue towers represent the gravity line that connects sky and water. And the yellow walkway, if you like, is the earth circle—the anti-gravity line."

"We decided to do the two booths that control the raising and lowering of the bridge in red, because that kind of touch seemed to be needed," Mr. Rossant said. "Also, the painters and architects of the start of this century experimented with structures—though few of them, unfortunately, ever got built—that were to be in the three primary colors. Thus, given our two principal colors, the red seemed an appropriate tribute to the goals of our professional antecedents."

"Well, we took our sketches back to Mr. Busek," Mr. Conklin went on, "and he simply fell in love with them. He showed them to Daniel Garvey, who was then a Deputy Commissioner of Highways, and he liked them and showed them to Frank Rogers, who was at that time the Highway Department's man in charge of aesthetics, and he went along, and they all agreed to go ahead as soon as possible, and in practically no time a contract had been let, to our chromatic specifications. The whole job cost only about thirty thousand dollars. Ten gallons of red paint, one hundred and forty gallons of blue, and two hundred and eighty of yellow. I suppose more people will eventually look at the finished product than at any of our other work."

"It's the largest single object on the planet we've ever affected," said Mr. Rossant, "and we didn't get a penny out of it as a fee, and we're happy as hell."

"We don't propose that all municipal bridges be painted in bright colors," said Mr. Conklin, "and, as a matter of hard fact, nobody has consulted us about any others, but we feel that painting the Ward's Island Bridge has improved the whole atmosphere of the neighborhood. I went up there the other day and found eight kids fishing underneath the bridge. They were catching real fish."

We wondered if the architects were worried about graffiti painters.

"We have a feeling that the painted bridge *is* graffiti," said Mr. Rossant, "and if other things in town were painted with care maybe there wouldn't be graffiti on *them*. Somebody asked me, by the way, if I wasn't afraid that our bridge would result in a rash of accidents, because of motorists' taking their eyes off the road to look at it. There may be a few dented fenders initially, I suppose, but there will be fewer in the long run, because people will be happier."

"When you think about how easy it was to get the bridge painted," said Mr. Conklin, "it makes you realize what could really be done in New York."

TALES OF FRIENDLINESS FROM THE FILES OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

CHASE MANHATTAN BANK was in bed with his lovely wife, Felicia, when the telephone rang. It was 2:15 A.M. "Chase?" the voice said. "It's me, Steve Ramsbuck. Can you hear me?"

"Wait a minute," Chase Manhattan said. He turned on his bedside light, swung his feet to the cold floor, and stumbled across the room to close the window, shutting out the sound of pouring rain. Fully awake now, he sat down on his bed and picked up the phone again. "What's up, Steve," he snapped.

While Chase Manhattan listened, Felicia leaned over and affectionately fingered the hair at the nape of his neck, but he pushed her hand away, for he had learned that Steve Ramsbuck, a checking-account customer in good standing, was in a pickle. Ten minutes after Steve had left his house in Mamaroneck at eleven o'clock that evening to take the babysitter home, the battery in his Satellite Sebring Plus had suddenly and unaccountably gone dead. He and the babysitter, a Miss Elaine Pipick, had sat alone for two hours in the dark, cold car on a back road, waiting for help. Steve had waved frantically at several passing cars, but none had stopped. What made the situation sticky was that Miss Pipick, who was eighteen, looked like a younger sister of Linda Lovelace; it also happened that Steve's mother-in-law, Mrs. Elaine Woodsmoke, of Moodus, Connecticut, was visiting the Ramsbucks that week and had seen Steve and Miss Pipick leave the house together. Miss Pipick, however, was far from showing any signs of cordiality toward her companion in adversity. In fact, she was being downright nasty. Steve Ramsbuck had finally given up hope of immediate rescue and had walked two miles through the downpour to an outdoor phone booth at the junction of Mamaroneck Avenue and Route 1. He called home, and was informed by Mrs. Woodsmoke that his wife, Pat (an old-fashioned girl), was packing. Then, of course, he called Chase Manhattan.

"My wife is leaving me," Ramsbuck said, concluding his report, "and Miss Pipick is so mad she says she'll never babysit again. She can't study for her midterm American-history exam tomorrow because the lights in the car went out and the ink in her history notes is running."

"What's that?" Chase Manhattan said.

"The ink. From the rain. The car window leaks on her side." Ramsbuck sneezed.

"Wait right there," Chase Manhattan said. Twenty minutes later, with torrents of water dripping from the foul-weather gear he had hastily donned over his pajamas, Chase Manhattan was at the little roadside telephone booth, exuding warmth and confidence. He picked up Ramsbuck and drove him back to his stalled car, where he skillfully removed the faulty battery, replacing it with a new one. He inserted fresh blotters between the pages of Miss Pipick's notebook, and invited her to complete the journey to her house in his car, so that Steve Ramsbuck could get back to his family. "Don't worry, Steve," he said just before Ramsbuck drove away. "We'll straighten everything out in the morning. Try to get a good night's sleep."

As Chase Manhattan was driving Miss Pipick to her home in Tuckahoe, she stamped her foot on the floor of his car and said, "What about *me*? How can I get a good night's sleep when I know I'm going to flunk my history exam tomorrow and lose my scholarship at Westchester Community College?"

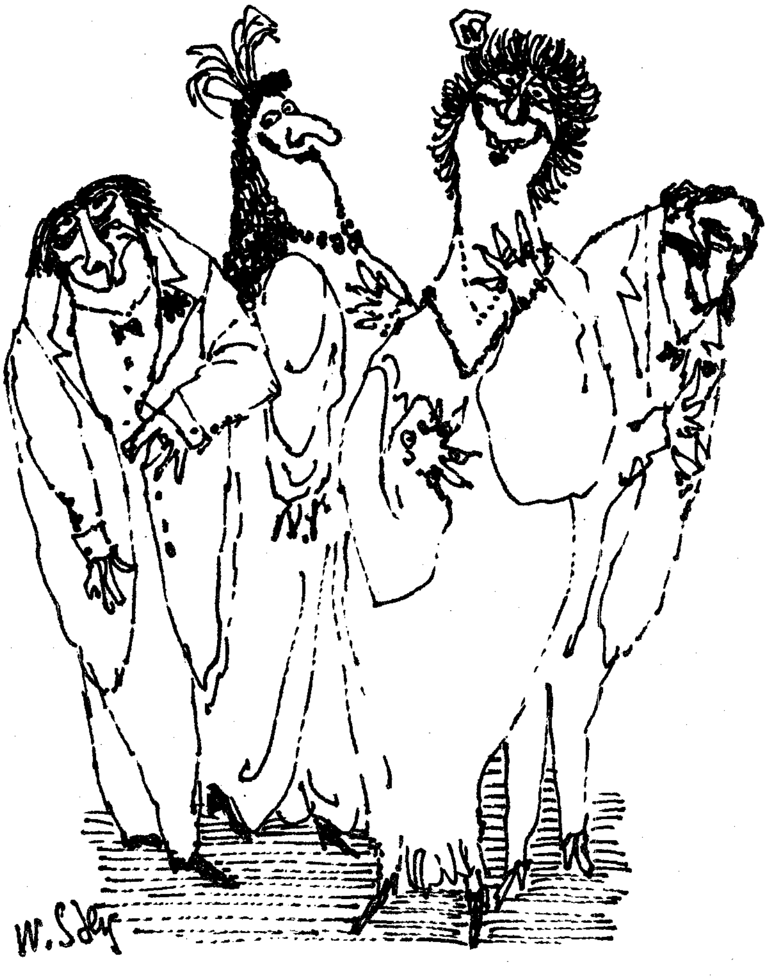
"You won't flunk," Chase Manhattan said reassuringly. When they reached Miss Pipick's house, he brewed a pot of strong coffee, and the two of them sat up for the rest of the night in the kitchen while he reviewed her history notes with her, incidentally helping her to straighten out some of her misconceptions about the Gadsden Purchase. (Miss Pipick received an A-plus on her exam, and subsequently decided to change her major to history.)

At nine in the morning, Chase Manhattan turned up at the Ramsbucks' house with an automotive engineer, who demonstrated to Mrs. Ramsbuck and Mrs. Woodsmoke how it had happened that the battery in the Satellite Sebring Plus had gone dead.

"If you hadn't come along, Chase," Ramsbuck said gratefully, "I'd be there still. You have saved my life."

Mrs. Woodsmoke was so abashed about her behavior that she made buttermilk waffles for all, including the automotive engineer. Chase Manhattan had to excuse himself. He just had time to rush home and pack a bag and leave for the airport. He was flying to Wilkes-Barre to help a divorcée mortgage holder look for a contact lens she had lost while jogging.

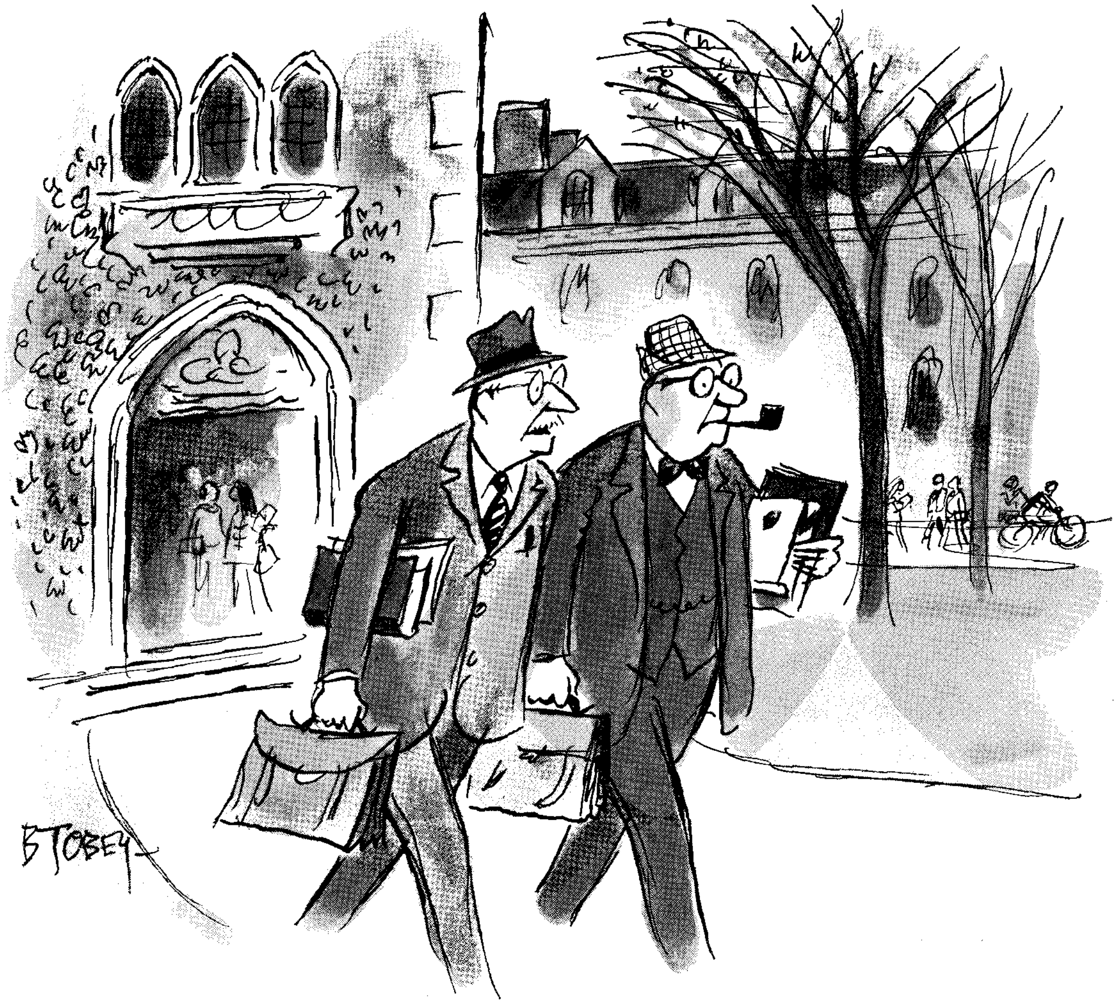
MRS. SADIE YORKLE, a widow of eighty-one, lives alone in a two-room apartment on the sixth floor of the Hotel



Flatterers

Beau Monde on West Fifty-fifth Street. Last January, when Mrs. Yorkle failed to answer her telephone for three days, the Beau Monde's manager, Irving Plantagenet, assumed she had gone away, perhaps to a folk-rock festival in La Jolla, California. In fact, Mrs. Yorkle was in her room, severely ill with viral hepatitis, contracted from a can of stuffed clams prepared by a careless food packer. In her weakened condition, Mrs. Yorkle could not get out of bed, even to get to the oranges, cans of pâté, and Dom Perignon champagne she had placed in her refrigerator. All she could do was clear her throat and watch the shadow of the venetian-blind on the wall.

When Citibank tried to telephone Mrs. Yorkle to inform her that the accrued annual interest in her savings account now came to $8.87, he was not as sanguine as Mr. Plantagenet concerning Sadie's whereabouts or well-being. He immediately put on his ulster, hailed a cab, and went to the Beau Monde, where he insisted to the manager that he admit him to his client's room. Finding Mrs. Yorkle in a deplorable condition, Citibank immediately called a doctor. After the physician had treated Mrs. Yorkle, Citibank arranged to have a cot set up in the room. He remained there for five weeks, cooking for Mrs. Yorkle and nursing her night and day, until she regained her health. To cheer her up, he read her favorite books aloud to her, including the complete works of Victoria Holt.



"I thought I'd at least get a nibble from the Carter transition team."

• •

LAST August, when Arthur and Phoebe Smenton left their three-room apartment on Barrow Street to attend the wedding of their son, Arthur junior, in Bujumbura, they asked their friend Chemical Bank to water their plants and feed the cat. On a Tuesday, the second day after the Smentons' departure, Chemical Bank noted that the cat, a white feline named Scratch, did not approach the food dish. On Wednesday, finding the apartment empty and the dish of Little Friskies again untouched, Chemical Bank went downstairs, knocked on the door of the landlord, Mr. Yves Kleinschmeiser, and received permission to search the small gardens and areaways in the rear of the premises. At three o'clock the following morning, Chemical Bank found Scratch in a discarded refrigerator in an alley, where she was nursing five kittens.

Chemical Bank took the mother and her young back to the Smentons' apartment, where he arranged a basket for them in a cozy nook at the bottom of the linen closet. Then he went out and bought an extra supply of Kitty Litter at an all-night pet shop on West Tenth Street. Hardly had Chemical Bank settled at his desk the next morning when Mrs. Kleinschmeiser telephoned to say that the cat and kittens had kept her awake all night and to demand that they be removed. Chemical Bank went home at once and packed up his priceless Sèvres porcelains in crates, in the process of which he severely smashed his left thumb with a hammer. He went to Barrow Street and picked up Scratch and her kittens and moved them to his apartment. Chemical Bank's injured thumb was amputated on Friday—an interruption in his day that caused him to miss an appointment which would have led to his being named to the Federal Reserve Board.

Chemical Bank did not breathe a word of this to the Smentons when he returned their cats. When they asked about his thumb, he said he had caught it in a door. —JAMES MUNVES

•

Overall, Newport is understated and old-fashioned compared to, say, the riotous crowd at the Long Island Hamptons. Here they would rather have a Louis Quatorze over the mantelpiece than an Andy Warhol. The old money crowd still dresses formally for dinner and preserves a certain pomp—engraved invitations and flower-filled living rooms. After dinner parties, men retire to high-ceilinged anterooms to play billiards. They wear straw hats and long dresses at music festivals. It's hardly a trend-setting place.—*Boston Globe.*

Sounds trendy to *us.*

KORE

I have watched your smile in your sleep
and I know it is the boat
in which my sun rides under the earth
α all night on the wave of your breath
no wonder the days grow short
and waking without you
is the beginning of winter

How is it that I can hear your bird voice now
trickling among the ice towers
through the days of the anvil
as the year turns I carry an echo
over my own stones and I listen
my eyes are open looking ahead
β I walk a little ahead of myself touching
the light air where nobody sees you
and the sun as it sets through the forest of windows
unrolls slowly its
unrepeatable secret
all the colors of autumn without the leaves

You were shaking and an air full of leaves
flowed out of the dark falls of your hair
down over the rapids of your knees
γ until I touched you and you grew quiet
and raised to me
your hands and your eyes and showed me
twice my face burning in amber

Already on the first hill with you beside me
at the foot of the ruins I saw through the day
and went on without pausing
δ loving the unheld air
as a wing might love it flying
toward you unknowing
knowing

Face that I loved when I was a child
nobody in that age believed us
when we said we would go away together
ε not even when we said that the flood
was on its way
and nobody will find us when it is over

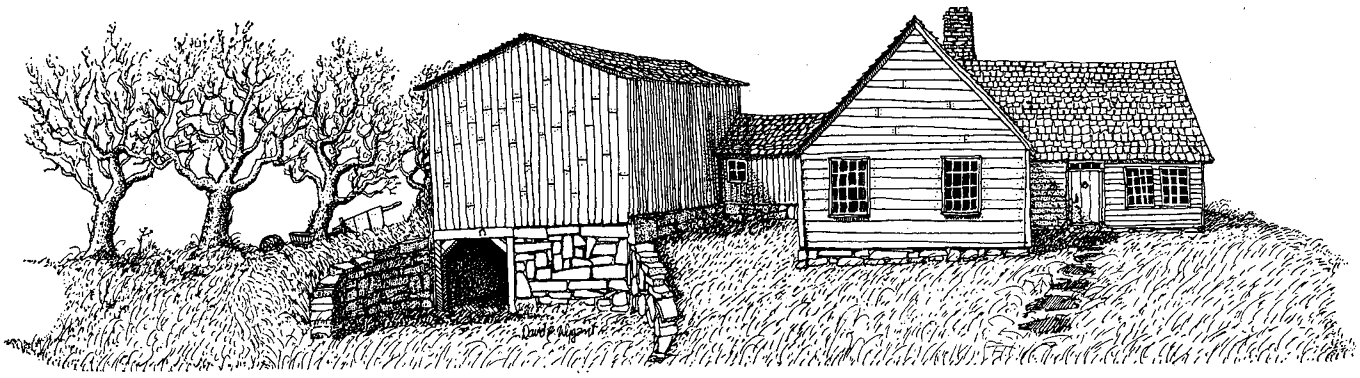
You slept all the way to the garden
face in the boat of my hand
and we came more than a century late
to the closed gate
and the song the laurel remembers in the dark
the night flute always beginning again
on the untrodden slope
ζ and where we walked in the streets then there was new wine
announced with green boughs over doorways
in the time of the statues

Climbing at noon by roofless columns
with the day white on the sea
I did not know the word for the hour
nor for the hunger
nor for your hand
η which I was not touching
but could feel in the air
The beginning
comes from before
when the words for it were pictures of strangers
it comes on wings that never waited for their names

In the house at the end of a day of rain the old man
began to recite a poem
no one remembered but everyone wanted to
only before he had finished it he lay down
θ taking the rest of it with him to sleep
then in the next light after my night's journey
you were running in leaves across a wide street
as I was running
and we had arrived

When they are together our hands are of an age
and a dark light flows up between them
into its feathers
We have brought
nothing with us
ι but what has come of itself
we pass the stone fragments
the ancient smiles holding out
no hands
like the trees their sisters born older

Autumn is one of the four elements
the air has four seasons strung
to its instrument
each with its own wind
κ but one note under them   Full moon   The year
has turned in the leafless veins
and the poles of the earth have sounded
I wake looking east hearing
the snow fall and your
feet far from here bare



climbing an untold stair
Long before sunrise hands of a child carrying grapes

At the top of the veins I hear
the finger on the bowstring
I hear my feet continuing
upward I hear you
λ hair in wind
I learn from you of the bare slope
where you are nowhere in sight
so we climb the mountain together after all
even with it between us

The candles flutter on the stairs of your voice
gold in the dark
and for this
μ far time you laughed through your whole childhood
and all those years my beloved spiders
guarded the treasure under my house
unlit until the night before you appeared

I have loved you in the four capitals
of four worlds before this one
with its glass season
and the nakedness of their light
ν wakes me now
and the burning that the year comes back for
leaping the falls of its own
changes

The sun yellows pages of print
a snow of bats swirls in the streets
distractions
ξ what I thought I knew falls aside a thought at a time
until I see you naked
in your eyes the bronze ferns older than seeing
unfurling above the dark springs

In winter far from you
at the thought of your skin
leaves
yet to be
ο stir in the sleep of roots
the tree
of veins trembles
at a distance and begins
gathering in secret the Sibyl's rustling

I trust neither memory nor expectation
but even the white days of cities
belong to what they do not see
π even the heart of the doubters' light is gold
even when you are not with me
in the flowerless month of the door god
you look at me with your eyes of arrival

I found you the bracelets of plaited straw
you found me the old tools
that I had been looking for
you knew where they were
ρ in my garden
few are the words for finding
as I told you under the beating flights
of autumn
and will tell you again
as I find them

We came to the red stone
that they call black in that country
because it fell out of the night
before anyone was there
σ and it floated ahead of us on the earth
alone without a shadow
but the night had not forgotten it
and its memory even then was falling after it
out of the future
past us into that day.

Morning to morning
the same door opening inward
from both sides
τ laugh close as you are
it is cold in the house
and I burned up all the matches in the night
to look at you

Wire trees
days with telephones
pronouncing into black lamps
trying to get them to light
υ rubbing them
you appear in a gray street
having heard nothing
expecting nothing
with the light behind you
and our shadows burn the buildings

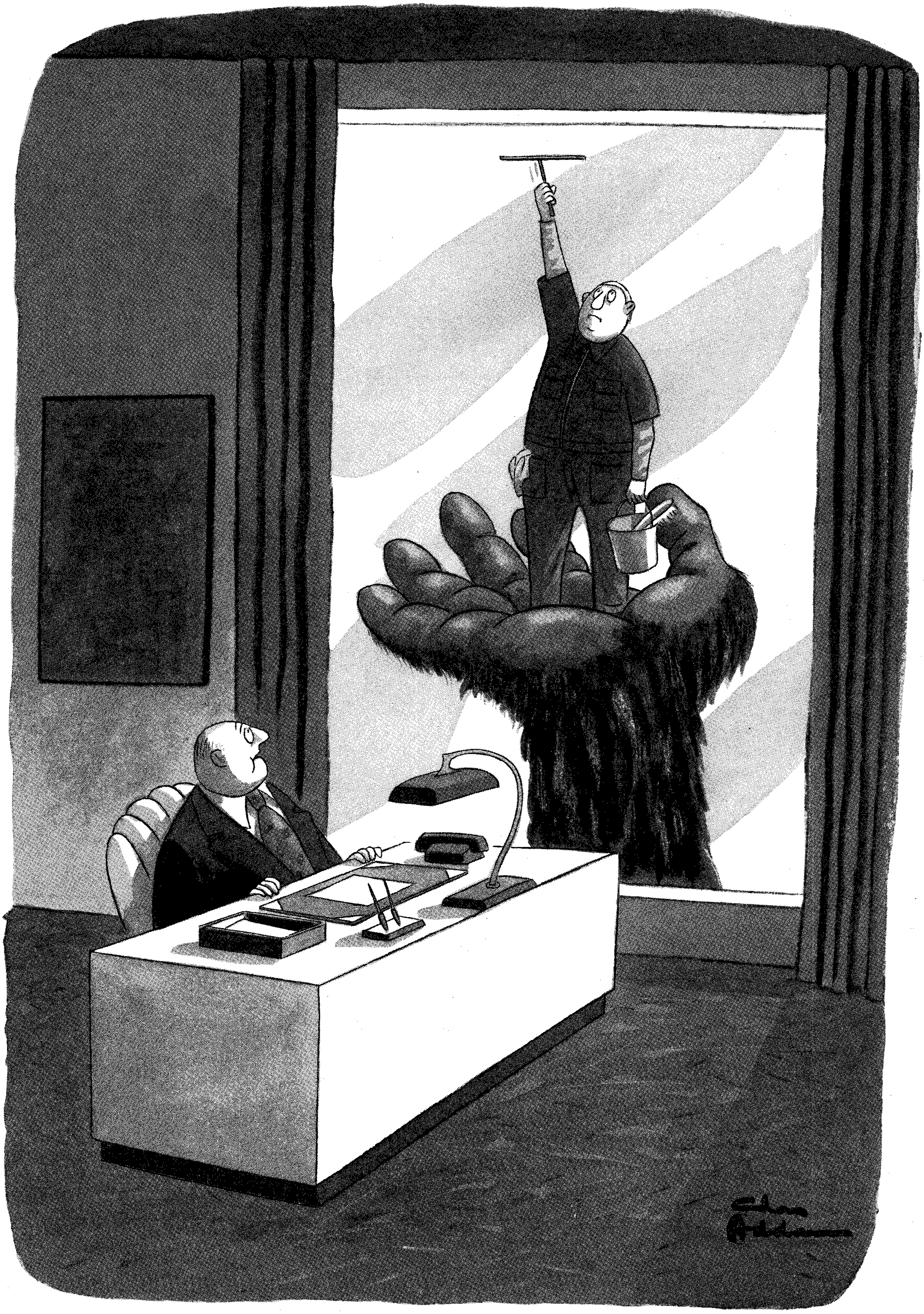
Thirty days after the solstice
forms of ripe wheat
emerge from the tips of the branches
Far outside them
φ here
where you have never been
I reach for you with my eyes
I call you with my body
that knows your one name

Days when I do not hear you
it seems that the season flows backward
but it is only
χ I
of hollow streets
deaf smoke
rain on water

We cross the smooth night lake together
in the waiting boat
we are welcomed without lights
ψ again and again we emerge by day
hand in hand
from all four corridors at once
under the echoing dome
guided by what has not been said

The shadow of my moving foot
feels your direction
you come toward me
ω bringing the gold through the rust
you step to me through the city of amber
under the moon and the sun
voice not yet in the words
what is spoken is already
another year

—W. S. Merwin


Chas Addams

TWO

FOR almost ten years after the wedding Reb Yomtov's wife, Menuha, did not bear a child. Already it was rumored in Frampol that she was barren and a divorce was imminent. But she became pregnant and both Yomtov and Menuha referred to the coming child as “she.”

The father wanted a girl because the Gemara says, “A daughter first is a good omen for the children to come.” The mother wanted a daughter because she had it in mind to name her after her dead mother. When she entered her late months, her belly didn't become high and pointy but round and broad—a sign that she was carrying a female child. Accordingly, she prepared a layette of little shirts and jackets festooned with lacework and embroidery, and a pillow with ribbons. The father put aside in a box the first gulden toward a dowry.

Actually, the parents had other reasons for wanting a daughter. Reb Yomtov, who was a Talmudic scholar entrusted with removing the impure fat and veins from kosher meat, had the soul of a female. When he prayed, he didn't appeal so much to the Almighty as to the Shechinah, the female counterpart of God. According to the cabala, the virtues of men bring about the union of God and the Shechinah as well as the copulations of angels, cherubim, seraphim, and sacred souls in Heaven. Full union on high will take place only after the redemption, the coming of the Messiah. In the midst of the Eighteen Benedictions Yomtov would exclaim, “Oh, Mama!” When he was still a boy studying the Pentateuch in cheder, he was drawn more to the matriarchs than to the patriarchs. He preferred to glance into such volumes as the “Ze'enah u-Re'enah” and “The Lamp of Light” rather than the Gemara, the commentaries, and the Responsa. Yomtov was small and stout, with a sparse beard and small hands and feet. At home he wore silk dressing gowns and slippers with pom-poms. He curled his earlocks, primped before the mirror, and carried all kinds of trinkets—a carved snuffbox, a pearl-handled penknife, and a little ivory hand, a charm, left him by a grandmother. On Simchas Torah or during banquets he didn't drink strong spirits but demanded sweet brandy. The people made fun of him. “You're a softy, Yomtov! Worse than a woman.”

Well, for all that Menuha and Yomtov expected a girl, the powers that decide such things saw to it that they had a boy. True, the midwife made a mistake and announced to the mother that the baby was a girl, but she soon acknowledged her mistake. Menuha grew terribly upset that between a yes and a no a daughter had turned into a son. Yomtov couldn't bring himself to believe it and demanded to be shown. Just the same, people were invited to the pre-circumcision party and cheder boys came to recite the Shema. Zissel being a name for both a man and a woman, the boy was named that after a great-aunt. Since his gowns, jackets, and bonnets had already been prepared, the infant was dressed in them, and when the mother carried Zissel in the street, strangers assumed he was a girl.

It is the custom that when a boy turns three his hair is cut, he is wrapped in a prayer shawl and carried to cheder. But Zissel had such elegant curls that his mother refused to trim them. The parents carried their precious offspring to cheder, but when the child spied the old teacher with his white beard, the whipping bench and the whip he began to howl. His slate with the alphabet printed for him to read was strewn with candy, raisins, and nuts he was told had been left there by an angel from Heaven, but the child would not be appeased. The next morning he was brought again to cheder and given a honey cake. This time Zissel carried on so that he suffered a convulsion and turned blue. Thereupon the parents decided to keep him at home until the following term. A rebbetzin who tutored girls at home taught him his alphabet. Zissel studied with her willingly. The rest of the time he played with other children. Since his hair was long and he didn't go to cheder, boys his age avoided him. He spent most of his time with girls and enjoyed their ways and their games. The boys played with sticks, barrel hoops, and rusty nails. They fought, got dirty, and tore their clothes, but the girls picked flowers in the orchards, sang songs, danced in circles, rocked their dolls, and their dresses and aprons stayed clean.

“Why can't I be a girl?” he asked his mother.

“You were supposed to be a girl,” his mother replied. She kissed and fondled him and wove his hair into a braid for a joke, and added, “What a shame, you would have made such a lovely girl.”

Time, which often is the implement of destiny, did its work. Zissel grew up and against his will began attending cheder. He was stripped of his dresses and made to put on a gaberdine, pants, a ritual garment, and a skullcap. He was taught reading—the Pentateuch, Rashi's commentaries, and the Gemara. The matchmakers early began to plan matches for him. But Zissel remained a girlish boy. He couldn't stand the brawls and recklessness of the daredevil boys, and he couldn't climb trees, whistle, tease dogs, or chase the community billy goat. When the cheder boys quarrelled with him, they called him “girl” and tried to lift the skirts of his gaberdine as if he were really female. The teacher and his assistant refrained from whipping him because the few times they did he promptly burst into tears. Also, his skin was delicate. They overlooked it when he came late or left before the others. On Fridays, the boys accompanied their fathers to the steam bath. In the summer, they bathed in the river and learned to swim. But Zissel was bashful and never undressed before strangers. The truth was that he suffered anxiety and all kinds of doubts. He already was convinced that to be a male was unworthy and that the signs of manhood were a disgrace.

When no one was home, Zissel put on his mother's dress, her high-heeled shoes, camisole, and bonnet, and admired his reflection in the mirror. On Sabbaths in the house of prayer, he gazed up at the section where the women sat and he envied them looking on from behind the grate, all dressed up in their furs and jackets, jewels, colored ribbons, tassels, and frills. He liked their pierced earlobes and tried to pierce his own with a needle. His parents grasped that something was not right about their Zissel. They took to punishing him and calling him a dunce. This only made things worse for him. He often locked himself in his room, cried, and said a prayer in Yiddish from his mother's prayer book with its gold-embossed covers and copper clasp. His tears burned, and he dabbed his eyes with the edge of a kerchief, as women do.

WHEN Zissel turned fifteen, matches were proposed for him in earnest. A quiet, handsome boy and an only son besides, he was offered girls from wealthy homes. His mother occasionally went to look over the proposed brides and she later described to

Zissel their conduct and appearance. One was tall and thin with a deep voice and a wart on her upper lip; another was short and stout with big breasts and almost no neck; a third was red-haired, marked with freckles, and had the green eyes of a cat. Each time, Zissel found some pretext not to become engaged. He was afraid to marry, sure that a wife would forsake him the first day after the wedding. Suddenly he began to find virtues in his own sex. He saw the rascals of his childhood grown into respectable youths who recited the Gemara and the commentaries in a chant, discussed serious things among themselves, paced to and fro across the study house in deep deliberation. The girls on the other hand had become frivolous. Their laughter was loud; they flirted, danced wantonly, and it seemed to Zissel that they were mocking him.

Of all the youths, Zissel liked best one called Ezriel Dvorah's. Ezriel came from Lublin and behaved in big-city fashion. He was tall, slim, and dark, with earlocks tucked behind his ears and black eyes with brows that grew together over his nose. His gaberdine was always spotless, and he polished his kid boots daily. Although he wasn't engaged yet, he already wore a silver watch in his vest pocket. The marriage brokers assailed him with prospective matches, and the other students competed to be his study partner. When Ezriel spoke, everyone stopped reading the lesson to listen. When it was time to take a walk along Synagogue Street, several boys were always ready to accompany him. When he strolled past the marketplace, girls rushed to the windows and stared at him from behind drawn curtains as if he had just arrived from Lublin.

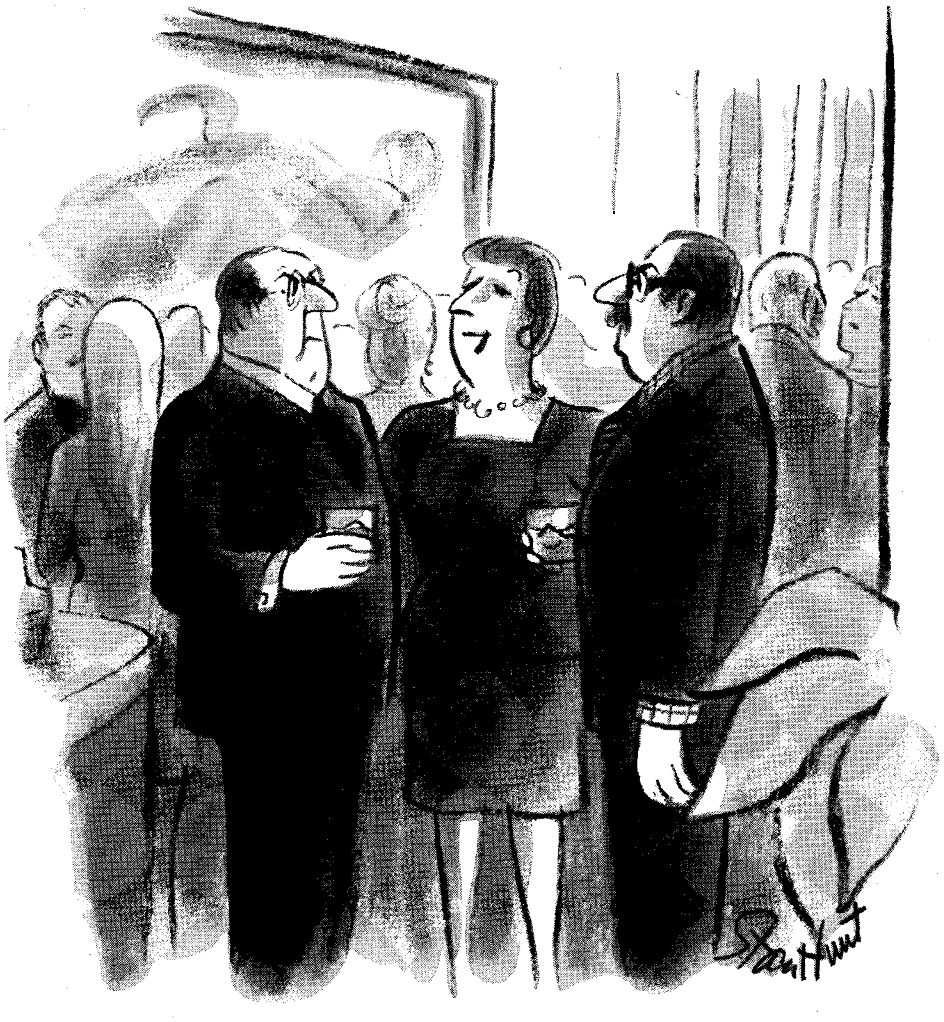
It happened that Ezriel, who was two years older than Zissel, chose him to be his study partner. Zissel accepted it as an honor. On Sabbaths he wished it were the weekday again so that he might study together with Ezriel. When it occurred some morning that Ezriel didn't show up at the study house, Zissel walked around steeped in longing. At times, Ezriel took Zissel with him to the baker's, where they ate prune rolls for their second breakfast. Ezriel confided in Zissel about the matches he was being offered and told him stories of Lublin. But sometimes Ezriel acted friendly toward the other boys and then Zissel felt a pang of resentment—he wanted Ezriel to think better of him than of anyone else.

After a while, Ezriel chose another partner. Out of distress, to show Ezriel that he could get along without him, Zissel agreed to become engaged. The bride-to-be was a beauty from Tomaszów, slender and fair, with blue eyes and a braid hanging to her waist. Zissel's mother couldn't stop praising her good looks. The articles of betrothal were signed in Tomaszów, and his prospective father-in-law, a timber merchant, gave Zissel a gold watch as an engagement present.

When Zissel came home after the betrothal, the youths at the study house gave him a friendly reception. He treated them to cake and whiskey, as was the custom, and they offered him congratulations and questioned him discreetly about the bride. They had heard of her loveliness and envied Zissel his good luck. Ezriel joined in wishing him mazel tov, but he didn't ask for details. He didn't even ask Zissel to show him the gold watch with the engraved inscription on the back.

Ezriel was on the verge of being engaged himself, and shortly this was arranged. The prospective bride, a local girl, was homely. Her father was fairly well off and had promised a handsome dowry; still, the people of Frampol wondered why a gifted youth like Ezriel should settle for such a match. Apparently Ezriel regretted his decision, too, since he didn't show up at the study house for a few days and even failed to treat his fellow-students to the customary whiskey and cake. From the day of Zissel's engagement, Ezriel had grown cool toward him and avoided him.

Zissel wanted to delay his marriage a year or two; making Ezriel jealous was sweeter to him than becoming the husband of the Tomaszów belle. But the bride's parents were in a hurry for the wedding, since the bride had already turned eighteen. Zissel was taken to Tomaszów and the wedding was held. During the Virtue Dance when first the bride, then the groom was led to the wedding chamber, Zissel was overcome by trembling. With hesitation he went to his bride lying in the bed, but he could not do what he knew he was supposed to. In the morning the



"Mr. Semple, who wants to stimulate the economy, help the cities, and clean up the environment, I'd like you to meet Mr. Hobart, who wants to let the economy, the cities, and the environment take care of themselves. I'm sure you two will have a lot to talk about."

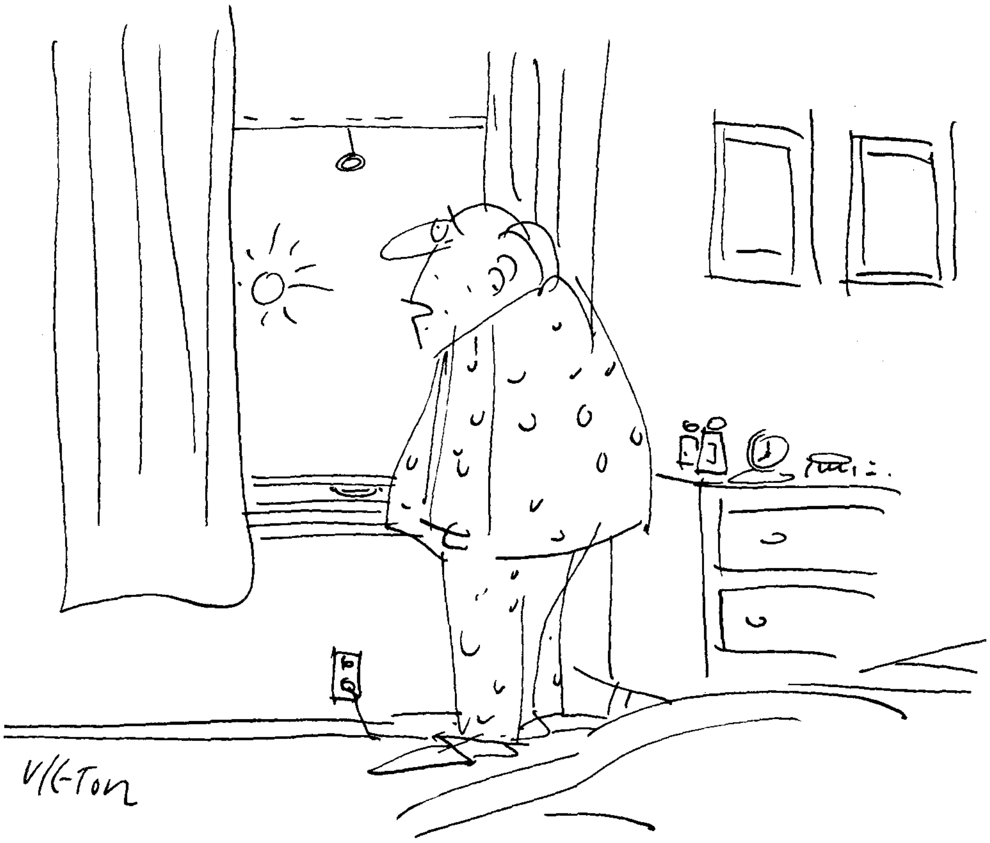
women came to examine the sheet and perform the Kosher Dance of Consummation; they did not find what they were looking for.

The following night, attendants again escorted the couple to their wedding bed, accompanied by musicians and the wedding jester, and this was repeated on each of the Seven Days of the Benedictions. Since both sets of parents felt that a spell had been cast over the couple, the groom's mother went to the rabbi, who gave her an amulet, an amber over which an incantation had been said, and a list of suggestions. The bride's mother secretly consulted a witch, who supplied her own devices. In fact, the cures recommended by both the rabbi and the witch were the same.

WITHIN a few weeks Ezriel married, but his match, too, was unsuccessful. Soon after the wedding he and his bride began to quarrel, and within a few months Ezriel went back to his mother. One day Zissel, who was boarding at his father-in-law's in Tomaszów, received a letter from Ezriel in Frampol, and as he read it he marvelled. In an elaborate handwriting and a Hebrew full of flowery phrases Ezriel described his anguish; he called Zissel "my beloved and the desire of my soul," he reminded him of how pleasant it had been in the old days, when they had studied the Gemara, strolled down Synagogue Street together, eaten prune rolls at the baker's, and confided to each other the secrets of their hearts. If he had the fare, he would come to Tomaszów as swiftly as an arrow shot from a bow.

When Zissel finished reading, he was overcome with joy and he forgave Ezriel all his past neglect. He answered in a long letter full of words of affection, confessed that his wedding had caused him heartache and shame, and so that Ezriel could come to visit him he enclosed a banknote he took from his dowry without telling his father-in-law.

Without business in Tomaszów, Ezriel had no excuse to go there, but letters between the friends went back and forth frequently. Ezriel was an ardent correspondent. His words often rhymed and were full of insinuations and puns. Zissel answered in the same vein. Both quoted passages from the Song of Songs. They compared their love to that between Jacob and Joseph or David and Jonathan. The fact was, they yearned one for the other. Ezriel began to call Zissel Zissa.



"Good morning, compromise."

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This correspondence continued until they decided to meet at an inn lying between Tomaszów and Frampol. Ezriel told his mother that he was going to inquire about a teaching position. He took along his prayer shawl and phylacteries and a satchel. It was hard for Zissel to find an excuse for leaving, and he therefore decided on a trick. In the morning, after his father-in-law had gone to his business, his mother-in-law had gone to the drygoods store, and his dainty wife had gone to the butcher shop, Zissel opened the wardrobe, put on a pair of women's drawers, a camisole, a dress, and shoes with high heels. He draped a shawl over his shoulders and covered his head with a kerchief. His beard had not yet grown. When he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, he hardly knew his own face and he was certain that no one would recognize him. The Spirit of Perversity had whispered in his ear that he shouldn't be a fool—to take from his father-in-law and mother-in-law whatever was handy. After brief deliberation, he obeyed. He took the dowry from its place of safekeeping, along with his wife's jewelry, and hid them in a hand basket, which he covered with a cloth. Then he went outside. When the women in the street saw him, they assumed that a strange woman had come to town on a visit.

Thus, Zissel walked past the market and saw from afar his wife pushing her way toward the butcher's block. He pitied her, but he had already broken the commandments that forbid a man to dress in women's clothes and to steal, and he hurried along.

On Church Street, Zissel found a peasant cart heading for Frampol and for a trifle the peasant let him ride as far as the inn. There Zissel got off and asked for Ezriel. He said that he was Ezriel's wife and the proprietor exclaimed, "He just told me he was about to meet his partner!"

"A wife is the best partner," Zissel replied, and the innkeeper pointed to Ezriel's room.

Ezriel was pacing back and forth as is the way of the impatient. When Zissel came in, Ezriel looked with bewilderment at the young woman who was smiling at him so coquettishly. "Who are you?" he asked, and Zissel answered, "You don't know? I'm Zissa!"

They fell into each other's arms, kissed, and laughed in rapture. They vowed never to part again. After a while Ezriel said, "It wouldn't be safe to stay around here too long. When your in-laws find out what you've done they'll send police after you and we would both fall into the net."

So next morning they bade farewell to the innkeeper, telling him they were going back to Frampol. Instead, they turned off into a side road and hired a wagon to take them to Kraśnik, and from Kraśnik they went on to Lublin.

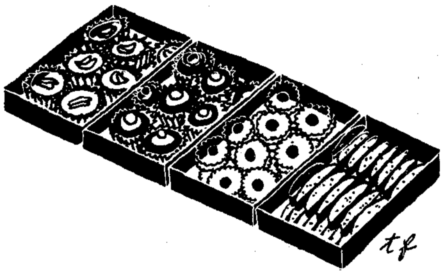
Since they had money, and jewelry besides, they quickly rented an apartment in Lublin, bought furniture and everything needed to maintain a household. Lublin is a big city and no one asked the couple who they were or checked whether Ezriel's wife went to the ritual bath. Thus the pair lived for several years together, indulging themselves to their hearts' desire. In Frampol and Tomaszów, the two missing husbands were sought for a time, but since they couldn't be found, it was assumed that they had gone off somewhere to the other side of the ocean. Both wives were adjudged deserted.

Zissel, known as Zissa, made friends with matrons and even maidens. They gave him advice on cooking, baking, sewing, darning, and embroidering. They also confided their womanly secrets to him. Zissel's beard had begun to sprout by now, but it was merely a fuzz. He plucked some of it, singed the rest, and from time to time committed the transgression of shaving. In order that the women shouldn't become suspicious, Zissel told them that he had stopped menstruating early, which was the reason he couldn't become pregnant. They comforted their poor sister, shed a tear over her fate, and kissed her. Zissel became so involved with his female cronies he often forgot what he was. He turned into an expert cook and prepared broths and groats for Ezriel and baked him delicious pastries. Each Friday he made the challah offering, said the benediction over the candles, went on the Sabbath to the women's section of the synagogue, as women must, and read the Pentateuch in Yiddish.

The money Zissel had stolen from his father-in-law was finally exhausted. Ezriel opened a store and at first it appeared that he might prosper, but he sat for days behind the counter and not a customer showed up. When one did come in, it was to demand goods at less than cost. No matter how Ezriel strained, he couldn't eke out a living. He developed wrinkles in his forehead and sprouted gray threads in his beard. He fell into debt. Things went so badly it came to pass that Zissel didn't have enough to celebrate the Sabbath properly, and he was forced to make Sabbath dinner without meat or pudding. On Fridays, he left pots of water boiling on the stove so that the neighbors would think that Sabbath dishes were cooking. Tears ran down his face. Following the Friday-night services, Ezriel came home from the synagogue in a patched gaberdine and a ratty fur hat. In a sorrowful voice he began to chant the hymn of greeting the angels and recite the "Woman of Virtue." Zissel had lit the candles and covered the table. He wore a Sabbath dress adorned with arabesques, slippers, white stockings, and a silk head kerchief. He gazed into a Yiddish prayer book. It was true that the two had broken the law, but they hadn't abandoned their faith in God and the Torah.

WHEN the women who were fond of Zissa learned that Ezriel was on the verge of bankruptcy and that Zissa's pantry was empty, they began to seek means of helping the couple. They collected money and tried to give it to Ezriel, but he refused to accept it, as is the habit of the proud, who would rather suffer than hold out a hand for assistance. Zissel would have accepted the money, but Ezriel sternly forbade him to do so. When her friends saw that Zissa couldn't be helped with generosity, they offered suggestions—that Zissa peddle goods door to door; that, since she was so versed in studies, she become a rebbetzin who teaches girls to write a letter in Yiddish; that, being such a marvellous cook, she open a soup kitchen. It just so happened that the attendant at the local ritual bath died at this time, which seemed to Zissa's chums an omen that she had been fated to take the other's place. They went to the community leaders with this request, and when women persist they manage to get their way. At first Zissa refused to take the job, but Ezriel had to have someone support him. Zissa became the bath attendant.

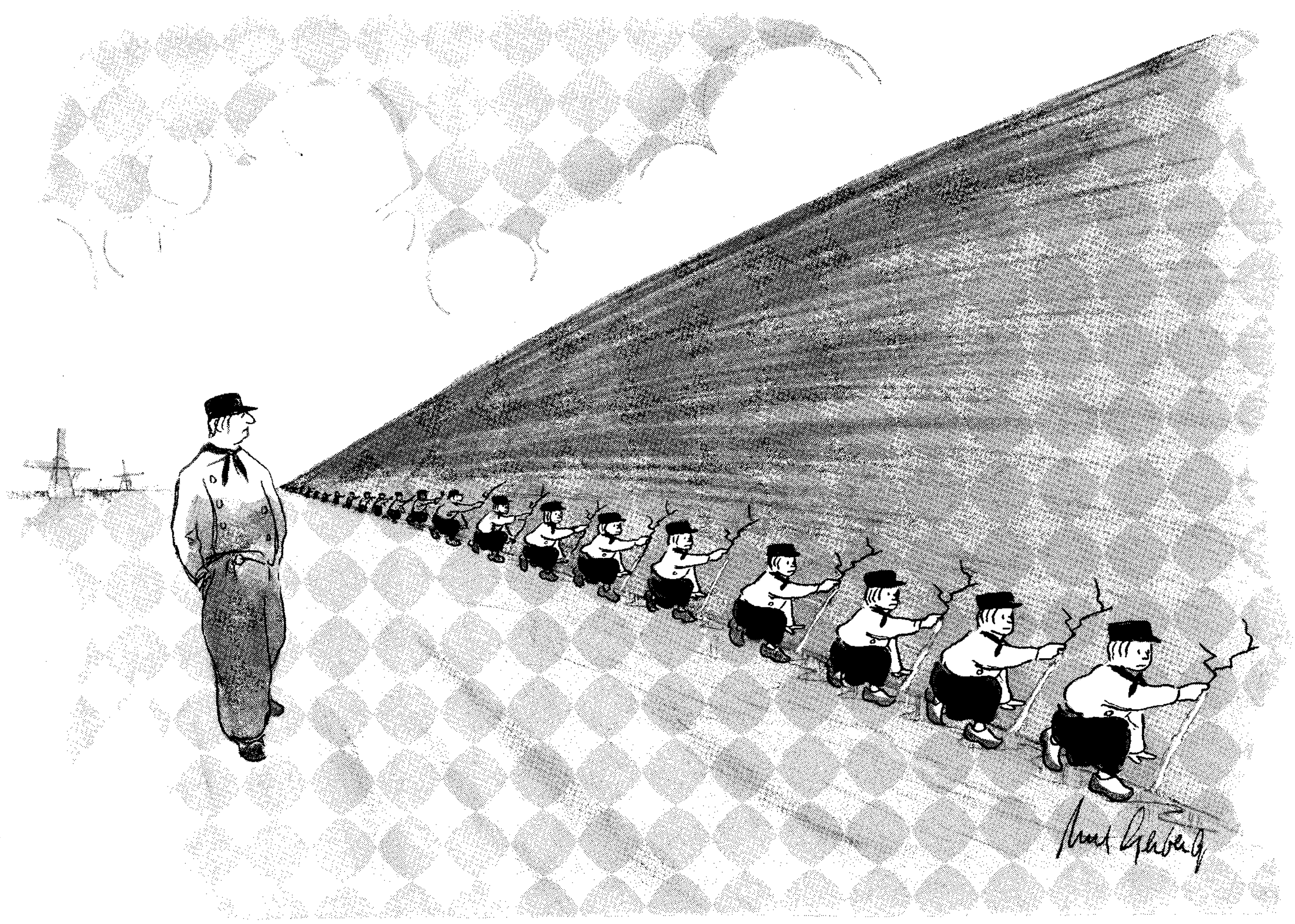
In a ritual bathhouse, the attendant's work is to shave the women's heads, to trim their fingernails and toenails, to scrub and clean them before they immerse themselves. The attendant is also responsible for seeing to it that her charges immerse themselves completely, so that no part, even the shaved scalp, sticks out. The attendant also lets blood, applies leeches and cupping glasses. Because the women are on such intimate terms with the attendant, they reveal to her the most private matters about themselves, their husbands, and their families. It is therefore important that she be a person who can keep her lips sealed. She needs to be particularly skilled with brides, who are usually bashful and often frightened.



Well, it turned out that Zissa became the most adroit bath attendant in Lublin. The women loved it when she attended them and they gossiped with her. Zissa was especially gentle with brides. This was soon known, and they came from all over the city. Besides her wages Zissa received tips, and sometimes on the occasion of a marriage a small percentage of the dowry. Ezriel could now sit around in idleness. He tried to pass time playing cards but this wasn't in his nature. Gradually, he turned into a glutton and a slugabed. He would wake in the middle of the night to eat a second supper. During the day he took naps under the feather bed. He became so lazy he even stopped going to services. He was not yet forty, but he had fallen into melancholy.

When Zissel came home from the ritual bath at the end of the day, he tried to cheer Ezriel up with kind words and tales about the women, but instead of cheering him up he only depressed him further. Ezriel accused Zissel of having accepted his masculinity, of committing treacherous offenses against him. Sometimes the two wrangled all night and at times came to blows. The words they uttered during their outbursts and while making up astounded them.

One time an important wedding was held in Lublin. The bride was a ravishing virgin of seventeen, the daughter of a rich and distinguished family. The groom was a wealthy youth from Zamość. It was said that the groom would receive as a wedding present a silver Chanukkah lamp with stairs to climb for lighting the candles, it was so tall. Well, but the girl was shy and it came hard for her mother and sisters-in-law to introduce her into the ways of womanhood. Zissa was called in to study "The Pure Well" with the bride, and patiently to instruct her in her wifely duties. The bride quickly grew so attached to Zissa that she clung to her as to a sister. On the night before the wedding she came to immerse herself in the ritu-



al bath where Zissa was the attendant. Zissa saw to it that the old habitués of the bath didn't tease the young bride or mock her, as they often did newcomers. It was the custom for musicians to escort the prospective bride to the ritual bath and to play for her on that special night.

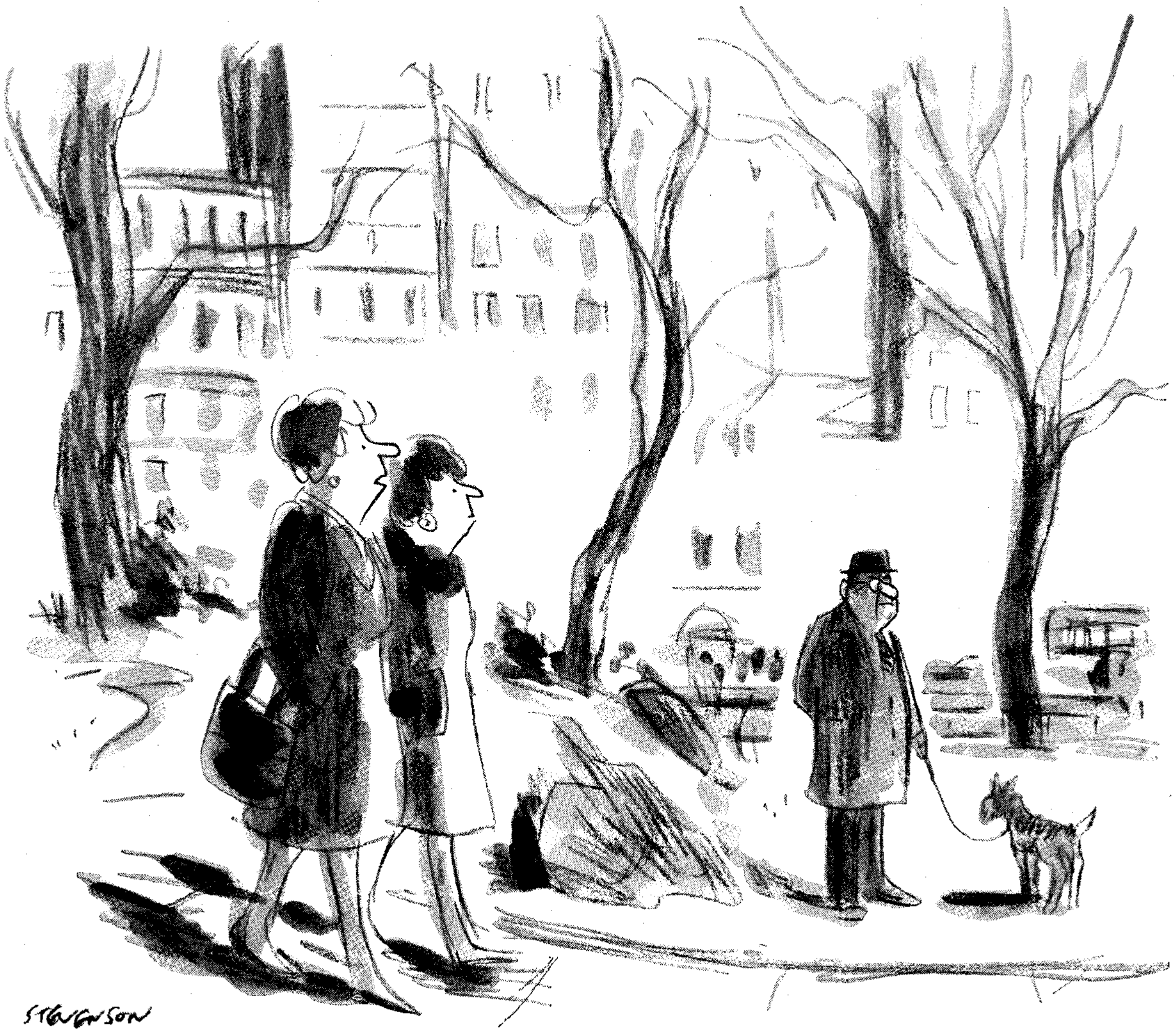
When the bride—Reizl was her name—undressed and Zissel saw her dazzling flesh, what Ezriel most feared came to be. For the first time in his life Zissel felt desire for a woman. Soon desire turned to passion. He tried to conceal this from Ezriel but Ezriel was aware that a change had come over Zissel. Zissel now counted the days until Reizl would come to the bath again, and he fretted lest she promptly become pregnant and he would not see her until after the birth. When Reizl was there, Zissel devoted so much time to her that it aroused resentment among the other matrons. Reizl herself was perplexed by the bath attendant's attentiveness and suddenly she grew ashamed before her. As the Gemara says, "The person sees not, but his star sees," and so it was with Reizl.

One winter day a blizzard struck Lublin the like of which its oldest residents could not remember. Wind swept the snow from the gutters, heaped it in piles on roofs, pounded it against windows, howled around corners as if a thousand witches had hanged themselves. Chimneys collapsed, shutters were torn off, windowpanes were blown from their frames. Although ovens were heated and no wood was spared, the houses were almost as cold inside as outside. Women due to cleanse themselves after menstruation put off their visit to the ritual bath until the following day. Ezriel warned Zissel not to leave the house since demons were afoot outside, but Zissel replied that the bath attendant could not neglect her duties. One newly wed woman might want to use the bath. In fact, Zissel knew that Reizl was scheduled to come to the bath that evening.

Zissel wrapped himself up, took a stick in hand, and went outside, putting himself at God's mercy. The wind pushed and drove him along. Finally it lifted him up and tossed him into a pile of snow. As he lay there, a sleigh drawn by a team of horses came by. Inside were Reizl and her husband, both wrapped in furs and covered with blankets. Reizl saw the plight of the bath attendant and called to the coachman to stop. In short, they rescued Zissel and revived him with spirits, and all three rode on to the bathhouse. Reizl's mother had begged her daughter not to risk her life by going out, but Reizl and her husband didn't want to lose a night. Her husband and the coachman went to the study house nearby to wait, and Reizl was turned over to Zissel's care.

That evening Reizl was the only woman in the bathhouse, and she was afraid of the dismal powers that hold sway over such places, but gradually Zissa calmed her, soaping and washing her gently and longer than was usual. From time to time the bath attendant kissed Reizl and addressed her in terms of endearment.

After Reizl had immersed herself and climbed the steps, ready for the bath attendant to wrap her in a towel sheet and dry her, Satan's voice rang in Zissel's ears: "Seize the while! Assail and defile!" The words had all the force bestowed upon the Tempter, and Zissel hurled himself at Reizl. For a moment Reizl was stricken dumb



"Whatever it is, Ernest can reasonably be expected to take a hard line."

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with terror. Then she erupted in violent screams, but there was no one to hear and come to her rescue. As they struggled they fell down the slippery steps into the water. Zissel tried to break loose from Reizl, but in her frenzy Reizl would not let go. Their heads soon sank to the bottom of the bath; only their feet showed on the surface of the water.

THE coachman kept going from the study house to the sleigh to check on the horses, which stood covered with hides, and see if Reizl had come from the bath. The wind had stopped and the moon had emerged, pale as the face of a corpse after ablution, its light congealed upon the shrouds of the night.

According to the coachman's calculations, it was past time for Reizl to have come out, and he went to discuss her absence with her husband. After some deliberation, the men decided to go into the bath and see if anything could be wrong. They walked through the anteroom, calling Reizl's name. The echoes of their voices sounded as hollow as if they came from a ruin. They went on into the room where the ritual bath was located. Except for a single candle flickering in an earthen holder and reflected in the puddles on the stone floor, the place was empty. Suddenly the husband glanced down into the water and screamed. The coachman cried out in a terrible shout. They pulled the bodies from the water; Reizl and Zissel were both dead. The coachman rushed to alarm the people, and the neighborhood filled with commotion and turmoil. It happened that two members of the Burial Society were warming themselves in the study house. When they removed Zissa's body, a fresh tumult erupted. The secret was out that the bath attendant was male.

When the ruffians in a tavern close by realized the shameless farce Zissel had been playing, they seized whatever weapon they could find and ran to beat Ezriel. Ezriel was sitting wrapped in his caftan, searching his soul. It was cold in the house and the flame of the candle cast ominous shadows. Although he did not foresee that his end was at hand, he was consumed by gloom. Suddenly he heard violent voices, heavy steps on the stairs, the crashing in of his door. Before he could stand up, the crowd fell upon him. One man tore out half his beard, another snatched off his ritual garment, a third beat him with a cudgel. Soon his limp body fell forward upon his attackers.

Reizl had a funeral such as Lublin had never seen. Ezriel and Zissel were quickly put to rights and buried behind the fence late at night without anyone to follow their hearses or to say Kaddish. Only the gravedigger recited the passages which are said while the corpse is covered with earth. Oddly enough, like every housewife Zissel had put aside a little nest egg, which the members of the Burial Society found among the Passover dishes and used as payment for the cleansing and the plot.

The mound under which Ezriel and Zissel lay was soon overgrown with weeds. But one morning the cemetery watchman saw a board there with an inscription from the Second Book of Samuel: "Lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided." Who put the board up was never discovered. If the rains haven't washed it away, mold hasn't rotted it, wind hasn't broken it, and zealots haven't torn it out, it still stands there to this day.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

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To that advice, Alice Willette of the Nassau-Suffolk County School Board Association added:

"There is no denying that the present situation is tough for teachers all over, but we actually anticipate a reversal of this trend in the 1980's. We expect the population in schools to go up. Perhaps not to previous levels, but the need for teachers has not and will not stop."—*The Times.*

Especially for teachers of grammar.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MICROWAVES—II

ONE of the most controversial figures to emerge from the tangle of controversy surrounding the biological effects of microwaves over the last decade has been Dr. Milton M. Zaret, an ophthalmologist practicing in Scarsdale, New York, and a clinical associate professor of ophthalmology at the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center. Dr. Zaret's involvement with microwaves began in 1959, when he was asked to conduct a survey to determine the occurrence of lens defects and cataract formation in the eyes of radar technicians and microwave workers employed in the armed forces and in the defense industry. Cataracts were known to occur in the eyes of workers exposed to infrared radiation, and had been produced in the eyes of animals exposed to microwave radiation; in addition, there was by then a documented case in which microwave radiation had been determined to be the cause of cataract formation in a microwave worker. Carried out as a joint effort by the medical center's departments of ophthalmology and industrial medicine, the survey was financed by the Air Force, and was undertaken as part of the Tri-Service Program—a four-year investigation of the biological effects of microwave radiation which was conducted by the three branches of the Department of Defense. It marked the start of a long voyage of discovery for Zaret, who eventually came to believe that microwave radiation and other radio-frequency waves posed a far greater health hazard than anyone had ever suspected.

Between the spring of 1960 and the spring of 1963, Zaret examined the eyes of a selected population of nearly sixteen hundred workers who were employed at sixteen military and civilian installations in the United States, Alaska, and Greenland, including Army, Navy, and Air Force bases, missile-tracking facilities, radar-research-and-development laboratories, and factories in which radar systems were being assembled. To insure that Zaret's findings would be made on a wholly objective basis, there were some workers who had been exposed to microwaves and some, as control subjects, who had no history of exposure; and Zaret proceeded to examine them all without knowing who had been exposed and who had not. In every case, an ophthalmological history of the patient was obtained to determine whether there was any hereditary predisposition to cataract formation; the patient's eyes were tested for visual acuity; the lenses of his eyes were examined with a slit lamp, which is a type of microscope that beams light into the eye and makes it possible to scrutinize the lens in minute detail; and three-dimensional photographs of each lens were taken. When the survey was completed, no cataracts were found, but there was a slight excess of minor defects in the lenses of the group exposed to microwaves. Since Zaret knew from clinical experience that such imperfections were not the precursors of cataracts but merely an indication of the normal effect of aging upon the lens, he concluded that they did not serve as an indicator of cumulative exposure to microwaves and were of no clinical significance in determining whether or not microwave workers were at special risk of developing cataracts. Moreover, he noted that since it was impossible to establish with any accuracy the microwave levels to which the workers had been exposed, no conclusions could be drawn from the survey about the safety of the ten-milliwatt level—the standard of exposure that had been adopted by the military in 1957 and 1958. For these reasons, he stated in his final report that a proposed follow-up survey of lens imperfections in these patients would serve no useful purpose, and he recommended that it not be undertaken.

Although the results of the three-year survey were inconclusive, Zaret had made some unusual observations in the course of it that in time profoundly altered his own thinking about how microwaves could affect the eyes. "Right off the bat, I saw something very strange," he said not long ago. "In April of 1960, while I was conducting a pilot study of forty-odd radar workers up at Griffiss Air Force Base, in Rome, New York, I examined a young man in his early twenties who had a cataract on the posterior portion of the lens as well as areas of opacity on the posterior capsule. Now, the capsule is a transparent elastic membrane about ten microns—or one twenty-five hundredth of an inch—thick which surrounds the lens the way a cellophane wrapper surrounds a piece of candy, and only in extremely rare circumstances do cataractous changes occur in it. The only capsular cataracts I had ever come across had occurred in glassblowers and other workers exposed to the intense heat of infrared radiation, and those cataracts, as might be expected, had developed on the anterior, or front, portion of the capsule. In fact, I had never seen a cataract on the posterior capsule of an otherwise healthy eye before, and I didn't know what to make of it. Since the young man was a juvenile diabetic, however, and since diabetes is known to be a causative factor in the formation of cataracts, there were no conclusions to be drawn from the case. I made a note to reexamine him, but unfortunately he died in the meantime. He was found unconscious at the foot of a microwave relay tower, and he died in what was diagnosed as a diabetic-related uremic coma."

Zaret went on to say that he had made another unusual observation in the summer of 1961, while examining a group of civilian radar workers at the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System installation in Thule, Greenland. "Two men showed up with pronounced swelling of the lens," he said. "Such swelling usually occurs within two weeks of some acute injury or trauma to the eye, so I went to the health-and-safety people at the base and asked them what each of these men had been doing recently. Sure enough, there was an accident report on file for them. It turned out not only that they worked together but that ten days before, while they were working on some microwave generators that had supposedly been shut down, sparks began flying from their screwdrivers. This meant that their tools were acting as receiving antennas, and that they themselves were being irradiated with microwaves. The very nature of their injuries indicated that they had been exposed to power densities that must have greatly exceeded ten milliwatts per square centimetre. The incredible thing to me was that neither of them could remember feeling anything. Up till then, everyone had always assumed that an amount of microwave radiation sufficient to cause acute injury such as swelling of the lens would also produce the sensation of heat, which microwaves are known to produce in tissue,

SEASON'S GREETINGS.
SEASON'S GREETINGS.
WOODMAN

and that this sensation of heat would be especially felt by the eye, which is exquisitely sensitive to pain. Indeed, part of the mythology long accepted by microwave workers was that you couldn't be hurt by a microwave beam, because you would always be able to feel heat and get out of the way. Yet these two workers insisted that they hadn't felt a thing. It was an ominous finding indeed, for it meant that microwaves could act insidiously to cause serious injury."

As it happened, at about this time several large electronics and communications companies that were taking part in the survey of lens imperfections began sending to Zaret for private consultation employees who had already been diagnosed by other ophthalmologists as having cataracts. "I saw half a dozen such cases in 1961 and 1962," Zaret said. "These patients were sent to me because there was a question as to whether they had been injured by microwave radiation. Of course, every one of them was a potential legal case, and it is to the credit of the companies that they continued to send those cases, for I made it clear to begin with that I would disclose my findings to each patient, and I requested that I be permitted to perform follow-up examinations of them in the future. As things turned out, what I found ultimately changed my whole thinking about microwave cataractogenesis, for slit-lamp examination revealed not only that all six of these patients had developing cataracts but also that the cataracts were forming on the posterior capsular surface. This was a totally unexpected finding—the possibility of such damage had not even been included in the parameters of the survey I was conducting for the Air Force. Naturally, I began looking for similar abnormalities in the people who had been selected for the official survey, and I soon began to find them. In one group of forty-odd radar trouble-shooters from a large electronics company, I found that fully one-third of them had roughening and thickening of the posterior capsular surface—a kind of pre-cataractous scarring that I later came to realize was an early sign of microwave injury."

When Zaret wrote his final report for the Air Force survey, in March of 1963, he knew that the criteria upon which the study had been based—the occurrence of imperfections within the lens—were not a valid method of assessing the ophthalmological hazard posed by microwaves. Within a year, however, thanks largely to the cases he had seen in private consultation, he believed that he had found a way to make this assessment. "I knew by then that the typical microwave cataract tends to involve the posterior surface of the lens, whereas the typical infrared or heat cataract involves the front surface," he has said. "This occurs for two reasons: first, because microwave radiation penetrates deeply and heats the whole eye; second, because the iris, with its greater blood circulation, keeps the front portion of the eye cooler than the rear portion. For these reasons, I suspected not only that microwave injury leading to cataract formation tended to occur first at the posterior capsule but also that posterior capsular cataract was a marker disease for exposure to microwaves. Therefore, I was prepared to make a presumptive diagnosis of microwave cataracts as a clinical entity on the basis that posterior capsular opacification could serve as the special signature of microwave injury. This, in turn, enabled me to start looking for pre-cataractous changes in workers who were being exposed to microwave radiation, and to recommend preventive measures where indicated."

In October of 1964, Dr. Zaret published his findings on three cases of posterior capsular cataracts. The data appeared in the final report of a year-long

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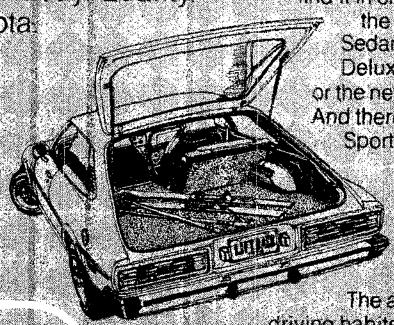

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study he had conducted for the Air Force in order to arrive at a new methodology for assessing the cataractogenic effects of microwave radiation. However, the Air Force was apparently unimpressed by the information, for in the same report it announced the termination of its microwave-eye-study program and of any follow-up research. “By this time, I was beginning to wonder about the military’s attitude toward the problem of microwave exposure,” Zaret said. “Here I had spent three years examining nearly sixteen hundred microwave workers, and except for one case that didn’t count, because diabetes was involved, I hadn’t come across a single cataract. Then, right in the middle of my survey, some of the very firms that were taking part in it began sending me patients on the side—patients who had been diagnosed as having cataracts. Why weren’t such patients included in the official survey? Why did they all come from private companies? Why had I not seen any cataracts among military personnel? Had I been examining a true cross-section of people exposed to microwave radiation? Or was something funny going on in the selection process, because of worries over public disclosure and possible legal problems?”

Zaret soon had other reasons to consider the possibility that exposure to microwaves was being viewed in a nonmedical manner. “By this time, I had been approached on a number of occasions by the Central Intelligence Agency,” he says. “The contacts were innocuous to begin with. At first, the C.I.A. people wanted to know about research I had performed on the ophthalmological effects of microwave and laser radiation. They also wanted me to analyze some of the foreign and American literature on the subject of radiation for them. In 1964, however, they started asking me about the possible behavioral effects of microwaves. They wanted to know, for example, whether I thought that electromagnetic radiation beamed at the brain from a distance could affect the way a person might act. I said that from what I had read primarily in Soviet literature on the subject it seemed conceivable. During 1964 and 1965, I had a number of visits from a medical doctor who worked for the agency. He wanted to know if a device that took pictures at night with an invisible laser beam instead of a conventional flashbulb was safe to use. When I exposed the eye of a rabbit to the beam, I found that it produced an immediate retinal hemorrhage, so I told him that in my opinion the device was not safe. He also wanted answers to a number of theoretical questions. For instance, would a laser beam directed at a listening device planted on a windowsill be liable to injure anyone inside the room that was being bugged? And could microwaves be used to facilitate brainwashing or to break down prisoners under interrogation?”

Early in 1965, Dr. Zaret was informed by his C.I.A. contact that the Russians had been irradiating—or zapping, as the popular saying goes—the American Embassy in Moscow with microwaves. “The C.I.A. people seemed puzzled and confused by this development,” Zaret recalled recently. “Later that year, they invited me to attend a special meeting on the subject at the Institute for Defense Analyses, in Arlington, Virginia, where I met a number of people from the Defense Department’s Advanced Research Projects Agency, who were also working on the problem. There appeared to be considerable anxiety in the minds of some of these people over whether the Moscow Signal, as it was called, was a serious attempt to actually alter the behavior of our personnel at the Embassy. This anxiety no doubt resulted from the fact that the signal, which was described in detailed technical terms at the meeting, was not considered to be suitable either for electronic eavesdropping or for jamming electronic listening devices. It was being generated at multiple frequencies and widely fluctuating patterns, and at power densities that never exceeded four milliwatts per square centimetre. Since the Russians considered radiation at this level to be unsafe, and since we had only very limited data on the question, I advised the Department of Defense people to irradiate monkeys with a signal of the same frequency and power density, in order to determine what the signal’s behavioral and biological effects upon human beings might be. I told them that in my opinion our government ought to demand that the Russians stop irradiating the Embassy at once. I also told them that thorough medical examinations of the Embassy staff members should be performed, and that these people should be informed of what had been done to them. Subsequently, some associates and I conducted research for the Advanced Research Projects Agency by replicating a few selected Soviet and Eastern European behavioral experiments on rats and rabbits. We performed this research with the help and assistance of Professor Saul W. Rosenthal and Leo Birenbaum, who are from the Department of Electrical Engineering and Electrophysics of the Polytechnic Institute of New York. In some cases, we were able to confirm the Soviet and Eastern European results and in others we were not. I remember that on one occasion we not only succeeded in replicating a Czechoslovak study of behavioral effects in rats but also observed some unique convulsions in these animals prior to death. When I relayed that information to Washington, I received a telegram from the agency ordering me not to pursue the investigation any further. Later, I was given to understand that, as part of a highly classified operation called Project Pandora, tests to determine the effects of the Moscow Signal were conducted at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, in Washington, D.C., and that some deficiencies in the animals’ ability to function and to perform tasks were observed. However, I was never told officially of the results of any of these studies.”

Meanwhile, Zaret had continued to spend most of his time investigating the effects of microwave radiation upon the eye. In 1963, he had set up his own research foundation to facilitate these efforts, and in 1964, after the Air Force terminated its eye-study program, he undertook for the Army a study of military and civilian personnel who had been exposed to microwaves, in order to look for early signs predictive of eye injury. He also continued to examine patients who were referred to him by industry for private consultation. At that time, only five documented cases of human microwave cataracts were known to exist. Over the next five years, however, Zaret found thirty-nine more cases of incipient or clinically significant microwave cataracts. “All thirty-nine cases occurred in men who worked for the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and in the electronics industry,” Zaret said. “Most of the men were engaged in the research and development or the testing and maintenance of high-power radar systems. They averaged about forty years of age, which meant that they were far too young for naturally occurring cataracts, and none of them were known to have any hereditary or pathological predisposition toward the disease. Most important of all, slit-lamp examination showed that each of these thirty-nine men had cataracts of the posterior capsular surface.”

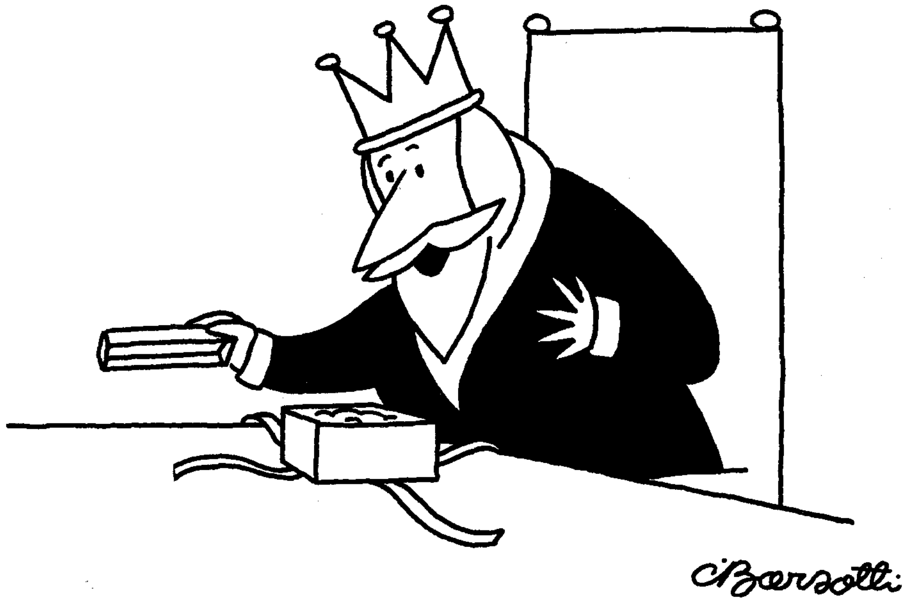
By the end of the decade, Zaret had collected and published data on a total of forty-two cases of microwave cataracts, and he also claimed to have found nearly two hundred cases of roughening and thickening of the posterior capsular surface, which he considered to be early evidence of cataract development. He had also lost the contract with the Army for the prospective study. “The Army decided *not* to renew the contract in 1968, shortly after I reported posterior capsular changes in seven civilian employees at the Signal Corps base at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey,” he said dryly. “The chief of Ophthalmology Service at the Walter Reed General Hospital, Colonel Budd Appleton, told me there was no such thing as a microwave cataract. He claimed the only thing one could say was that a patient had a developing cataract due to normal aging. One trouble with this theory was that in many of the forty-two cases I had reported, a cataract had formed in only one eye, whereas senile cataracts usually develop bilaterally. Of course, the military people were anxious about my findings for a number of reasons. First of all, if I turned out to be correct, and if it became widely recognized and accepted that microwaves could cause a specific and recognizable type of cataract, the armed forces were liable to incur some huge medical-legal problems, especially with civilian employees who had been exposed to radar. Second, and even more important, an enormous part of the nation’s weapons-development program for the next decade, including the anti-ballistic-missile systems, was predicated on the assumption that the ten-milliwatt level was safe. If this standard turned out to be unsafe and had to be lowered, the cost of relocating radar and missile sites and of redesigning equipment would amount to billions of dollars. With so much at stake in the ten-milliwatt standard, the military could scarcely afford to accept any findings that cast doubt on the theory that cataract formation was thermal in origin. But, you see, like the two technicians in Thule, *none* of my forty-two patients had any recollection whatsoever of experiencing heat or pain in their eyes. This meant that cataracts could be produced by exposure to microwave levels that did not produce acute burn, which, in turn, raised the possibility that cataracts might form in the eyes of people who were chronically exposed to low levels of microwave radiation over long periods—for example, radar technicians or unsuspecting people using microwave ovens that leak.”

FROM this point on, Zaret found himself engaged in a running battle with the military over whether microwaves were responsible for the development of cataracts in the eyes of men who had been exposed to radar. The situation was exacerbated by the fact that a number of ex-servicemen who had worked as maintenance technicians on radar picket planes during the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties and had lost their sight as a result of cataract formation had filed disability claims with the Veterans Administration and had also initiated lawsuits against the manufacturers of the equipment they had used. Since there was no conclusive proof of what level of microwave radiation constituted a hazard to the human eye, the military, viewing such claims, together with Zaret’s findings, as a threat to the ten-milliwatt level, proceeded to gather statistics and opinions to counter them. Ophthalmologists working for the Army and the Air Force conducted eye surveys showing that lens imperfections and cataracts were not occurring any more frequently in personnel exposed to radar than in personnel who had no exposure. Furthermore, they were unanimous in the opinion that cataracts occurring in the eyes of former radar technicians were no different from those occurring in the eyes of people who had no exposure to radar. They concluded, therefore, that the probability of cataracts’ being caused by microwave radiation was low unless a specific instance of severe exposure could be documented and correlated with subsequent cataract development, and that the ten-milliwatt level was safe. Since Zaret stood alone in his contention that exposure to microwaves could cause unique changes in the posterior capsule, proof of a specific microwave cataract was considered lacking, and, with one exception, the disability claims of the former radar technicians were disallowed by the Veterans Administration.

As it turned out, the exception was one of Zaret’s early patients—a man named Arthur Kay, who had served as a radar trouble-shooter on Navy radar picket planes during the Korean war, and who later developed a cataract. Kay’s original claim for disability had been turned down by the V.A. in 1969. However, with Zaret’s help he was subsequently able to furnish information to refute the Navy’s contention that he had not been exposed to microwaves, and in 1972, after a V.A. appeal hearing at which Zaret appeared as his principal witness, Kay won his case. Kay’s cause was also aided by Dr. Shields Warren, professor emeritus of pathology at the Harvard Medical School, who had been brought in as an independent consultant by the Board of Veterans Appeals, and who gave the opinion that Kay’s cataracts had indeed been caused by microwave radiation. As for the Navy’s contention that Kay and other crew members of radar picket planes had not been exposed to microwaves, its falseness was revealed by the Navy at its nineteenth annual Occupational Health Workshop, which was held in Charleston, South Carolina, in September of this year. At that time, the officer in charge of the Radiation Health Branch of the Navy Environmental Health Center, in Cincinnati, stated that he and some assistants had recently measured the power density of microwave radiation emanating from the radar-antenna dome ten feet aft of the flight-crew ladder on the belly of an old P-2 Lockheed Neptune radar picket plane, and, finding it to be between three and five hundred milliwatts per square centimetre from a distance of ten yards, they guessed that it would be about six hundred milliwatts per square centimetre up close. He further stated that anyone climbing the flight-crew ladder leading into the aircraft could have been exposed to these high intensities.

Back in 1971, however, the Navy, which may well have come to the conclusion that it had embarked on a collision course with Zaret, decided not to renew a contract it had awarded him to study the delayed effects of chronic microwave exposure on primates under conditions simulating human exposure. When Zaret asked for an impartial hearing on the matter, the Navy convened a five-man ad-hoc committee, which, after holding a meeting at the New York City headquarters of the Rand Corporation, upheld the decision to terminate Zaret’s contract. The members of this committee included William A. Mills, director of the Environmental Protection Agency’s Twinbrook Research Laboratory, in Rockville, Maryland; Dr. David D. Donaldson, an ophthalmologist at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, who, as a member of the military’s Joint Services Committee on Microwave Ocular Effects, had examined the eyes of former Air Force radar workers; Professor Sol M. Michaelson, of the Department of Radiation Biology and Biophysics of the University of Rochester's School of Medicine and Dentistry, who was a leading consultant on microwave radiation to the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers; John M. Osepchuk, a consulting scientist with the Raytheon Company, the world's leading manufacturer of microwave ovens; and Samuel Koslov, who was then a research scientist with the Rand Corporation and a member of the federal Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council, who had previously participated in Project Pandora as an official in the Department of Defense, and who has since become special assistant for research to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The fact that representatives of the microwave-oven industry had agreed with the military in opposing Zaret was not surprising, for two reasons. In the first place, Raytheon and other microwave-oven manufacturers also made (and still make) radar and missile-guidance systems. And, in the second, the microwave-oven industry was in the midst of an enormous expansion that would be jeopardized if Zaret's theories about the low-level cumulative effects of microwaves proved to be correct. After the passage of the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act of 1968, the manufacturers of microwave ovens had undertaken to make technical improvements in their products to keep them from leaking radiation in excess of the ten-milliwatt level, which had been voluntarily adopted by the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers. However, in 1969 a four-state survey of microwave ovens by the Environmental Control Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health showed that a third of them failed to meet this limit, and in 1970 a government-industry survey of nearly five thousand ovens revealed that ten per cent were exceeding the voluntary standard. The survey indicated that faulty door seals and faulty safety interlocks—devices that are supposed to turn the oven off when the door is opened—were the chief causes of leakage, and that improper servicing and maintenance as well as normal wear and tear were also factors. No one knew just how many microwave ovens were in use in this country, but estimates for 1969 ranged anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand, so the Bureau of Radiological Health was sufficiently concerned about the situation to recommend that until ovens could be tested for leakage consumers ought to remain at least an arm's length away from them while they were in operation, and that children should not be allowed to watch food cooking through the oven doors. As for the microwave-oven manufacturers, they claimed that their products were not leaking radiation at levels that had been proved harmful; that a person being irradiated with unsafe levels of microwave radiation would always be able to feel heat in time to move out of danger; and that the biological effects of microwaves were not cumulative. Nevertheless, when the Bureau of Radiological Health people got around to promulgating a performance standard for microwave ovens, in October of 1970, they decreed that as of October 6, 1971, no oven prior to sale should leak radiation exceeding one milliwatt per square centimetre at a distance of five centimetres from its surface, and that no oven after purchase should leak more than five milliwatts over the same distance.



"Why, this is fit for me!"

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No one knows on what scientific basis, if any, the bureau determined that a five-milliwatt emission standard for microwave ovens would be safe for consumers, let alone how it expected any housewife to ascertain the amount of radiation leaking from a particular oven. It is known, however, that during 1969 and 1970 the bureau carefully studied and documented a case attributing the formation of what it called "typical microwave-radiation cataracts" to levels of exposure that cast doubt upon the safety of the new standard. The case involved a thirty-eight-year-old radiation-safety officer from New Mexico, who between June and December of 1968 had undergone a series of twelve fifteen-minute microwave-diathermy treatments for painfully sprained neck muscles. The diathermy machine with which the patient was treated generated microwave radiation at a frequency of twenty-four hundred and forty megahertz, which also happens to be within the operating-frequency band of the vast majority of microwave ovens that are manufactured and used in the United States. During the winter of 1969, vision in the patient's right eye became hazy; in May, vision in his left eye began to deteriorate; and in July he was diagnosed as having bilateral posterior subcapsular cataracts. This diagnosis was subsequently confirmed by Dr. Donaldson, of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, and by Professor Russell L. Carpenter, a zoologist who had recently retired from the Department of Biology of Tufts University and had become a consultant to the bureau's Northeastern Radiological Health Laboratory, in Winchester, Massachusetts. After extensive investigation, Donaldson and Carpenter ruled out the possibility that their patient's cataracts could have been caused by diabetes, senility, chronic uveitis, or exposure to cortisone steroids or X-rays. Carpenter then set out to reconstruct the radiation pattern and power levels of the microwave field to which the patient had been exposed—something it had rarely been possible to ascertain with any real accuracy in the case of radar technicians, who usually worked with equipment generating microwaves of different wavelengths and power densities. With the coöperation of the patient and the physician who had given the diathermy treatments, Carpenter duplicated the conditions of therapy as nearly as he could, and was able to determine that the patient's right eye had been exposed to approximately thirty-three milliwatts per square centimetre and his left eye to only about two milliwatts per square centimetre. This was an astonishing finding, and, not surprisingly, the case received prominent mention in the bureau's 1969 annual report to Congress. When Carpenter described it at the fifth annual symposium of the International Microwave Power Institute, which was held in Scheveningen, in the Netherlands, on October 7, 1970, he stated that it provided a "unique example of bilateral cataracts resulting from low-level microwave radiation." Strangely, Carpenter's statement came one day after the bureau announced the promulgation of its five-milliwatt emission standard for microwave ovens. Equally strange is the fact that neither he nor Donaldson ever saw fit to submit their findings for official publication. The case never became part of the medical literature, and it has been virtually forgotten. Indeed, both Carpenter and Donaldson have since written that they knew of no case of cataracts that could be definitely attributed to microwave radiation.

During 1971 and 1972, the controversy over the biological effects of microwaves, which had previously been carried on in scientific and military circles, received considerable public attention, thanks to a series of articles written by the syndicated columnist Jack Anderson which appeared in newspapers from one end of the country to the other. Anderson began by describing the plight of a group of retired Air Force radar technicians who had developed cataracts after serving as crewmen on Lockheed Constellation EC-121 spy planes, and by questioning the claim of the Air Force that the levels of microwave radiation to which these men had been exposed presented no hazard to their eyes. He went on to say that in 1969 the Air Force had transferred the physician in charge of radiobiology at its Aerospace Medical Division after he had stated publicly that microwave radiation presented a serious hazard to the eyes of servicemen exposed to radar and other microwave devices and that thorough investigations should be made of a whole series of biological effects in order to reëvaluate the ten-milliwatt level. Anderson took the Navy to task for terminating its financial support of Zaret's study of the chronic effects of microwaves upon monkeys, and suggested that Zaret's preliminary report that some monkeys had died after being exposed to relatively low levels of radiation might have had something to do with it. (Zaret had informed the Navy in February of 1970 that one monkey had died after being irradiated for several hours with only twenty milliwatts per square centimetre, and that "the finding has extremely serious implications.") In subsequent columns, Anderson expressed doubts about the safety of microwave ovens, and in May of 1972 he broke the ten-year-old story of how the Russians had beamed microwave radiation into the American Embassy in Moscow in the early nineteen-sixties. In his account of the Moscow incident, Anderson revealed that the whole affair had been kept secret from employees at the Embassy; that the C.I.A. had speculated that the Russians might be trying to brainwash American diplomats; and that scientists working for the Advanced Research Projects Agency had attempted to come to grips with the mystery by irradiating monkeys and other test animals in a secret study called Project Pandora, whose results were said to have been inconclusive.

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As might be expected, Anderson came under heavy attack from representatives of both the military and industry, who maintained that many of his assertions concerning the hazards of radar and microwave ovens were either inaccurate or unnecessarily alarming. Curiously, no one in the military or in industry attempted to refute his claim that the Russians had tried to alter the minds and behavior of American Embassy personnel in Moscow with microwave radiation, and in August the Russians themselves lent credence to Anderson's claim by voicing a suspicion, during the chess matches in Reykjavik, Iceland, that aides of Bobby Fischer were irradiating Boris Spassky with electronic devices in an effort to cause the Russian master to lose his championship. Be that as it may, back in December of 1971 the nine members of the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council—a group that had been established three years earlier by the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy—had released a little-publicized report assessing the possible biological hazards of microwaves and other radio-frequency energy in terms that made Anderson's revelations seem fragmentary, if not tame, by comparison. Among other things, the council's report pointed out that microwave radiation was permeating the modern environment; that such man-made radiation had no counterpart in man's evolutionary background; that existing levels of radio-frequency energy might already be biologically significant; and that the consequences of undervaluing or misjudging the biological effects of long-term, low-level exposure could become a critical public-health problem—especially if genetic effects were involved. Having hinted at the unthinkable in its overall evaluation of the problem, the council proceeded to recommend ways of solving it which promised to continue a business-as-usual approach to the situation. In its "Program for Control of Electromagnetic Pollution of the Environment," which was adopted by the government, the council did not propose a single measure for controlling microwave radiation. Instead, it called for a coördinated five-year, multiagency, sixty-three-million-dollar research effort to determine whether microwave

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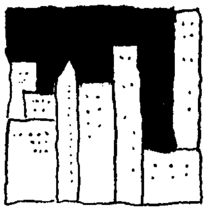
radiation posed a hazard to health. Moreover, the council delegated primary responsibility for determining the effects of long-term low-level microwave radiation to the Department of Defense, which for twenty-five years had been not only trying to deny that any such hazards might exist but casting a pall of obfuscation over the entire question in much the same way that metallic chaff was dropped from airplanes during the Second World War to create false echoes and blur the enemy's radar.

THE publicity generated by the microwave controversy in 1971 and 1972 was bound to have political repercussions, and on March 8, 1973, the Senate's Committee on Commerce opened three days of hearings to determine how the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act of 1968 (Public Law 90-602) had functioned since its passage. The committee's presiding officer, Senator John V. Tunney, of California, said in his opening statement, "Unfortunately, preliminary work by the committee has raised some disturbing questions about radiation safety in this country, and calls into question whether Public Law 90-602 has in fact resulted in big enough steps being taken to insure that long-term and far-reaching radiation damage will be avoided." Senator Tunney went on to say that a major source of concern to the committee was the increasing proliferation of devices emitting microwaves into the environment; that industry would soon be selling two hundred thousand microwave ovens a year; and that "only yesterday the Consumers Union recommended against the purchase of any microwave oven, primarily because of the unknown biological effects of microwaves." Senator Tunney was referring to an announcement that Consumers Union had obviously issued to coincide with the opening of the hearings, and that was being carried in newspapers across the country. In its announcement, Consumers Union stated that it had found measurable radiation leakage in fifteen leading microwave-oven models; that it considered the government's five-milliwatt emission standard inadequate, because there were no data on what quantity of low-level radiation could cause human injury; that although the leakage it had detected was within the five-milliwatt level, a tug on the door of one model and a paper towel caught in the door of another caused leakage far in excess of the government standard; and that it felt the burden of proof was therefore on microwave-oven manufacturers to show that their products were safe.

The first witness at the hearings was John C. Villforth, director of the Bureau of Radiological Health, who praised the government's microwave-research program and defended the five-milliwatt emission standard for microwave ovens, saying, "Although reliable human data [are] not yet available, we do have animal experiments and epidemiological studies to give us confidence that the limit that we have set is reasonable." Villforth subsequently referred questions about the testing of microwave ovens to Dr. Robert L. Elder, deputy director of the bureau and a former director of its Division of Electronic Products, who also defended the five-milliwatt level as valid in terms of the available biological information. Senator Tunney then asked Dr. Elder, "If low-level effects are unknown, why not err on the side of safety—particularly when research that has been done on low-level exposure by the Russians and other researchers in this country, such as Dr. Milton Zaret, demonstrate that it could be injurious to health?" Elder said he believed that in setting up its testing procedures the bureau had erred on the side of safety to begin with. Something he did not mention was that less than a year before, as a member of the American National Standards Institute's subcommittee on radio-frequency hazards, he had recommended that the microwave-protection guide be lowered to one milliwatt per square centimetre.



On the following day, Dr. Clay T. Whitehead, director of the Office of Telecommunications Policy, told the committee that his office was attempting to coördinate studies in the research program recommended by the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council, which were being carried out by the Department of Defense together with a dozen different agencies and subagencies. When Senator Tunney asked him if he was satisfied that adequate protection was being given to consumers, and particularly to housewives using microwave ovens, Dr. Whitehead replied that although he was not an expert in the field, he was convinced that "the standards that we have now are appropriate to the kinds of hazards that we can document through scientific study." Senator Tunney then recalled that in a press release announcing the government's research program Dr. Whitehead had stated that the potential impact of microwave radiation on human beings was unknown, and that the probable effects of long-term exposure to low levels of radiation were not adequately understood. "If this is true," Senator Tunney asked Dr. Whitehead, "wouldn't you agree with the Consumers Union that it would be unwise to expose yourself to any unneeded radiation until more is known?"

"No one should expose himself to any unneeded radiation," Dr. Whitehead replied. "The problem is that so much of the radiation that people are exposed to—microwave ovens, television transmitters, and what have you—are all devices that are doing very useful things that people want to do and want done for them. I think the important thing to recognize is that there is no evidence that there is a hazard from low-level energy radiations. It's just that there is some uncertainty in the scientific knowledge, and that we can't rest on our laurels."

The next witness to appear before the committee was Dr. Zaret, who stated at the outset that in his opinion there was a "clear, present, and ever-increasing danger" to the entire population of the United States from exposure to the non-ionizing portion of the electromagnetic spectrum. "The dangers cannot be overstated," Zaret said, "because most non-ionizing radiational injuries occur covertly, usually do not become manifest until after latent periods of years, and when they do become manifest, the effects are seldom recognized." Zaret went on to characterize the ten-milliwatt level recommended by the American National Standards Institute's subcommittee on radio-frequency hazards—an organization from which he had recently resigned—as being patently unsafe, and to blame the Department of Defense for leading the country astray by minimizing the true extent of the microwave-radiation hazard. He was particularly critical of the ethics and the safety of a study being conducted at the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory, in Pensacola, Florida, in which human volunteers were being exposed to radio waves in the extremely-low-frequency portion, or ELF, of the electromagnetic spectrum. This study had been undertaken to assess the possible biological hazards of Project Sanguine, an ambitious scheme—later renamed Project Seafarer—that would bury a gigantic, three-to-four-thousand-square-mile underground radio-antenna system three to six feet below ground in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, in order to permeate the entire biosphere with extremely-low-frequency radio waves, and thus enable the Navy to communicate with deeply submerged nuclear submarines. Zaret's reservations about the study were subsequently confirmed in part by the fact that blood-serum triglyceride levels rose to abnormally high levels in nine out of ten volunteers following one day of exposure to an extremely-low-frequency magnetic field, and also by the fact that in another study of eleven men exposed to the field there was a significant decline in their ability to perform simple addition. (These results were not made public by the Navy for more than two years, but the Navy ended the human volunteer study, and is now conducting an extensive study of the chronic exposure of monkeys to extremely-low-frequency electromagnetic fields.) Zaret's reservations about Project Seafarer as a whole have also been confirmed in part by the revelation that Soviet workers in high-voltage switchyards, who have been occupationally exposed to electric and magnetic fields at extremely low frequencies similar to those employed in Project Seafarer, have experienced instability in pulse and blood pressure, slowed heartbeat, anemia, tremors in the arms and legs, and diminished sexual vigor. Zaret has since hypothesized that extremely-low-frequency electric fields from sources such as high-voltage power lines might prove to be a partial causative factor in sudden-infant-death syndrome. As for the residents of the Upper Peninsula, they have expressed their reservations about Project Seafarer, which has already cost the nation's taxpayers about a hundred million dollars, by voting against it in special referenda held last spring during the Michigan primary elections. Political opposition on the part of the inhabitants of northern Wisconsin and Texas had previously defeated efforts by the Navy to locate the project in those areas.

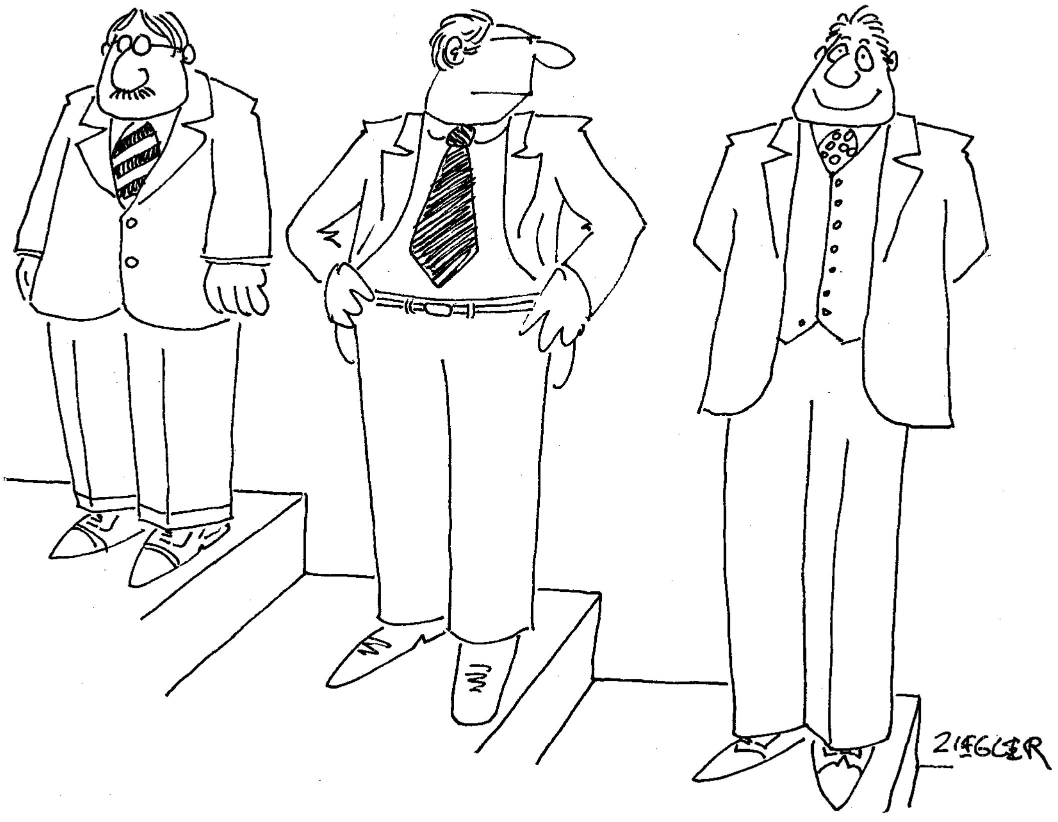
At the conclusion of his testimony in the 1973 hearings, Zaret told the committee that he had recently observed typical microwave-radiation cataracts in the eyes of a housewife whose only known exposure to microwaves had come from the use of a microwave oven that leaked. "The sun is our strongest natural source of microwaves," Zaret continued. "The microwave-oven-leakage standard set by the Bureau of Radiological Health is approximately one billion times higher than the total, entire microwave spectrum given off by the sun. It is appalling for these ovens to be permitted to leak at all, let alone for the oven advertisements to encourage our children to have fun by learning to cook with them."

Zaret was followed to the witness table by John Osepchuk, of Raytheon, who was accompanied by Professor Michaelson, of the University of Rochester. After announcing that he and Michaelson were appearing on behalf of the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers, Osepchuk said that he wished to place the controversy over the safety of microwave ovens in perspective by quoting Dr. James A. Van Allen, professor of physics at the University of Iowa, who had described the hazards of microwave ovens as being "about the same as the likelihood of getting a skin tan from moonlight." Osepchuk went on to say that the five-milliwatt emission standard provided a high degree of safety; that in an estimated total of a hundred million hours of microwave-oven use over the past twenty years there had been no validated report of injury to any consumer because of microwave exposure; that there was no scientific basis for believing that cumulative molecular damage could be caused by microwaves; and that the only known possible hazard associated with microwaves resulted from heat.

Osepchuk concluded his testimony by stating that both the scientific and the popular literature contained a great deal of misinformation and nonsense about microwaves, and then he introduced Professor Michaelson, who told the committee not only that there was no substantial evidence of injury to human beings as a result of exposure to microwave radiation within the ten-milliwatt level but also that the scientific and medical communities had not been able to produce any substantial evidence of injury below the level of a hundred milliwatts per square centimetre. Michaelson went on to say that the concept of cumulative effects was based on flimsy evidence; that the Soviet data concerning effects of low-level microwaves upon the central nervous system were questionable; and that current standards were entirely adequate to protect the public health. "In closing, I would like to make a plea," Michaelson said. "We have reached the point now where we cannot continue to succumb to self-interest groups and individuals who fail to substantiate their claims."

When Michaelson had completed his statement, Senator Tunney quoted a passage from an article entitled "Biologic Effects of Microwave Exposure," which Michaelson and some associates had published in a United States Air Force technical report in 1967 concerning the studies undertaken by the Russians. The passage read:

> The occasional reports of headache, lassitude, stomach-ache pains, sleeplessness, irritability,



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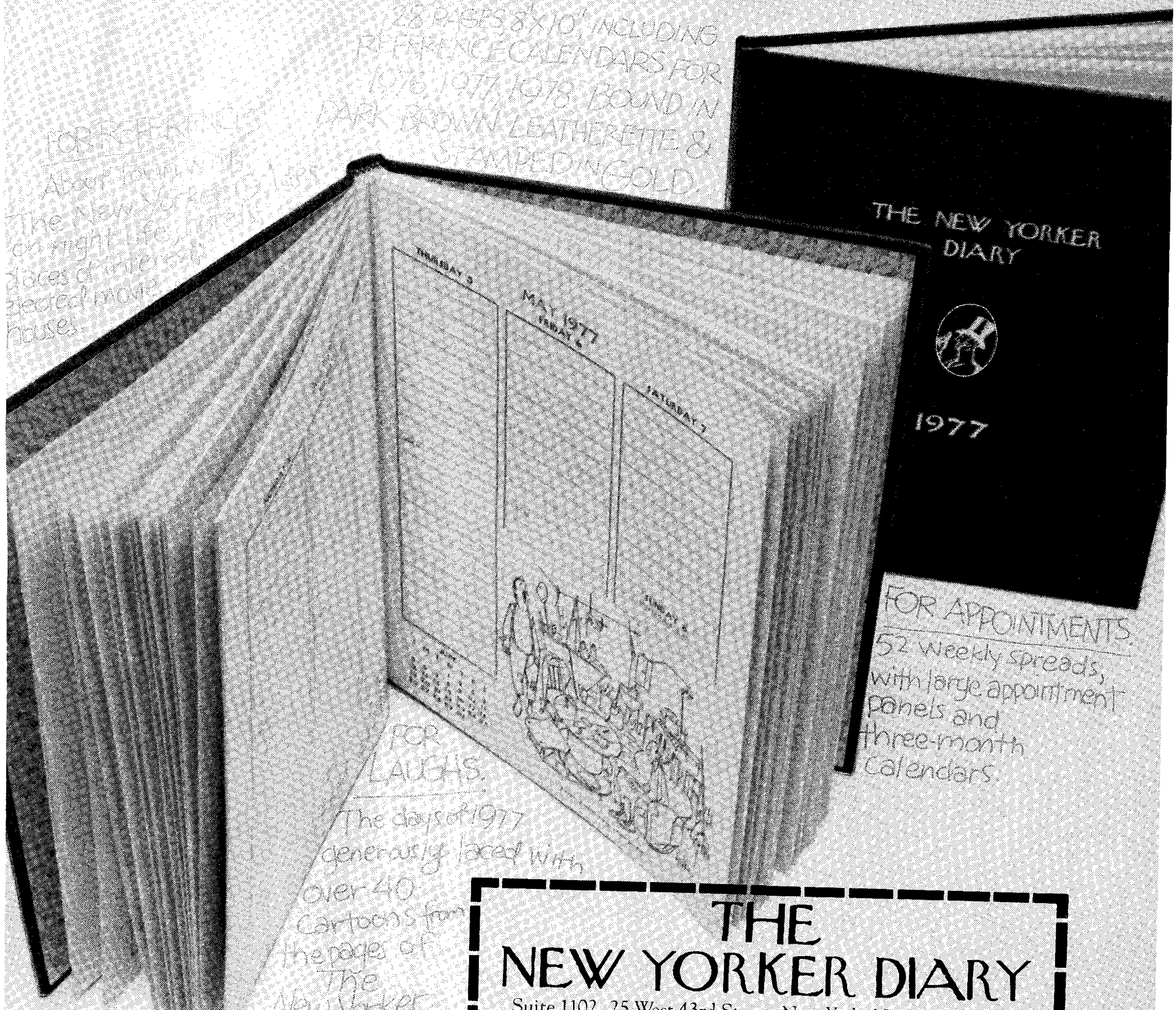
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> and other highly subjective symptoms among workers in the vicinity of microwave generating equipment have not been thoroughly investigated. These findings should not be ignored, as similar vague, mild, and undefined symptoms have been experienced in the course of microwave studies in this laboratory. Such symptoms do indicate a basic microwave effect.

When Senator Tunney had finished reading this passage, he observed that after listening to Professor Michaelson's testimony he felt that the professor had changed his mind since writing the article, and asked if this was so.

Michaelson replied that he had indeed changed his mind, and then he explained why. "I have written extensively since then and I have been very fortunate in having had the opportunity to read, study, and survey the literature extensively and intensively in the last several years," said Michaelson, who is a member of the National Academy of Science's Committee on Biosphere Effects of Extremely-Low-Frequency Radiation, which has been set up to determine whether the Navy's proposed Seafarer communications system might prove harmful to human beings, animals, plants, and other organisms. "I have also been very fortunate to be affiliated with many organizations in which these problems are being discussed, and I have been able to critically analyze many, many of the problems, and I feel very secure; in fact, I feel much more confident now than I appear to have been in 1967."

Professor Michaelson was the last witness to testify about the biological effects of microwaves, and when he had finished, Senator Tunney confessed that he was puzzled. "I am somewhat confused by the difference in the testimony that we have had in the past two days, and this is something that I'll have to resolve myself through further study," he said. "I think a person who is not completely familiar with the field would have to agree with me that, in listening to the statements that have been made, there is, in some instances, a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree difference in approach, and I therefore feel that I personally am going to have to do more research and talk to more people who are recognized experts."

IF Senator Tunney had attended the four-day International Symposium on the Biologic Effects and Health Hazards of Microwave Radiation, which was co-sponsored by the governments of Poland and the United States and by the World Health Organization, and was held at Jadwisin, near Warsaw, in October of 1973, he would have been able to talk with sixty recognized experts from twelve nations, who had met to exchange information and ideas about the microwave problem. He would also have seen some familiar faces. It seems highly unlikely, however, that he would have been able to resolve the confusion he had felt seven months earlier as a result of the conflicting testimony given at the hearings. On the one hand, the Senator would have heard John Villforth, director of the Bureau of Radiological Health, state that his organization had "only scratched the surface in developing a biological-effects program with respect to microwaves," and that "even this minimal effort is only being directed at the frequency which is utilized for microwave cooking and for which instrumentation is available." On the other hand, he would have heard Professor Zinaida V. Gordon, director of the Laboratory of Electromagnetic Fields at the Institute of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Diseases of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Medical Sciences, and a widely respected pioneer in microwave research, say that she and other Soviet investigators had been conducting extensive hygienic, clinical, and experimental studies of the whole range of radio frequencies for more than twenty years, and that there was absolutely no doubt that microwave radiation could have biological effects at intensities far below those necessary for the heating of tissue.

With regard to one-hundred-and-eighty-degree differences of approach, Senator Tunney would have learned that American researchers, in keeping with their long tradition of studying primarily the thermal effects of large microwave exposures, had produced fetal deaths and serious birth defects by irradiating pregnant mice with single two-to-five-minute doses of a hundred and twenty-three milliwatts per square centimetre, whereas their Soviet counterparts had obtained similar results by irradiating pregnant mice with daily two-hour doses of only six and a half milliwatts. Concerning the development of cataracts, he could have chosen between a paper submitted by Professor Carpenter, of the Bureau of Radiological Health, who wrote, "As of now, we do not know of a case in which microwave radiation has been the proven cause of a human cataract," and one delivered by Dr. Zaret, who declared that he knew of more than fifty cases with prima-facie evidence of cataracts caused by microwave radiation. And concerning the cumulative effects of microwave radiation in producing cataracts—a concept that was first suggested fifty years ago, by Sir Stewart Duke-Elder, of the Institute of Ophthalmology in London, and was later demonstrated in animal experiments by Professor Carpenter—he could have taken his pick of a number of conflicting opinions. Doubts about the validity of the theory were voiced by Michaelson and by Colonel Budd Appleton, of Walter Reed, whereas it was defended by Dr. Moris L. Shore, who is director of the Division of Biologic Effects of the Bureau of Radiological Health, and by Dr. H. D. Baillie, a surgeon at the Royal Infirmary of the University of Manchester, who observed that if microwaves produce injury to tissue, one cannot assume that the injury disappears when the power is turned off. And, if he had managed to remain unconfused through all this, Senator Tunney could have picked up some interesting historical tidbits concerning microwaves. He would have learned, for example, that during the Second World War the Japanese Army had investigated the use of microwave radiation as a death ray but that the results of the studies had been destroyed by fire in 1945.

Perhaps the most significant paper at the symposium was delivered by Dr. Maria N. Sadčikova, a senior research worker at the Soviet Union's Institute of Labor Hygiene and Occupational Diseases, who furnished evidence to support the long-held Soviet contention that microwave sickness was a distinct form of occupational disease. Dr. Sadčikova presented detailed clinical observations of the health status of two groups of workers who had been engaged in the regulation, tuning, and testing of microwave-generating equipment of various sorts. The first group consisted of a thousand workers who had been exposed to power densities of up to a few milliwatts per square centimetre, and the second of a hundred and eighty workers whose exposure had as a rule not exceeded several hundredths of a milliwatt. Both groups consisted mostly of men under forty who had worked with microwaves for periods ranging from five to fifteen

"Harrison, whip me up a few off-the-cuff remarks on topics of general interest. My wife and I are socializing tonight."

• •

years. When Sadčikova compared the health experience of these two groups with that of a control group of two hundred people whose work did not involve exposure to microwaves, she found that among the microwave workers there was a significant increase in neurological complaints, such as heaviness in the head, fatigue, irritability, anxiety, insomnia, and partial loss of memory. In addition, she found that the microwave workers showed a significant increase in cardiovascular symptoms, such as a tendency to have slow heartbeat, reduced blood pressure, and reduced ventricular capacity, and that many of them complained of piercing heart pains that spread to their shoulder blades and their arms. While Dr. Sadčikova did not observe serious cardiovascular malfunction or irreversible neurological changes among the microwave workers, she clearly substantiated the findings of previous Soviet investigations, which had shown that the clinical picture of microwave sickness was characterized by a complex of nervous-system symptoms and of vascular disturbances, including crises of cerebral and coronary insufficiency. She was also able to determine that neurological complaints usually occurred in the initial stages of microwave sickness; that cardiovascular symptoms manifested themselves in the more advanced stages of the disease; and that the symptoms increased in severity and the malady tended to progress in workers whose exposure to microwaves continued, whereas in workers whose exposure ceased altogether the disease was frequently stabilized.

The fact that the workers studied by Sadčikova had been exposed to microwave intensities far below the ten-milliwatt level that had long been considered a safe standard of exposure in the United States for both workers and members of the general population could not have been lost on the American scientists who attended the symposium in Poland. However, except for Zaret, who was considered by many scientists to be a maverick and an alarmist, no American researcher had come right out and said that microwave radiation would prove to be a health hazard for the general population—this despite the fact that investigations conducted both in the United States and in the Soviet Union had clearly shown that intensities of electromagnetic radiation were much higher in the vicinity of television transmitters, television-relay links, and radar stations than elsewhere, and that these intensities might be biologically significant. On the last day of the symposium, however, the possibility that a public-health hazard already existed was raised in bizarre fashion by Zaret, who had also evolved an unusual theory about the effects of non-ionizing radiation upon the heart.

For nearly ten years, Zaret had observed that many of his ophthalmological patients who had worked either with radar or with other microwave-generating equipment were developing cardiovascular disease at an early age. Since studies all over the world indicated that cardiovascular disease is multifactored, and since he was aware of Soviet studies concerning the cardiac effects of microwaves, Zaret wondered if exposure to microwave radiation could be contributing to the occurrence of heart disease in his patients. He attempted to explain how this might happen in an article entitled "Clinical Aspects of Non-Ionizing Radiation," which appeared in the July, 1972, issue of the *Transactions on Biomedical Engineering*, a journal published by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. Zaret offered a rationale of how low-intensity microwave radiation could cause cataracts to form on the lens capsule of the eye. "As the eye focusses during vision, the elastic lens capsule is constantly under the stress of relative stretch and relaxation," he wrote. "Normally after each stress from stretching there is complete recovery. However, following excessive irradiation, the elastic properties of the capsule may be altered. Eventually this would lead to a mechanical fatigue of the membrane."

After theorizing that structural fatigue of the lens capsule could, in turn, lead to changes in its composition and thus to the development of cataracts, Zaret suggested that elastic-membrane fatigue might also provide a rationale for the biological effects of microwave radiation on other organs. He wrote:

> For example, currently there is no acceptable explanation for the delayed cardiac effects occasionally seen following non-ionizing radiation exposure. However, the linings of the heart and its major blood vessels are contained within an internal elastic membrane. The cardiovascular elastic membrane, like the lens capsule elastic membrane, is constantly under the stress of relative stretch and relaxation as it helps to sustain the hydraulic pressure of the circulatory system. Here again, after each stress from stretching there is complete recovery. However, following excessive irradiation, the elasticity of this membrane could also eventually undergo mechanical fatigue and this would ultimately lead to degradation of the elastic membrane's integrity and result in cardiovascular disease. There is much to support this concept because one of the best-known delayed appearing radiation effects is premature aging, which occurs concomitantly with a reduction in tissue elasticity. Certainly all cardiovascular disease cannot be explained in this simplistic fashion, and other predisposing factors must also exist; nevertheless, it is interesting to note that a gross parallel could be drawn between the increased incidence of coronary artery disease and myocardial infarction in urban centers and the increased ambient levels of electronic smog in these environments.

Having drawn this parallel in 1972, Zaret was puzzled when, more than a year later, he read a front-page story in the *Times* about the efforts of the Finnish government and the World Health Organization to study and deal with arteriosclerosis in North Karelia and Kuopio, two rural districts in southeastern Finland, whose five hundred thousand inhabitants had been found to experience the highest rate of heart attack in the world. The article, which was written by Lawrence K. Altman, appeared in the *Times* on September 16, 1973—a month before the start of the Warsaw symposium—and part of it read:

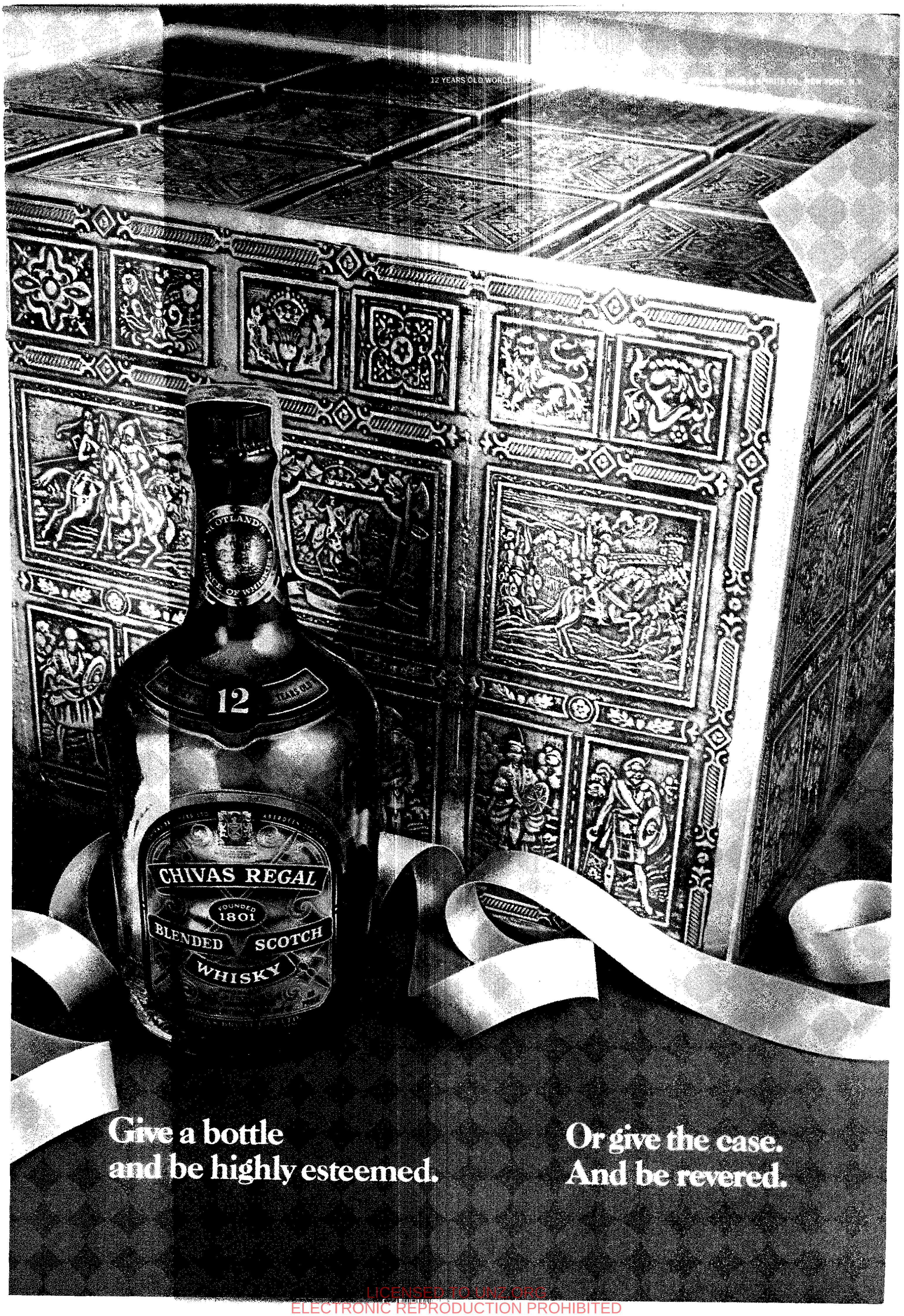
> The fact that North Karelia has the highest incidence of heart attacks is a paradox.
>
> Heart attacks have come to be considered a disease of stress in industrialized urban societies. Typically, they are thought of as striking overweight people who seldom exercise, sit behind desks at work, and drive home to watch television.
>
> But North Karelia is a serene lakeland, forested with firs and pines, resembling Maine. Farming and lumbering are the bases of the economy. Hard physical work is the way of life. Yet heart attacks fell robust Finnish lumberjacks like timber.

According to Altman's account, Finnish health officials had decided that increased cholesterol levels, cigarette smoking, and high blood pressure were the most important risk factors involved in the epidemic of heart attacks afflicting the inhabitants of the area. Altman wrote that "the predominant weight of scientific evidence points to the North Karelian diet, which is high in dairy fats and contains few vegetables, as the primary risk factor for the rising number of heart attacks." He then described the efforts of the Finnish government to encourage the inhabitants of North Karelia to cut down on their fat intake, to quit smoking, and to have their blood pressure checked at community screening centers.

After reading the *Times* article, Zaret looked at a map that accompanied it, and, struck by the fact that North Karelia was situated along the Soviet border to the northwest of Leningrad, and opposite Lake Ladoga, he found himself wondering if electromagnetic radiation from some large Soviet communications center might be contributing to the incidence of heart attack among the people of the district, who were obviously already at high risk because of their eating and smoking habits. (Six months later, he learned from a former communications-intelligence expert with knowledge of the area that radiation was probably emanating from a powerful over-the-horizon radar complex, whose transmissions were being reflected and enhanced by the surface of Lake Ladoga to achieve long-distance, low-trajectory microwave beams that, bouncing off the layers of the ionosphere, would enable the Russians to detect missiles launched from underground silos in the American Midwest and West.) Since Zaret had been invited to attend the symposium in Warsaw, he decided, on the basis of his hunch, to go by way of Helsinki, where he spent two days conferring with a doctor from the Finnish government's community-health program in North Karelia and with scientists from the electrical-engineering department of the Helsinki University of Technology. While Zaret was in Finland, he learned that Kuopio and North Karelia had not only the highest but also the most rapidly increasing rate of heart attack in the world, and that younger and younger people, including many children, were being afflicted as time went on. He learned in addition that the incidence of heart attack among inhabitants of the two districts rose in direct proportion to how close they lived to the Soviet border. Increasingly certain that his theory had merit, he flew on to Warsaw to attend the symposium, where he took ten of the twenty minutes he had been allotted for the presentation of a paper on microwave cataracts to propose that electromagnetic radiation emanating from the Soviet Union might be a factor in the unusually high rate of heart attack in Kuopio and North Karelia, and to urge that the World Health Organization expand the scope of its existing study of the inhabitants of the two districts in order to investigate this possibility.

BY all accounts, Zaret's suggestion was received in silence by the delegates to the Warsaw symposium, who may well have thought they were being asked to consider not a medical hypothesis but a science-fiction scenario. Whether it turned out to be based on fact or fantasy, however, Zaret's theory served as an uncomfortable reminder to the scientific community in the United States that after twenty years of knuckling under to the military and refusing to give serious consideration to the possibility that low-level microwave radiation might produce harmful biological effects, and after a decade of dismissing and even belittling evidence gathered here and abroad in support of such a prospect, it was now embarking upon a new era of inquiry, which might well produce some startling results. Preliminary indications that this could be so were not long in coming. At a conference on the biologic effects of non-ionizing radiation held by the New York Academy of Sciences in February of 1974, data confirming the hypothesis that low-level microwave radiation could affect the central nervous system and behavior were presented by Dr. W. Ross Adey and other researchers from the University of California's Brain Research Institute, whose work was supported by the Navy. Dr. Adey and his associates demonstrated that exposure to weak electric and electromagnetic fields resulted in a shortening of reaction times and circadian rhythms in human beings, and also in estimates of the passage of time by monkeys, and they were able to correlate these behavioral effects with altered neurophysiological activity and with modified brain chemistry.

Even more striking evidence of possibly adverse effects of low-level micro-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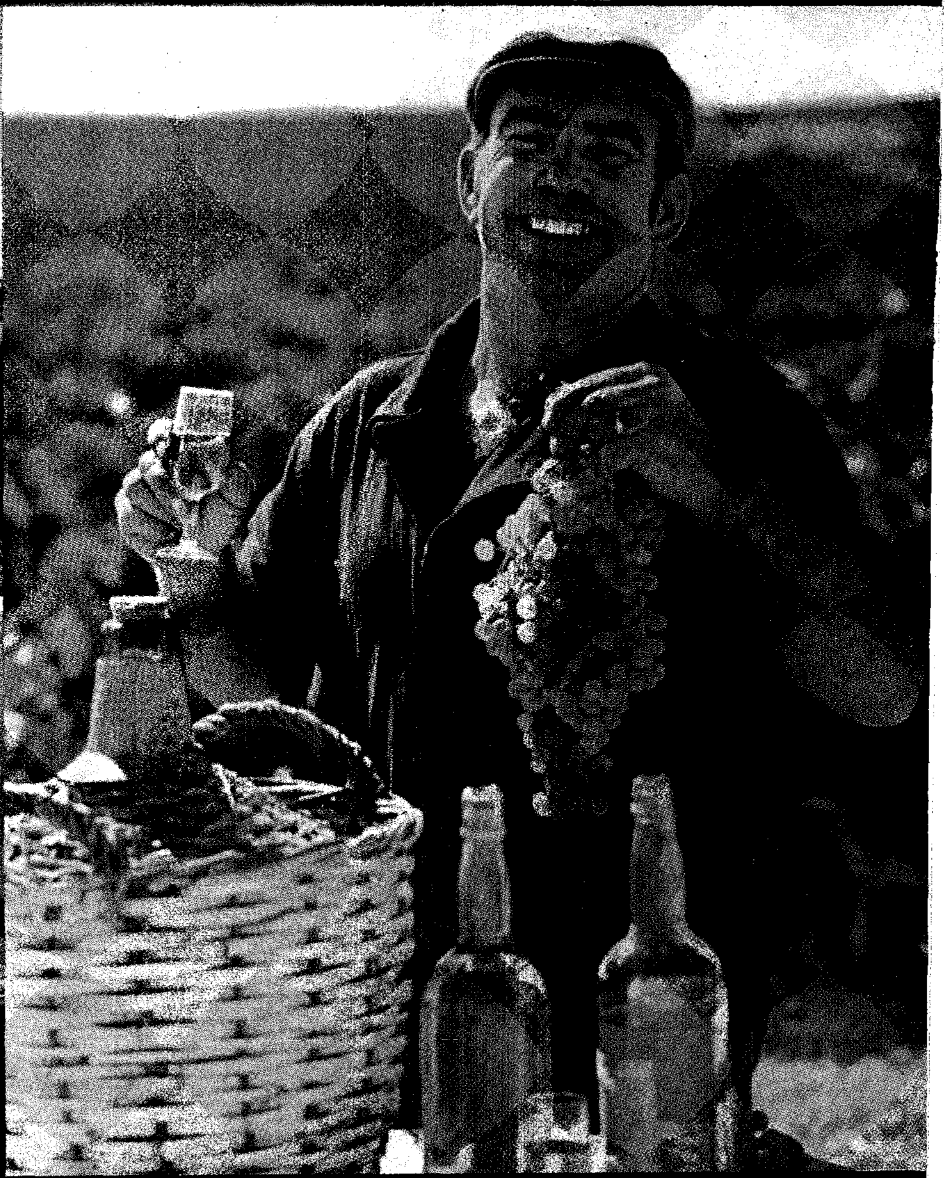

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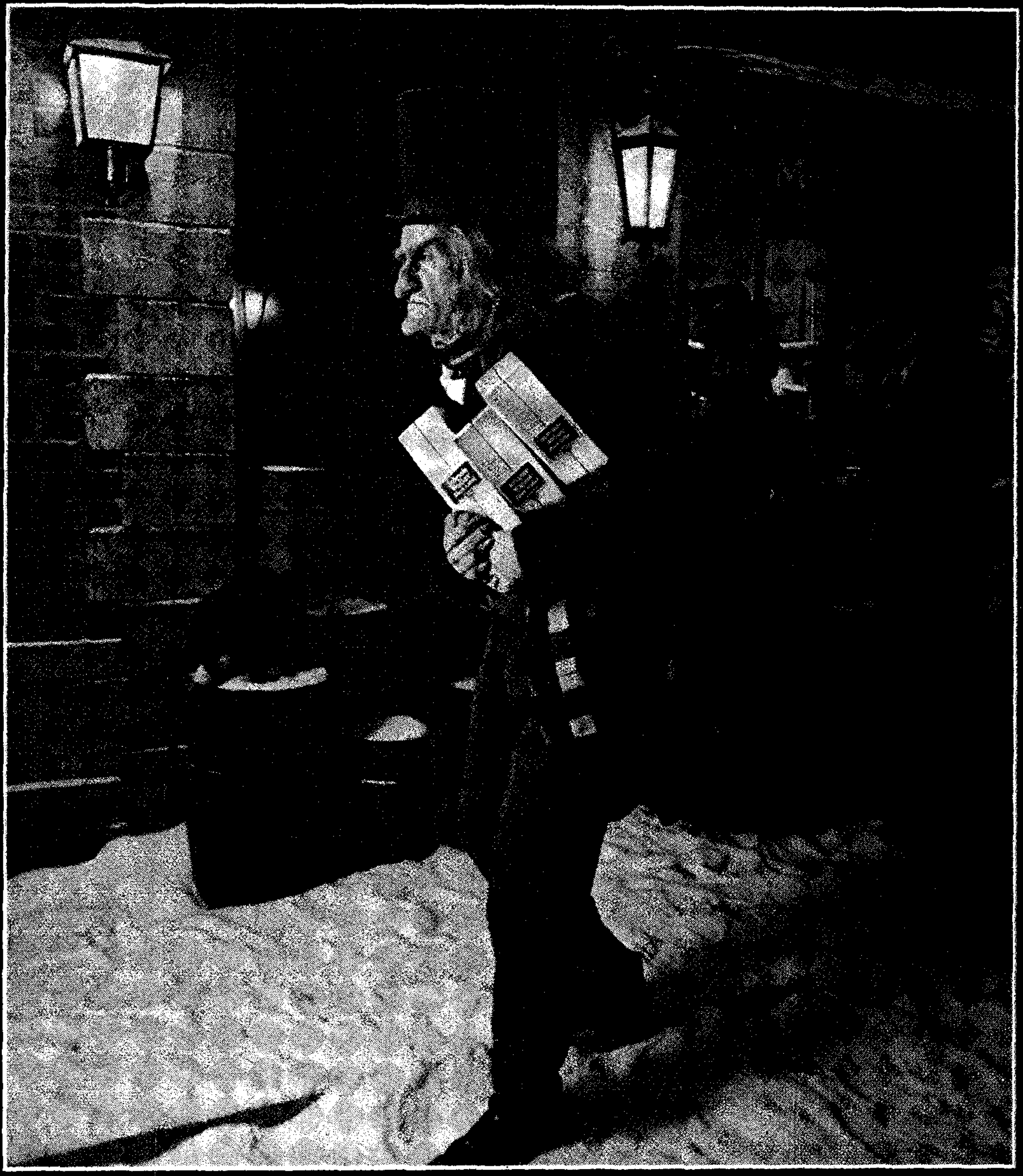

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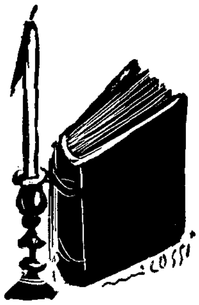
wave radiation on behavior and brain tissue was presented by Allan H. Frey, a biophysicist, who had earlier carried out pioneering studies of the ability of human beings and animals to somehow hear or detect microwaves, and whose studies had since been corroborated by other researchers. Frey and his co-workers demonstrated that when rats were given a choice they tended to avoid irradiation by pulsed microwaves having an average power density of only two-tenths of a milliwatt per square centimetre. Frey and his associates also exposed rats to similar levels of pulsed microwave radiation after injecting them with a fluorescent dye that binds itself to proteins in the bloodstream which do not normally pass the blood-brain barrier—a unique capillary system that maintains the brain in a stable environment by preventing certain proteins and other substances from reaching it. When they did, they found that the permeability of the barrier was sufficiently altered by the radiation to allow the dyed proteins to enter the brain.

On the basis of such data, the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy felt obliged to use some circumspect language in its second annual report to Congress on the program for assessing the biological hazards of nonionizing radiation. The report was sent to Congress in May of 1974, and it warned that preliminary indications from scattered experiments suggested that radio-frequency waves might affect the nervous system and behavior, and also normal development and growth processes, "at lower levels than anticipated in the past." After emphasizing that these findings were tentative, the Office of Telecommunications Policy proceeded from the cautious to the obvious, telling Congress that the effects of long-term, low-level exposure to microwaves and other radio-frequency radiation were not adequately known.

If anyone in Congress had cared to find out what was being done to remedy this situation, and by whom, he could have examined the research contracts being let out for the fiscal year 1975 by the dozen or so government agencies whose efforts to study the biological effects of radio-frequency waves were being coördinated by the Office of Telecommunications Policy. He would have learned that, in keeping with the recommendations of the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council, and with long-established tradition in this country, a great majority of the projects were being sponsored and supported by the three branches of the armed forces. He would also have got some idea of why the Department of Defense was so eager to study the biological effects of low-intensity microwave radiation even as it continued to claim, as it had been claiming for nearly a generation, that exposure to ten milliwatts was perfectly safe. He would have discovered, for example, that the Air Force was supporting a study of microwave effects on the embryos of zebra fish because it believed that the results might have a major impact on the setting of new standards for exposure to radar. He would have found out that the Army was sponsoring a study of the effects of microwave radiation on the brain tissue of rat embryos because it was "a major developer and user of ground-located devices using microwave beams;" because "the effects on man or animals accidentally irradiated are of considerable concern;" and because "adequate knowledge will allow establishment of improved safety criteria and avoid establishment of excessive restrictions on their use by other governmental agencies." As for the Navy, he would have been informed by the description accompanying the proposal to irradiate human volunteers with microwaves at the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory, in Pensacola, that "exposure of Naval personnel to microwave radiation is an acute problem," and that "even low doses are likely to reduce the efficiency of personnel in vital duty positions."



While new and much-needed research on the genetic, embryonic, behavioral, and neurological effects of microwave radiation was being undertaken, the old dispute over the role of microwaves in the formation of cataracts erupted again, triggered by the ever-controversial Dr. Zaret, who in October of 1974 published a case history in the *New York State Journal of Medicine* in which he described the development of typical microwave cataracts in the eyes of the housewife he had mentioned at the Senate hearings and also at the symposium in Poland, whose only known exposure to microwaves came from an oven that was leaking radiation. In an unusual move, the editor of the *Journal* published in the same issue a number of letters commenting on Zaret's presumptive diagnosis that the woman was suffering from microwave cataracts, and on some of his other ophthalmological findings, together with a point-by-point response to these comments by Zaret. Some of the comment was revealing. Confirmation of Zaret's long-held and bitterly disputed contention that microwave cataracts are a clinical entity and that they develop in the posterior capsule of the lens came from Dr. Joseph A. Bouchat, professor of ophthalmology at the Val-de-Grâce Hospital, in Paris, who, together with Dr. Claude Marsol, had made similar observations in the case of a twenty-three-year-old radar technician, and had published his findings, back in 1967, in the *Archives d'Ophtalmologie.* Criticism of Dr. Zaret's article was offered by Michaelson, of the University of Rochester, who had initially written to the editor of the *Journal* urging him not to publish it; by Osepchuk, of Raytheon; by Carpenter, of the Bureau of Radiological Health; by Dr. Donaldson, of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary; and by Colonel Appleton, of the Army—all of whom challenged Zaret's contention that there was such a thing as a microwave cataract, and characterized his diagnosis in the case in question as unfounded, and unsupported by medical evidence. Uncertainty about Zaret's diagnosis was expressed by Dr. George R. Merriam, Jr., of the Institute of Ophthalmology of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York, who based part of his doubt on the fact that microwave diathermy had been used at the institute for many years in preoperative and postoperative treatment of the eye. "The usual treatment is about one hundred milliwatts per square centimetre for twenty minutes, and treatments are often given twice a day for up to two weeks," Dr. Merriam wrote. "No adverse effects have been seen."

In his response to Dr. Merriam, Zaret suggested that a follow-up study of patients whose eyes had been treated with microwave diathermy might be valuable. "Although he reports that no adverse effects were noted, perhaps some occurred, but they were not suspected of being related to the radiation therapy," Zaret wrote. "Perhaps also no one has looked into this population grouping for the long-term or delayed effects following an acute exposure regimen of the type described." In light of the fact that for more than twenty years most doctors and scientists, including some military ophthalmologists, had considered a hundred milliwatts to be a dangerous, if not damaging, level of exposure to the eyes, Zaret's suggestion appeared reasonable. At any rate, Merriam's disclosure could at the very least be construed as a prime example of the wide discrepancies that apparently existed in the knowledge and the attitudes of various members of the medical and scientific communities toward the biological effects and potential hazards of microwave radiation.

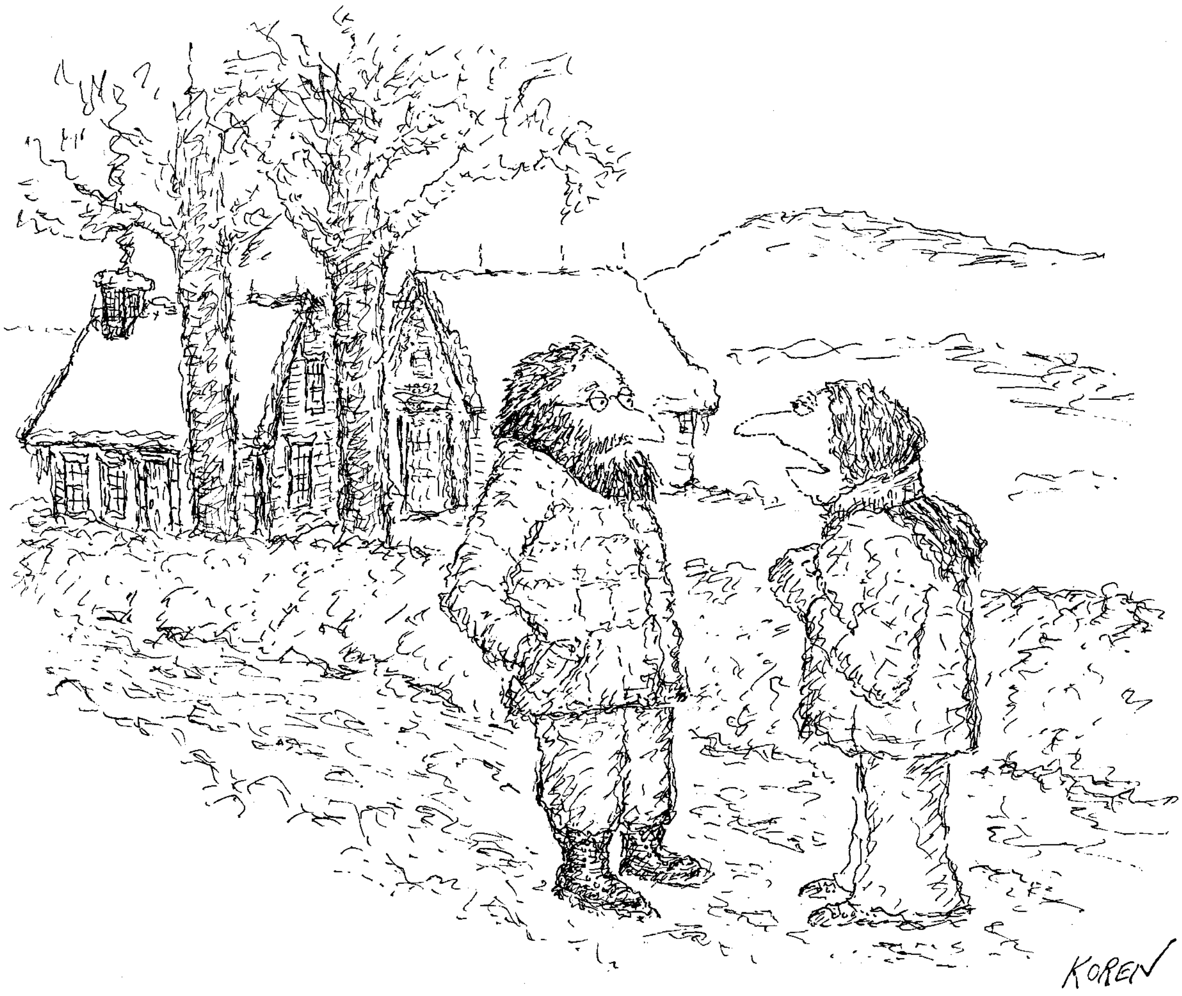
Another example of how, when it came to microwaves, the left hand of the medical profession did not appear to know what the right was doing was provided by Dr. José Daels, of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the Maria Middelares Clinic, in Ghent, Belgium. Since 1971, Dr. Daels has irradiated two thousand women with microwaves as they were giving birth, in order to heat the uterine wall and ease the pain of labor. According to Daels, nineteen hundred and thirty-six of the women described the analgesic effect of the radiation as good. In addition to mitigating the pain of contraction, Daels' patients reported, the radiation produced an agreeable sensation of relaxation. Regarding possible adverse effects, Daels declared in an article published in the July, 1973, issue of *Obstetrics and Gynecology* that "no undesirable side effects of microwave heating of the tissues are known," and that "the very rare complications that have been reported have been due to overheating, as a consequence of incorrect dosage." He then proceeded to cite as his authority for these statements an article on the health hazards of microwaves which had been published in the United States in 1959.

DURING 1974 and 1975, the belated advent in the United States of serious research on the biological effects of low-level microwave radiation was carefully coördinated and watched over by the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy. However, in their third annual report to Congress, issued in April of 1975, the O.T.P. people were rather vague about the progress and results of a hundred-odd studies of the problem which were being conducted in various laboratories across the nation. Concerning the warning the O.T.P. had given the previous year that microwave radiation might affect the nervous system and behavior as well as processes of growth and development, it had this to say: "Continuing efforts have developed additional data in those areas. However, at this early stage, the picture is still far from clear. Information is as yet too limited to permit firm conclusions to be drawn." Later on in the report, following a description of experiments showing that low levels of microwave radiation decreased the ability of monkeys to perform tasks, the O.T.P. declared, "There are, nonetheless, substantive indications of effects in the nervous system and behavior at this stage, warranting further investigation." Presumably, they were referring to further investigation that would either substantiate or disprove the firm conclusions that had been drawn fifteen years earlier by the Russians, the Poles, and the Czechoslovaks, whose extensive studies of the effects of long-term, low-level microwave radiation on the nervous system and the behavior of human beings and animals had led them to set standards of exposure to microwaves which were from one thousand to ten thousand times as stringent as our own. However, the authors of the report left considerable doubt about the priority assigned to this kind of investigation, saying that "there is a serious lack of long-term, low-level research due to the time, expense, and commitment required for such work, which is incompatible with the level of resources available for radio-frequency/microwave research in individual agencies at present." Besides blaming limited funds, the report noted that scientists studying the microwave problem were encountering severe problems in determining the doses of radiation necessary to cause biological effects; in understanding the interaction of microwaves with organisms at the macromolecular level; in measuring the amount and distribution of microwave energy absorbed by tissue; and in extrapolating the results of animal exposures to human beings. Whatever the obstacles, though, the 1975 O.T.P. report made one thing clear: after years of claiming that it was extremely difficult, if not impossible, to duplicate Russian experimental studies, American scientists were at last beginning to be able to confirm some of the findings of their Soviet counterparts.

In their fourth annual report, which was issued in June of this year, the O.T.P. people indicated—albeit somewhat reluctantly—that progress had been made in determining the effects of low-intensity microwave radiation on growth and development, and on the blood-forming systems, the immune system, and the endocrine system. After cautioning their readers at considerable length that new data "frequently cause apprehension, can be misinterpreted, and could lead to premature conclusions;" that all newly detected biological effects and changes are not necessarily harmful; and that consideration of new findings "must include the risk/benefits associated with EMR [electromagnetic radiation] itself and in comparison to other factors and known hazards in our lives," the authors of the report got down to specifics. "One important effect that has received increasing attention is the ability of non-ionizing EMR to stimulate division of lymphocyte cells in the intact animal," they wrote, adding that "such effects are of interest because the lymphocytes, which are a type of white blood cells, are an integral part of the body's immune defense mechanism."

In an appendix to their report, the O.T.P. people described a two-day workshop seminar that they and their colleagues on the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council had convened in Washington, D.C., in August of 1975, to review the findings of research pertaining to the genetic, hereditary, growth, and developmental effects of microwave and radio-frequency radiation. At the meeting, the results of fifteen research projects were presented by the scientists and investigators who had conducted them. Eight of the fifteen projects showed that low-level radiation produced effects and changes in test animals or genetic material. These changes included birth defects in mouse fetuses; structural defects in darkling beetles that had been irradiated as pupae; the death of zebrafish embryos at non-thermal radiation levels; delays in the onset of normal cell division in slime mold; and marked chromosomal abnormalities in kangaroo-rat cell cultures. Apparently determined not to alarm Congress, however, the authors of the 1976 O.T.P. report summed up the workshop by stating that the results "were a mixture of positive and negative findings," and that "the largely negative findings with respect to genetic effects thus far are reassuring with regard to the magnitude of risk."

Concerning the genetic effects of microwaves, American scientists who had finally embarked on this aspect of the problem were not playing catch-up with the Soviet scientists as much as with a handful of their compatriots, whose earlier findings had for the most part been ignored. That microwave radiation might have genetic effects had first been discovered back in 1959 by Dr. John H. Heller and some associates

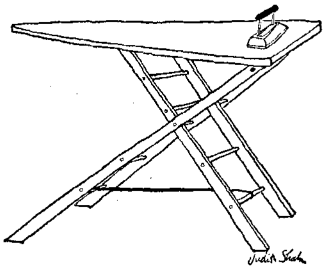


"No, Philip, it's not just me. We're *all* *incredibly angry!"*

at the New England Institute for Medical Research, in Ridgefield, Connecticut, who observed gross chromosomal abnormalities in garlic-root tips that had been irradiated with microwaves at power levels far below those necessary to produce heat. By 1963, Heller and his colleagues had demonstrated that low-power microwave radiation could produce in mammalian cells and in insects mutations similar to those caused by gamma rays, X-rays, and ultraviolet rays. In experiments conducted with male fruit flies they clearly demonstrated that low-level microwave radiation was mutagenic at four different frequencies—in other words, that it could cause genetic damage in the sperm cells of the insects and that these mutations could be transmitted to their offspring. Ironically, when the findings of Heller and his co-workers were published, they received more recognition in the Soviet Union than in the United States, where their data were largely dismissed or disbelieved. In any event, by the late nineteen-sixties their research on the genetic effects of microwaves had practically come to a halt for lack of interest and for want of funds.

Similarly ignored were the findings of an epidemiological investigation of radiation exposure in the parents of children with Down's syndrome, or mongolism, which was conducted between 1962 and 1964 by researchers in the Department of Chronic Diseases at the Johns Hopkins University School of Public Health and in the Department of Pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, with funds from the Public Health Service. Based on the acknowledged association between Down's syndrome and leukemia, and on the acknowledged association between ionizing radiation and leukemia, the study that the Johns Hopkins scientists undertook assumed that there might be a link between ionizing radiation and Down's syndrome. They proceeded to compare diagnostic, therapeutic, and occupational X-ray exposures incurred by the parents of two hundred and sixteen children afflicted with the syndrome who were born in Greater Baltimore between 1946 and 1962 with X-ray exposures incurred by the parents (including age-matched mothers) of a matched control group of normal children born in Greater Baltimore during the same period. When they completed their study, they found that the mothers of children with Down's syndrome had undergone a significantly greater number of fluoroscopic examinations and more therapeutic radiation than mothers of children in the control group. Therefore, they concluded that ionizing radiation might be a factor responsible for some cases of Down's syndrome. Unexpectedly, they also discovered that although there were no discernible differences in exposures to X-rays or other ionizing radiation on the part of fathers in either group, almost ten per cent of the fathers of children with Down's syndrome reported "intimate contact with radar both in and outside of the armed forces," compared to slightly more than three per cent of the fathers in the control group. This development surprised and puzzled the investigators, who, although they were not willing to draw any conclusions from it, sensibly recommended in a report published in 1965 in the *Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital* that "the association between mongolism and radar exposure deserves further investigation."

Incredible as it may seem, neither the Department of Defense nor the Public Health Service saw fit at the time to institute studies to confirm or deny the startling findings of the Johns Hopkins investigators. In fact, four years went by before the military and radiological-health people got around to providing funds for the Johns Hopkins researchers to replicate their original study, to see if they could obtain the same results. And ten years went by before they got around to sponsoring either studies of the mutagenic effects of microwave radiation or epidemiological surveys to determine the incidence of birth defects among the children of men exposed to radar on military bases. By that time, it was 1974, and three years had passed since the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council had issued a clear warning to the President that long-term, low-level exposure to microwave radiation could become a critical health problem if genetic effects were involved. No information has yet been made available concerning the surveys of birth defects among the children of military personnel, but the second Johns Hopkins study, which has just been completed, does not show a statistically significant relationship between Down's syndrome and parental exposure to radar. It does, however, suggest that men exposed to the emanations of radar have a significant increase in the number of chromosomal abnormalities in their blood—a finding that, since chromosomal abnormalities can cause birth defects, leaves the whole question of the genetic effects of microwave radiation in human beings open to further investigation.



Whether such investigations will be conducted more vigorously in the future than they have been in the past remains doubtful, in light of the reluctance that people in positions of responsibility for the public welfare obviously feel about pursuing inquiries into the biological effects of non-ionizing radiation which might alarm the public or embarrass the Department of Defense. Beneath this reluctance, of course, lies a deep apprehension on the part of the government and the military-industrial complex about how the citizenry and Congress will react if worst comes to worst and it turns out that exposure to microwave radiation poses a significant hazard to the health of the general population. Not surprisingly, such apprehension at the federal level has, in turn, affected the attitude of many members of the medical and scientific community, who, while trying to come to grips with the microwave problem in the laboratory, are entertaining mixed feelings about revealing the results of their work, either for fear that these will be misunderstood by the public or that money for future research might not be forthcoming. Indeed, among scientists attending the four-day annual meeting of the International Union of Radio Science's United States National Committee, which was held at the University of Colorado, in Boulder, in October of 1975, there appeared to be as much concern about possible press distortion and public misunderstanding of the complex microwave problem as about the potentially adverse health effects of the microwaves themselves. Some of the scientists were concerned that the layman would not readily grasp the difference between biological effects and biological hazards. Others worried that the great potential of microwaves as a tool for studying the electrochemical workings of the brain might go undeveloped if there should be adverse publicity. Still others claimed that misinterpretation of the microwave problem by the press not only was inevitable but had already made the task of the scientific community more difficult. There was also considerable fretting about the damaging effect on public opinion of a number of disability claims that had recently been awarded by the Veterans Administration to former radar technicians who had developed cataracts, and about the outcome of several lawsuits that had been instituted by other ex-servicemen and civilian employees of the armed forces who had been exposed to radar. Yet many of these same scientists also voiced anxiety about the extensive Soviet findings concerning low-level microwave effects, about the lack of adequate funds for microwave research in the United States, and about the absence of any well-integrated program of research within the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. In fact, several investigators stated that because low levels of microwave radiation were known to affect the nervous system and behavior, the present ten-milliwatt standard was inadequate and would soon have to be lowered. At the same time, a journalist attending the conference was approached on several occasions by scientists and government officials, who suggested that when writing about microwaves he substitute the words "illuminate" and "illumination" for "irradiate" and "irradiation," in order not to alarm his readers unduly.

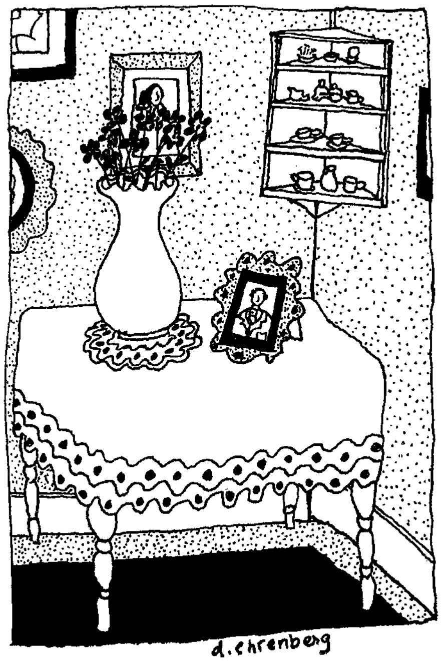
WITHIN a few months, the worrying about publicity and semantics that went on at the Boulder meeting seemed redundant in view of the news that came out of Moscow, for the disclosure in early February of this year that the Russians were once again beaming microwaves into the American Embassy, on Tchaikovsky Street, not only made headlines blaring the word "radiation" in newspapers all over the world but also touched off a spate of alarming speculation about the health effects of microwaves, which, together with a series of contradictory explanations and confusing denials issued by State Department officials, has combined to keep the story before the public ever since. According to the first report of the affair, which appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* on February 7th, Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel, Jr., had told some of the hundred and twenty-five members of his staff that the Russians were using microwave beams to listen in on conversations inside the Embassy, and that such radiation could be hazardous to their health. In the Los Angeles *Times* version, Stoessel informed the staff members that the risk was greatest for pregnant women and that other possible microwave hazards included leukemia, skin cancer, psoriasis, cataracts, and emotional illness. Although Stoessel had assured Embassy personnel that the levels of radiation to which they were being exposed were far below the minimum danger levels prescribed by Soviet occupational-health regulations—an irony he appeared not to grasp—he nonetheless offered them an opportunity to transfer to posts outside the Soviet Union. He also urged them in strong terms to keep the matter secret. The Los Angeles *Times* speculated that the attempt to maintain secrecy resulted from fear that public disclosure of the radiation might damage Soviet-American relations during a delicate period when the policy of détente was under strong political attack in the United States. Whatever the reason, there was little doubt that an official lid had been placed on the story. Ambassador Stoessel and State Department officials in Washington refused to comment on any aspect of the Los Angeles *Times* report, and the day after it appeared, when President Ford was asked about it while he was campaigning in New Hampshire, he made his one statement on the subject to date. "I do not think it is a matter that should be discussed at this time," declared the President, who did not mention the fact that earlier in the winter he had written a letter protesting the radiation to Chairman Leonid I. Brezhnev. "If it is true, it is a very serious situation."

Rumors circulating among people living and working in the Embassy to the effect that they had been exposed to dangerous radioactivity quickly forced the government to abandon its policy of silence for one of partial explanation and reassurance. While refusing to discuss the situation with reporters, the Embassy physician, Major Thomas A. Johnson, of the Air Force, told worried parents that there was little likelihood of any risk to children attending a nursery school in the basement of the ten-story building. A few days later, Embassy officials received permission from the State Department to assure all American citizens living in Moscow that no harmful radiation had been detected on the ground floor of the Embassy complex, where the snack bar and the medical dispensary are situated, or in the basement commissary. But they refused to comment on the radiation hazard existing on the upper three floors of the building, which contain most of the key offices, including that of the Ambassador. They did admit, however, that medical records of Embassy staff members and their families were being reviewed, and that white-blood-cell counts of all personnel were being taken. Meanwhile, in spite of freezing temperatures, workmen were unsealing rows of double windows throughout the Embassy and installing aluminum screens on the outside, to deflect the radiation and prevent it from penetrating the building. The installation of the screens was later said to have been approved by Secretary of State Kissinger. At the time, the Secretary contented himself with telling reporters in Washington that the United States government viewed the radiation as "a matter of great complexity and sensitivity," and that it had made "unilateral efforts to reduce the danger."

During the early days of the Moscow microwave crisis, official sources quoted in newspaper accounts were virtually unanimous in giving the impression that the Russians were irradiating the Embassy in order to activate eavesdropping devices that had been concealed in its walls and floors; that the United States government's concern about possible damage to the health of people working there was wholly preventive in nature; that the present danger, if any, was limited to mild irritability and fatigue; and that no adverse health effects caused by microwave radiation had been observed among Embassy personnel. On February 16th, however, the Boston *Globe* reported that Ambassador Stoessel was suffering from a mysterious blood ailment, resembling leukemia, that was thought to be possibly caused or aggravated by the radiation. On the same day, an Embassy spokesman made this statement: "We have seen various stories about the Ambassador's health, all of which are inaccurate and misleading. It would not be appropriate to comment specifically on the Ambassador's health or on that of any other individual. However, the Ambassador feels fine, keeps a busy schedule, leads an active life, has not undergone medical treatment, and is not at the present time undergoing medical treatment."

Ten days later, it was reported that the Russians had been directing radiation at the Embassy not to activate their own listening devices but to jam American listening devices that had been installed on the roof of the building. This piece of news appeared in a New York *Times* story, which also reported, "American officials said they accepted the Soviet contention that the microwaves were aimed at the Embassy to disable the sophisticated monitoring equipment and not to bug the Embassy or to harm American personnel." No explanation was offered as to why it had been deemed necessary to screen the windows of the Embassy, but one reason was not hard to infer from a paragraph that appeared in the middle of the *Times* story: "A complicating factor, officials said, was that the current ambassador, Walter J. Stoessel, Jr., had suffered nausea and bleeding in his eyes, although he was reported now feeling better. There is no evidence, officials said, that the illness was directly caused by the microwaves, but there is that possibility."

In addition to amending previous official declarations about the state of the Ambassador's health, the *Times* story of February 26th revealed that during the nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies three of Stoessel's predecessors in Moscow (two of whom have died of cancer) had protested to the Russians about radiation hazards at the Embassy. That in itself was not really surprising, since earlier Soviet irradiation of the Embassy had been reported. However, the fact that the three ambassadors had apparently lodged their protests without informing the Embassy staff of the hazards tended to shed light on a story put out by the Associated Press on February 28th. According to the A.P. report, a former administrative officer at the Embassy whose wife had died of cancer in 1968 after working there as a secretary had sued the government, claiming that she was a victim of radiation, and had received a settlement of approximately ten thousand dollars, on the ground that she had been given inadequate medical treatment. A further indication that the government considered itself vulnerable to litigation arising from the situation in Moscow came a few days later, when Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reported in their syndicated column that high State Department officials had initially argued against making a public protest to the Russians about the radiation, on the grounds that it would compromise the Embassy's electronic-surveillance capability and "might generate damage suits against the government from Embassy employees with claims of illness."



The alerting of the Embassy staff early in February to the possible dangers of microwave radiation indicated that the State Department had come to the belated conclusion that the future well-being of its employees in Moscow was more important than its liability for not having informed them about possible microwave health hazards in the past. It is apparent, however, that the State Department seriously underestimated the capacity of its employees in Moscow for being resentful and suspicious of the fact that they had been deceived about such an important matter as their health for so long a time. Indeed, resentment and suspicion fairly jumped out of the pages of a telegram that was sent to Secretary of State Kissinger on February 19th by members of the Moscow chapter of the American Foreign Service Association—a six-thousand-member organization that represents foreign-service officials around the world. The telegram, which was the result of a meeting that had been attended by some forty foreign-service employees and their spouses two days earlier, requested Secretary Kissinger to issue an unclassified written statement providing assurances that there was no evidence of any sort to suggest that any former or present employee at the Embassy had encountered health problems linked to microwave radiation. It then requested the Secretary to say whether there had

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been an unusually high incidence of spontaneous abortion among pregnant women during or after their residence at the Embassy; to describe any evidence suggesting that microwave radiation might pose a hazard for pregnant women and their unborn children; and to say whether there had been any legal actions or claims directed against the State Department for health problems resulting from service at the Moscow Embassy. The telegram asked Kissinger to explain why the employees had not been informed of the radiation problem earlier; to disclose when State Department management officials had first become aware of the "potentially harmful effects" of microwave radiation; and to say whether any previous medical tests conducted on Embassy employees had played a part in the decision to inform them of the possible hazard. The telegram also asked Kissinger to explain why metal screens had not been put over windows in the Embassy much earlier if the effects of microwave radiation could be mitigated by so simple an action.

In view of the obvious legitimacy of these requests, the State Department had little choice other than to make a public announcement in March that it would conduct a full-scale medical investigation of the thousands of Embassy personnel and their families who had served in Moscow in the past, as well as those who were serving there now. At the same time, the Department sought to allay the anxiety and soothe the anger of its Moscow employees by holding closed briefings that were designed to explain the situation. During the third week of April, Barton Reppert, a reporter for the Washington bureau of the Associated Press, obtained a copy of a confidential State Department paper that had been prepared for these briefings from an official in the Department who was concerned about how the situation in Moscow was being handled. The briefing paper said that there was no evidence of a high incidence of spontaneous abortion among women at the Embassy, and no evidence that the present levels of radiation could produce congenital malformations or have any other effect upon unborn children. It stated that between October of 1975 and January of 1976 microwave power levels had reached a maximum intensity of eighteen microwatts per square centimetre in certain heavily irradiated areas of the Embassy, and that the window screens installed since then "reduce the current microwave signals to a point well below one microwatt per square centimetre but not to a 'zero' level." The screens had not been installed earlier, according to the paper, because before the autumn of 1975 such action had not seemed necessary. As for why the Embassy employees had not been informed about the radiation sooner, the paper explained that "until last fall, none of the experts who had studied the problem believed that it presented health hazards," and that "under the circumstances it was thought that briefing people on what little we knew of the signal would cause unwarranted apprehension on the part of those assigned to Moscow." The paper also informed the Embassy employees that "no cause-and-effect relationship has been established between disorders contracted by those in Moscow and their exposure to the electromagnetic field."

There were soon indications that such assurances did not entirely satisfy the Embassy staff members. Late in April, they were described by one State Department official as being "still very upset about the whole business." Another State Department official in Washington was quoted at the same time as saying that "the way people around here are dealing with this is just hoping that it'll be forgotten." Further suspicion about the State Department's credibility had been voiced earlier in the month by John D. Hemenway, president of the American Foreign Service Association. Hemenway expressed concern that an official coverup might be in progress and demanded that any group investigating the health situation of Embassy personnel exposed to microwave radiation include people without government ties. In a statement of rebuttal issued to the press, Lawrence S. Eagleburger, Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Management, said that Hemenway's charge of a possible official coverup was "false and reprehensible," and that "Secretary Kissinger has made clear that our principal concern is for the health and well-being of our employees in Moscow."

BY this time, it was clear that whatever the outcome of the controversy between the State Department and its employees in Moscow, a unique population of men, women, and children who had been exposed to low-intensity microwave radiation over long periods of time had been identified. It was also clear that retrospective studies of the health experience of this group of people could yield valuable epidemiological information about the possible hazards of chronic exposure to microwaves. Whether such investigations would be

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initiated and carried out in good faith by the State Department was, however, another matter, for during the rest of the spring and throughout the summer the information made available to the public concerning the situation in Moscow continued to be clouded by revelations of prior involvement and previous secrecy. For example, it soon came to light that the Department's chief medical consultant in the microwave affair was Dr. Herbert B. Pollack, who had been sent to Moscow to assess the possible microwave health hazard at the Embassy even before Ambassador Stoessel told his staff about the situation. Pollack is a member of the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council, a professor emeritus of clinical medicine at the George Washington University Medical School, and, it turns out, an old hand at the business of assessing the biological effects of microwaves. Indeed, as a member of the senior technical staff of the Institute for Defense Analyses between 1961 and 1970, Pollack was a leading participant in Project Pandora, the secret study of the effects of low-intensity microwave radiation which was mounted in 1966, when the government began to be concerned about the health implications of the Soviet irradiation of the Embassy in Moscow. The results of Project Pandora have never been revealed, for although they are said to be inconclusive, they are also classified. On May 3rd, however, an Associated Press report written by Barton Reppert quoted Richard S. Cesaro, who was in charge of Project Pandora, as conceding that some of the scientists connected with the study felt that low-intensity microwave radiation had produced signs of aberrant behavior in monkeys. "My feeling is that we probably should have continued longer with research in that area, and not necessarily concluded it that early," said Cesaro, who is now head of a communications firm in Maryland. "There were a lot of unknowns, and I don't think they were ever really put to bed." Reppert also quoted Dr. Joseph C. Sharp, who had worked on Project Pandora when he was chief of experimental psychology at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, as saying that "if certain kinds of restraints could have been lifted, I would have voted to go for more experiments." Sharp, who is now with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center, in California, went on to say that "part of the problem with any classified project is that you cannot talk to a wide variety of people and get a bunch of different kinds of ideas. . . . We always felt that we had an arm tied behind our back because we couldn't even talk to our bosses about it."

For his part, Pollack is remembered by several of his colleagues on Project Pandora as being extremely dubious about the possibility that low-level microwave radiation could affect health. In any case, when Reppert reached him at his office in the State Department in May and asked him his present opinion on the subject, Pollack replied, "That's the question they ask me upstairs here, and I can only say one answer. We just don't know." It must be surmised that the State Department has a high regard for Dr. Pollack's experience in studying the biological effects of microwaves and for his assessment of the situation at the Moscow Embassy. It appears, however, that many of the Embassy's employees do not. In their telegram to Secretary Kissinger last February, they requested "disinterested expert advice" concerning the potential health problems caused by exposure to microwave radiation "in view of widespread doubt as to Dr. Pollack's impartiality."

Toward the end of May, a new round of revelation and denial got under way when another Associated Press story by Reppert stated that recent tests conducted by electronics specialists from the C.I.A. showed radiation levels in the Moscow Embassy to be considerably higher than those found in earlier tests performed by the State Department, and that an outside telephone line had actually been found to be carrying radiation directly into the office (and, presumably, into the ear) of Ambassador Stoessel. According to the A.P. report, a State Department source said that Stoessel was "beside himself" with this latest development, and had expressed his concern in classified cables to Deputy Under-Secretary Eagleburger. A State Department spokesman, Robert L. Funseth, responded to the story by saying that Soviet microwave transmissions into the Embassy were not higher than those previously measured and by denying that the C.I.A. had conducted any separate tests. However, no one in the State Department denied any part of a Reuters dispatch carried in the New York *Times* on June 26th, which revealed that two children of Embassy employees had been sent to the United States for further medical study after having been examined by doctors in Moscow. Indeed, a Department spokesman named Frederick Z. Brown said that the children had been brought home for treatment of blood disorders. According to the *Times*, Brown went on to say that extensive blood tests of all Embassy personnel had failed to establish any connection between blood disorders and the irradiation of the Embassy with microwaves.

The news about the children—two three-year-old girls who had been living in the Embassy—soon prompted additional disclosures by the State Department. On July 8th, the *Times* ran a front-page story beneath the headline "SOVIET DIMS BEAM AT U.S. EMBASSY," which began:

> The United States said today that Soviet authorities in recent months had sharply reduced the level of microwave radiation beamed at the American Embassy in Moscow.
>
> But in its first detailed public account of the situation, the State Department nonetheless rebuked the Russians for continuing the radiation even at the current insignificant level. It said this showed "a lack of concern for living and working conditions of our people in Moscow."

When asked why the Russians were being rebuked if they had cut the radiation levels below those considered by the government to entail a health hazard, Funseth replied that the continued beams caused a psychological problem. According to the *Times* account, Funseth then announced that the State Department had signed a contract with Johns Hopkins University to conduct a survey to determine whether there has ever been any connection between the microwave irradiation of the Embassy and the health of past and present Embassy employees. Shortly thereafter, it was learned that this study—a three-hundred-thousand-dollar biostatistical and epidemiological survey and evaluation of the medical records and histories of all Embassy employees and their dependents over the last ten years—was being directed and coördinated by Dr. Abraham M. Lilienfeld, professor of epidemiology at the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health, who had also directed the study in the early nineteen-sixties which suggested that there might be an association between Down's syndrome and parental exposure to radar, as well as the subsequent study showing a significant increase of chromosomal abnormalities in the blood of former radar workers.

On July 10th, in his first news conference in Washington since April

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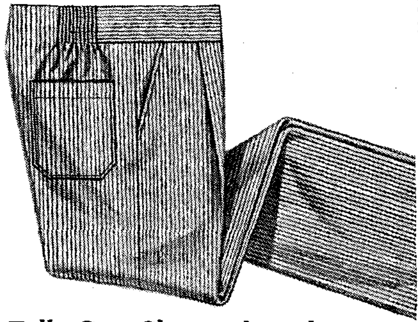

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22nd, Secretary Kissinger defended the government's policy toward the irradiation of the Moscow Embassy, saying that "timidity or concern about our overall relations with the Soviet Union has not been a factor in this." According to an account in the Washington *Post*, Kissinger spoke in guarded fashion, referred without elaboration to "many complicated issues" in the Embassy affair, and avoided comment on reports that electronic surveillance conducted by the United States was part of the problem. "We have had to balance various advantages and disadvantages for the United States, and we have had to pay primary attention to the health of our employees," the Secretary declared.

Two weeks later, the Associated Press's indefatigable Reppert wrote a story containing a disclosure so stunning as to make one wonder how readily the men and women working for the State Department in Moscow could be led to believe that the principal concern of the Department is for their health and well-being. The story ran in newspapers across the country on July 26th, and it revealed that over an eighteen-month period in 1967 and 1968 the State Department had conducted special tests to detect genetic damage in employees returning from Moscow, and that it had not only done so without notifying the employees about the purpose of the testing but had deliberately misled them into thinking that the tests were being made for another reason. According to Reppert's account, analysis of the special tests had been conducted by Dr. Cecil B. Jacobson, of the George Washington University Medical School, who told Reppert that the results had been inconclusive. However, Dr. Thomas H. Gresinger, who is also a member of the faculty of the medical school, told Reppert that Dr. Jacobson had described the tests to him as showing "funny results—lots of chromosome breaks." Gresinger has since recalled how he first became aware of the nature of the tests that were being conducted on the Embassy employees returning from Moscow. "I had just finished my residency in gynecology and was starting up a private practice," he said not long ago. "I was teaching at the university medical school, and, to make ends meet, I was also doing consulting work for the medical division of the State Department. One day, while reading Pap smears at the division, I heard some lab technicians joking about some subterfuge that was taking place. According to the technicians, they had been instructed to take buccal smears from the Moscow employees as part of their routine homecoming physical examinations and to tell them that they were being checked for some kind of abnormal bacteria. When I heard the words 'buccal smears,' my ears pricked up. Buccal smears are never used to culture bacteria; they're a scraping taken from inside the mouth and they're designed solely for the purpose of detecting chromosomal abnormalities. Naturally, the next time I went to George Washington I looked up Cecil Jacobson, who was head of the cytogenetics laboratory over there, and asked him what was going on. Jacobson replied that there was a lot of radiation at the Moscow Embassy, that he was looking for chromosome breaks in the returning employees, and that he was finding them in significant numbers."

During the late summer and early autumn, the furor over the situation in Moscow diminished somewhat, probably because the attention of the press and the public was focussed on the Presidential election and its aftermath. In September, however, Ambassador Stoessel left Moscow because of health problems and was reassigned as Ambassador to West Germany. And on November 12th, the State Department issued an administrative notice declaring Moscow to be an "unhealthful post."

As might be expected, the policy of the government toward the possible health hazards posed by low-level microwave radiation—a policy that, by and large, has ranged from evasion and obfuscation of the problem to outright suppression of medical data relating to it—has had many complicated ramifications. The fact that this policy has been invoked in the name of national security has made it a relatively easy one to justify and to carry out. It has also provided a convenient umbrella for the vast electronics and defense industries, since the government could not very well consider microwave radiation of ten milliwatts or less to be safe all those years for military and Embassy personnel and at the same time consider it to be hazardous for civilian workers engaged in the manufacture, testing, and repairing of microwave-emitting devices such as radar, communications transmitters, missile-guidance systems, microwave ovens, and other equipment generating electromagnetic energy.

As a result, there have been disastrous consequences for some of the employees of the military-industrial complex who performed these tasks. One example is provided by the health experience of a number of workers who were involved in the Air Force's electromagnetic-pulse, or EMP, project—a multimillion-dollar testing system that was devised in the nineteen-sixties by the Air Force Weapons Laboratory and was operated under contract with the Air Force Space and Missile Systems Organization primarily by the Boeing Company, of Seattle, in order to simulate the pulses of radiant energy accompanying nuclear explosions and to determine the effects of the electric fields of those pulses on the warheads and guidance-and-control systems of the nation's thousand-odd Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles in underground silos. In spite of the fact that little was known about the biological effects of chronic exposure to pulsed electric fields, Boeing and the Air Force conducted extensive EMP tests on missile sites between the autumn of 1968 and June of 1972, using ground-based pulse generators as well as huge airborne pulsers (called big zappers by the men who worked with them), which were carried aloft by Army H-47 Chinook helicopters. As early as 1971, Boeing was aware that there had been two cases of leukemia and one case of skin cancer—all three occurring in men in their thirties or forties—among a group of seventeen technicians who had been conducting EMP tests at missile sites near the towns of Brady and Cascade, in Montana. In April of 1972, however, Boeing filed a petition with the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration requesting promulgation of a standard for exposure to EMPs which would be identical to one the Air Force had proposed several months earlier—an exposure level fifty to a hundred times as high as the level employed by the company. The petition informed the administration that "such action, if approved, will permit Boeing and other private employers to continue to support programs vital to the national security without having to individually establish the propriety of their activities with regard to fulfillment of their duty under Section 5 (a) (1) of Public Law 91-596." Public Law 91-596 is the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, and Section 5 (a) (1) requires each employer to furnish his employees with "employment and a place of employment which are free from recognized hazards that are causing or are likely to cause death or serious physical harm to his employees." After more

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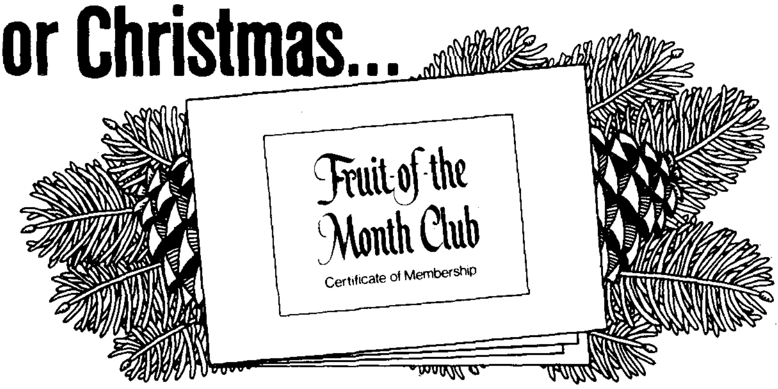

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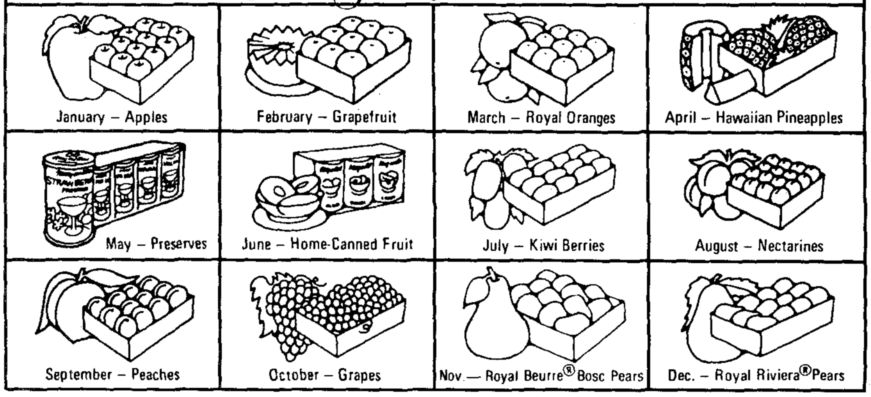

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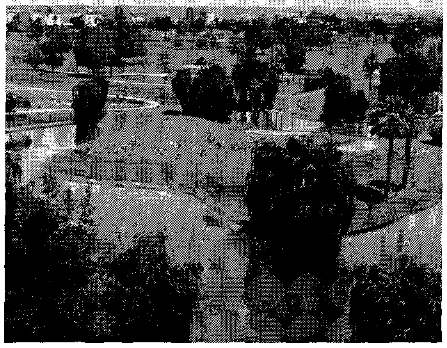

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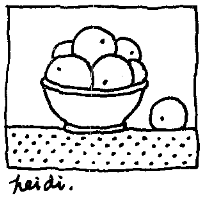
than three years had passed, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration—which was advised in the matter by representatives of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) and by the members of the American National Standards Institute subcommittee that had been set up to determine safe levels of human exposure to electromagnetic radiation—turned down the Boeing petition, on the grounds that "the need for a standard regulating employee exposure to EMPs has not been shown" and that "the scientific information necessary for the development of a standard currently does not exist."



Meanwhile, two more cases of cancer had occurred among people who had been exposed to EMPs at missile sites in Montana. An Air Force safety officer in the EMP program, who had been stationed at Malmstrom Air Force Base, in Great Falls, had developed leukemia and died of it, and a twenty-nine-year-old guard employed by Boeing at one of the sites had developed bladder cancer. Moreover, a family of four who lived on a ranch close to a missile site where EMP tests were conducted had developed a variety of complaints that provide an eerie echo of the symptoms first reported by the Russians in their early examinations of workers exposed to the emanations of radar and other electromagnetic devices. The family's complaints include loss of hearing, loss of memory, loss of hair, loss of appetite and weight, premature aging, low blood pressure, blood disorders, blurred vision, thyroid problems, dizziness, fatigue, and headaches. These people have made claims against the Air Force for damages. In addition, two of the cancer cases are scheduled for hearings in Workmen's Compensation Court.

Another example of how the military-industrial complex has used national security to thwart inquiry into the biological effects of electromagnetic radiation occurred at a Philco-Ford Corporation plant in Philadelphia, where during the late nineteen-sixties two men in their thirties, who had been among a group of twenty-three technicians testing microwave-generating equipment for a highly classified Army operation called Project Tempest, developed brain tumors. In December of 1970, officials of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources, who had learned of the brain tumors by chance, visited the plant and tried to investigate the situation, but were told by a Philco-Ford supervisor that no information about Project Tempest could be given out unless security clearances were obtained through proper channels. Describing this encounter in a report a few days later, Dr. Shiro Tanaka, the chief of the department's Plant Health Services Section, wrote, "I felt something like touching an unidentified object through ten layers of thick blanket." Dr. Tanaka pointed out in a subsequent report that the male death rate from brain tumors in Pennsylvania was three and a half for every hundred thousand men in the population, and that two cases in a group of twenty-three was "almost twenty-five hundred times as many as expected." In March of 1971, a story in *Medical World News* said that the equipment the twenty-three technicians had been working with "appears to be an electronic detection system ordered by the National Security Agency, which monitors worldwide communications." The article quoted Edward J. Baier, who was then director of the Pennsylvania department's Division of Occupational Health, as saying that the entire matter had been placed under heavy security. It also quoted officials of Philco-Ford as insisting that radiation was no problem in the plant; that the two cases of brain tumor were no more than a "statistical curiosity;" and that fears among electronics workers were caused by rumors.

Since then, almost no information has been made public concerning Project Tempest or the health experience of the men who worked on it. It is known, however, that during the nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies Philco-Ford manufactured components of the Integrated Wide-Band Communications System, which consisted of immensely powerful, two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-watt microwave transmitters, powerful amplifier tubes, thirty-yard-wide receiver antennas, and a variety of multiplexing gear for sorting out signals on various channels. It is also known that the National Security Agency has deployed this system in many countries around the world, in order to detect, record, and send back to the United States telecommunications and radar signals transmitted by Communist nations. Moreover, it has come to light that during an eleven-month period in 1967 and 1968 three men in their forties and fifties who were members

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of a group of about twenty technicians engaged in setting up IWCS microwave-generating equipment on the border between Thailand and Laos and Cambodia dropped dead of coronary attacks.

Still another example of how the military-industrial complex has managed to ignore the hazards of electromagnetic radiation occurred at the Naval Air Station at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, where three civilian employees among a group of eight technicians who were engaged in the overhaul and repair of Tactical Airborne Navigation equipment (known as TACAN), which is similar to radar in operation, either have developed cancer or have died of it since 1970. One of these men died of lung cancer in 1970; another died of cancer of the pancreas, lungs, and liver in 1973; and the third man, who left the Naval Air Station in 1973 to work on TACAN for the Federal Aviation Agency, has been found to have cancer of the pancreas, lungs, and liver. The fact that the man who died of cancer of the pancreas was only thirty-one years old, and the fact that the man who is ill with the disease is only thirty-five, is highly unusual, for ninety-nine per cent of all reported cases of pancreatic cancer occur in people over forty, and most of them occur in people in their fifties and sixties. But the fact that these two men worked side by side at a test bench at the Quonset Naval Air Station for several years is severely disturbing, for it is believed that no two cases of pancreatic cancer occurring among men working in such close proximity have ever been reported before. Equally disturbing is the way this situation is being handled by the Navy and by NIOSH. After learning of the two cases of pancreatic cancer, in the autumn of 1975, the NIOSH people in New England made a survey of the problem in their area and recommended in a report dated January 13th of this year that an "aggressive study" be undertaken of the hazards of occupational exposure to microwave energy. The report also says that the Department of Defense "is very interested in pursuing a study with NIOSH in order to determine the extent of microwave energy contribution to pancreatic cancer," and goes on to recommend that future microwave surveys at military installations be coördinated with officials of the Department of Defense.

Just what such coördination might entail became clear at a two-hour meeting on August 12th of this year at the headquarters of the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, in Washington. According to a bureau report dated August 17th, this meeting was held to discuss "alleged carcinogenesis resulting from exposure to microwave radiation," and was attended by six officers from the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, three of whom were physicians; the physician in charge of the Electromagnetic Radiation Project Office of the Naval Medical Research and Development Command; three officials from NIOSH; a statistician from the National Academy of Sciences' National Research Council; and a Navy lieutenant commander representing the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy. The report goes on to say that searches of the medical literature undertaken by two of the conferees show "no prior evidence that microwave exposure is related to development of cancer." The next paragraph of the report reads:

> At the heart of the TACAN instrument is a klystron tube which not only produces microwave radiation but also ionizing radiation in the form of X-rays. Considerable shielding and other safety devices make X-irradiation of users negligible and microwave radiation is below maximum permissible levels. Should the shields be removed and the instrument energized during a repair procedure, exposure to X-rays would be possible. The F.A.A. prohibits such practice. The work procedures at [the Naval Air Station at] Quonset Point are not known at this point.

According to the report, the conferees ended the meeting by agreeing that "NIOSH would alert the Navy of any F.A.A. decision" in the case of the former civilian employee of the Navy who is suffering from pancreatic cancer; that NIOSH would obtain a detailed description from this man of his work practices while he was employed by the Navy and by the F.A.A.; that the Navy would "endeavor to identify TACAN repairmen at all Navy Air Rework Facilities," and to obtain information on deaths among civilian workers at all Navy Air Rework Facilities; that representatives of the Navy's Environmental Health Center and NIOSH would tour all such facilities "to measure microwave/X-ray levels and observe work practices of those exposed to microwave/X-ray, including TACAN repairmen;" and that this would be done in a way "to avoid alarming TACAN workers unduly."

Judith Shahn

It is not clear why the work practices at the Quonset Naval Air Station are unknown to the Navy, let alone why NIOSH should be called on to obtain a detailed description of them. It is known, however, that the patient in question gave an account of these work practices to representatives of NIOSH back in November of 1975, which included the information that he and his fellow-employees at the Naval Air Station often worked on unshielded TACAN power tubes; that the Navy shipped these tubes in packages containing no warning that they could emit X-rays; but that TACAN power tubes packaged and shipped by the F.A.A. did contain such warnings. It is also known that as early as August of 1960, at the fourth and final Tri-Service conference on the biological effects of microwave radiation, Colonel George M. Knauf, the conference chairman, had told an audience that included high-ranking officials from the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force and representatives from some of the largest electronics companies in the nation that there was a "vitally important problem of X-ray exposure" in the operation of high-power tubes used in radar, and that "a recent unfortunate accident has again emphasized the need to keep this area of personnel risk in the foreground in our programs of personnel instruction." This accident involved several technicians at a General Electric Company test facility near Lockport, New York, who were irradiated with X-rays generated by the klystron tube of a radar that G.E. was developing under contract to the Air Force.

Starting in the nineteen-sixties, manuals issued to Navy personnel contained warnings that high-voltage tubes used in radar could also produce X-rays, but whether the Navy has any real intention of protecting its personnel and its civilian employees from the hazards of microwaves, X-rays, and other electromagnetic radiation seems somewhat doubtful when one considers a Bureau of Medicine and Surgery instruction sent on March 28, 1974, to all Navy ships and stations having medical personnel. The instruction announced that henceforth the bureau's Radiation Effects Advisory Board would act as a consultant to the Surgeon General in the evaluation of "alleged or true radiation exposure to personnel injury involving claims against the government." It further ordered that "no local authority shall make any statement or release any in-

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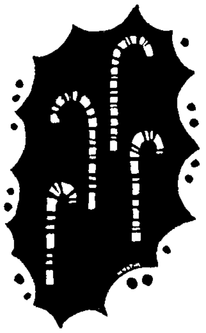
formation regarding the evaluation of radiation or radioactive contamination-related injuries, actual or alleged, without consulting the Radiation Effects Advisory Board." The reason given for the order provides a classic example of the motives of the military-industrial complex in suppressing information about the health hazards of electromagnetic radiation:

> *In the past*, responsible medical department personnel have made statements or signed certificates which indicated a causal relationship between radiation exposures and physical defects that could not be substantiated by existing facts or documents. This has led to unwarranted public and employee concern and apprehension. Merely including radiation exposure information in association with personnel injury or illness may be misconstrued by a patient or the public as indicating causal relationship. The resulting public apprehension could seriously jeopardize the military and civilian nuclear power programs. Therefore, in all illnesses or injuries allegedly associated with radiation, the significance of any radiation exposure shall be carefully evaluated and documented.

WHAT the government has done all along, of course, is to extend the presumption of innocence to low-intensity microwave radiation even as it was supposed to be encouraging an intensive investigation of the biological effects of such radiation. This situation has created a strange and often uncomfortable climate for members of the medical and scientific community who have been given government funds to study the problem. It has, for example, created a climate in which, over nearly a decade, a number of leading microwave scientists have received government research money to investigate the biological effects of low-level microwave radiation even though during this entire period they have publicly disparaged the possibility that such effects might exist. It has created a climate in which it has been possible for Colonel Appleton, chief of ophthalmology service at the Walter Reed General Hospital, to testify in behalf of a microwave-oven manufacturer in a court case involving the alleged development of microwave cataracts. It has created a climate in which the Bureau of Radiological Health is only just now getting around to proposing performance standards for the fifteen-thousand-odd microwave-diathermy devices that are used to treat some two million Americans each year, even though the bureau has known for seven years that radiation from such devices could cause cataracts, and even though it has known for two and a half years that pregnant women are not allowed to be occupationally exposed to microwaves in Poland, because five cases of birth defects have been known to occur as a result of microwave-diathermy treatments. It has created a climate in which the Occupational Safety and Health Administration not only lacks proper and sufficient equipment to measure radiation being emitted by thousands upon thousands of microwave and radio-frequency heating devices used in industry but has even thrown up its hands over the problem to the extent of declaring that employers have "the primary responsibility for determining the level of risk to workers exposed to microwaves." It has created a climate in which—except for a study recently undertaken by the National Academy of Sciences to compare the health and death records of twenty thousand Korean war veterans who were exposed to radar with the records of twenty thousand veterans who were not exposed—not a single epidemiological investigation similar to the investigation undertaken in the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries has ever been conducted in the United States to determine the long-term health experience of hundreds of thousands of civilian and military radar technicians, microwave workers, and microwave-appliance makers, as well as television, radio, and other communications personnel, all of whom are occupationally exposed to microwave radiation. And, finally, it has brought about a situation in which man, for the first time in his evolutionary history, has been subjecting himself to levels of microwave and radio-frequency radiation that are millions of times as high as those occurring naturally in the biosphere, and doing so without having any idea how such radiation may affect him, let alone how it may affect future generations.



To be sure, the fact that the military-industrial complex has gone to extraordinary lengths for nearly twenty years to stifle inquiry that might turn up evidence of health hazards from exposure to low-level microwave radiation does not in itself provide evidence that chronic exposure to such radiation is biologically harmful. It does, however, suggest that there are a lot of people in this country with power and money who are sufficiently caught up in considerations of national security and corporate profit to be in no great hurry to find out about the matter one way or the other. Indeed, the reason the military and the electronics industry are in close coöperation over what to make public about the health effects of microwaves is nowhere more clearly stated than in a report entitled "Biological Effects of Electromagnetic Radiation (Radiowaves and Microwaves)—Eurasian Communist Countries," which was prepared for the Defense Intelligence Agency by the Army Medical Intelligence and Information Agency. This report was issued in March of this year as a classified document containing "recommended reading material for those consumers who have an interest in the application of microwave energy to weapons;" however, most of its contents were declassified in November, after Barton Reppert wrote letters to the Pentagon requesting that it be made public under the Freedom of Information Act. After acknowledging in a summary section that microwave exposure standards in Communist countries "remain much more stringent than those of the West," the report warns, "If the more advanced nations of the West are strict in the enforcement of stringent exposure standards, there could be unfavorable effects on industrial output and military functions." It then goes on to present the rationale that "the Eurasian Communist countries could, on the other hand, give lip service to strict standards, but allow their military to operate without restriction and thereby gain the advantage in electronic warfare techniques and the development of anti-personnel applications."

The rest of the document is a compendium of obviously deliberate but unintentionally comic contradiction, misinterpretation, and omission. The first page of the summary says, for example, that "Eurasian Communist countries are actively involved in evaluation of the biological significance of radiowaves and microwaves," while the next states, "No significant research and development has been identified that could be related to work in this field in the People's Republic of China, North Korea, and North Vietnam." Further, the entire middle section of the report, which is entitled "Biological Significance of Radiowaves and Microwaves," turns out to be little more than a general review of well-known studies conducted by scientists in the Communist countries between 1968 and 1975. Most of these studies have been published in the medical literature of these countries in support of the strict standards of exposure to microwave radiation enforced in them; they have been presented and discussed at a number of internationally attended scientific meetings; and until recently many of them were either dismissed or discounted by a great majority of the scientists in the United States who were investigating the biological effects of microwaves. However, it is in the final paragraph of a section entitled "Trends, Conclusions, and Forecast" that the authors of the report achieve their most significant omission, for in their zeal to expose the machinations of the "Eurasian Communist investigators" they manage to avoid any mention of the fact that virtually all the work whose usurpation by the Communists they are suggesting, and whose potentially disastrous consequences they are describing, was originally conducted by Allan Frey, published in the medical literature in the United States, and financed by the Office of Naval Research. The paragraph reads:

> No Eurasian Communist research activity has been identified which can be clearly or directly related to any military offensive weapons program. However, Soviet scientists are fully aware of the biological effects of low-level microwave radiation which might have offensive weapons application. Their internal sound perception research has great potential for development into a system for disorienting or disrupting the behavior patterns of military or diplomatic personnel; it could be used equally well as an interrogation tool. The Soviets have also studied the psychophysiological and metabolic changes and the alterations of brain function resulting from exposure to mixed frequencies of electromagnetic radiation. One physiological effect which has been demonstrated is heart seizure. This has been accomplished experimentally in frogs by synchronizing a pulsed ultrahigh frequency microwave signal of low-average power density with the depolarization of the myocardium and beaming the signal at the thoracic area. A frequency probably could be found which would provide sufficient penetration of the chest wall of humans to accomplish the same effect. Another possibility is alteration of the permeability of the blood-brain barrier. This could allow neurotoxins in the blood to cross. As a result, an individual could develop severe neuropathological symptoms and either die or become seriously impaired neurologically.

No one knows to whom the authors of the next Defense Intelligence Agency report on radio waves and microwaves will attribute the most recent experiment conducted by Frey, let alone how dire they will imagine its consequences to be, for during the past year he has found that pairs of caged

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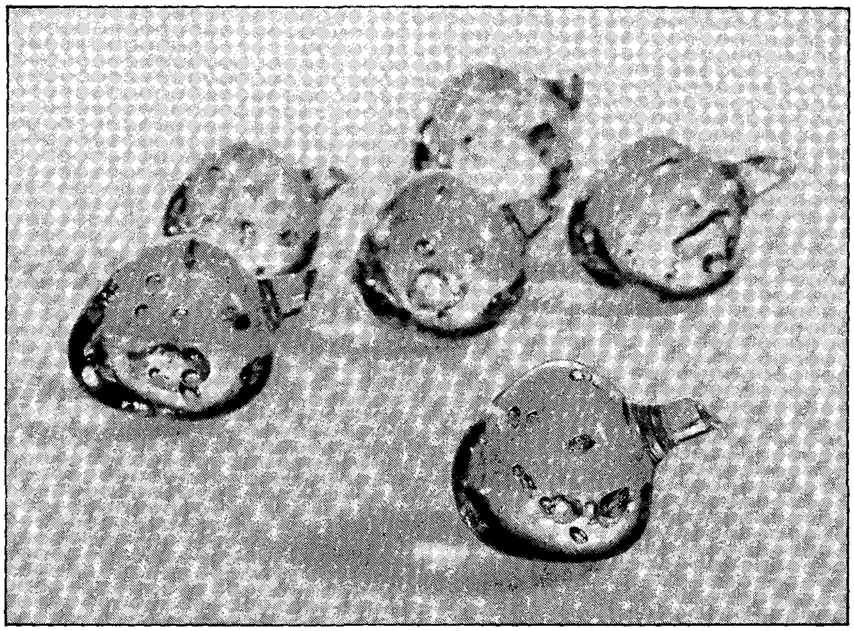

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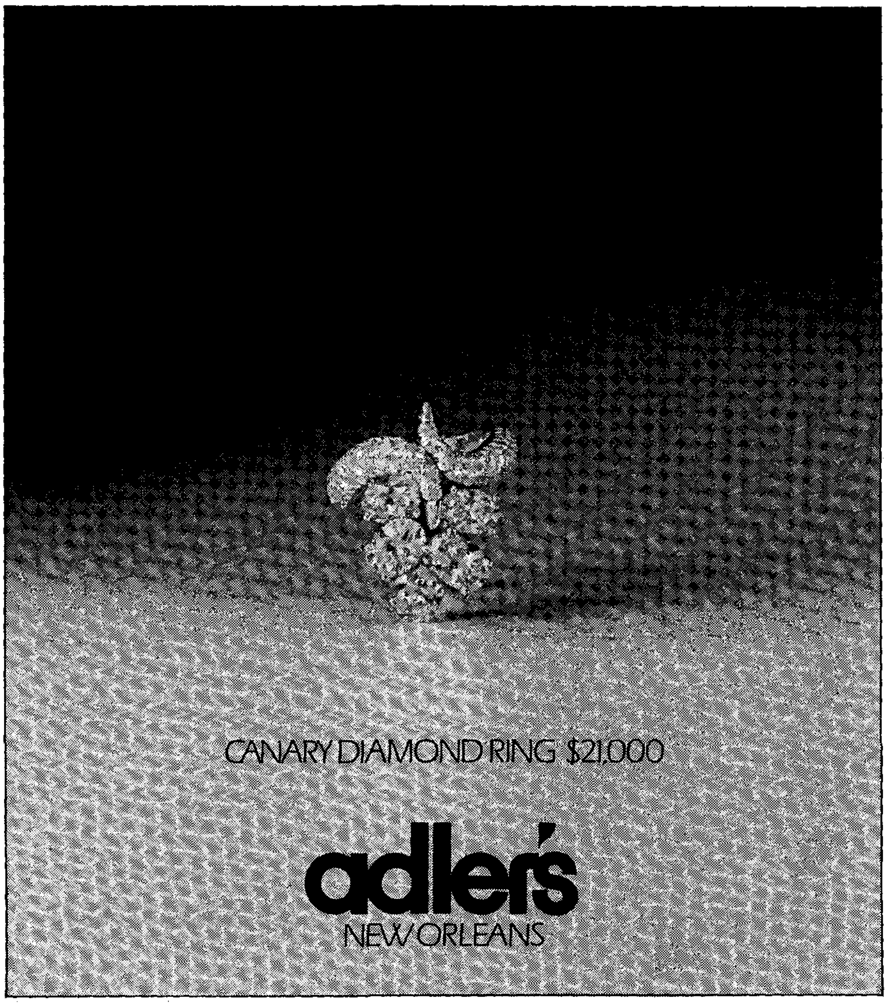
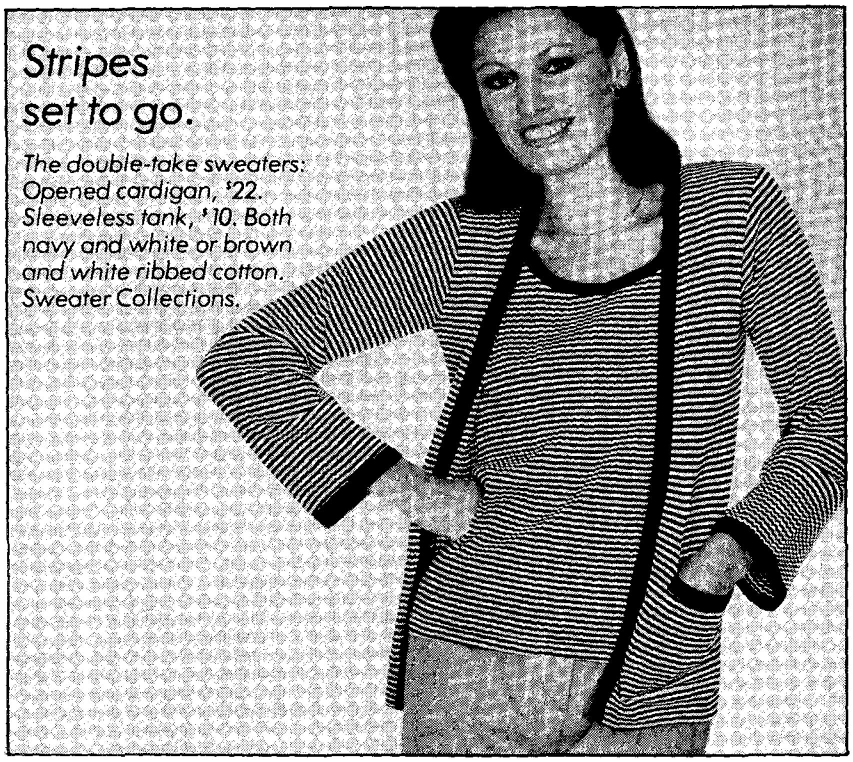


male rats, which are accustomed to fight viciously when their tails are pinched, accept pinching of their tails with relative passivity when they are being irradiated with pulsed microwaves in the ultrahigh-frequency television range at a power density of one milliwatt per square centimetre. However, none of this should be taken to mean that the Russians may *not* be up to no good with their use of microwave and radio-frequency radiation. A report published in the New York *Times* on October 30th of this year revealed that in recent months a mysterious broadband, shortwave radio signal has been broadcast intermittently from the Soviet Union. The signal is so powerful that it has disrupted radio and telecommunications throughout the world, but despite complaints from other countries, from the Federal Communications Commission, and from the International Telecommunications Union, the Soviet transmissions have continued. Dr. Zaret is concerned about the signal not because of its interference with radio and telecommunications but because of its potential for being hazardous to human beings. "This broadband signal is being pulsed at an on-off rate of ten times per second," he said the other day. "When I analyzed the Soviet literature for Project Pandora back in the nineteen-sixties, it was very clear that such an encoding impressed onto carrier wavelengths could have a central-nervous-system effect. In the case of the present signal, I would not be surprised to find that the on-off code at a repetition rate of ten per second could have an effect on the brain's inherent alpha rhythm. So whatever purpose the Russians may have for continuing this transmission, the potential effect in human beings from altering their alpha rhythm cannot be discounted. The Soviets should not be permitted to pollute our atmosphere with this signal any more than they should be permitted to continue irradiating our embassy in Moscow."

THE trouble with a policy such as the one implemented by the military-industrial complex regarding the health effects of microwave radiation—a policy based on suppressing and delaying the emergence of data—is that it cannot always be adjusted to conceal the haphazard revelations that are bound to occur from time to time. This proved to be the case again and again during the Watergate affair—most notably when a chance question revealed the existence of the Presidential tapes—and it may prove to be the case with the recent attempt of the State Department to assuage the anxiety of its employees in Moscow by claiming that the window screens it ordered installed at the Embassy had reduced the power level of microwave radiation there from a maximum of eighteen microwatts per square centimetre to less than one. If this claim is true, it places the government of the United States in the untenable position of having taken measures to protect the health of a few hundred people living in Moscow from levels of microwave radiation to which, as it has good reason to suspect, millions upon millions of American men, women, and children are being exposed every day.

Ironically, one of the few assessments of the extent of this exposure comes from the Raytheon Company, whose wholly owned subsidiary Amana Refrigeration is the largest manufacturer of microwave ovens in the world. Back in 1973, the Raytheon research division, upset by Consumers Union's blanket "Not Recommended" edict on microwave ovens, asked one of its microwave experts, John Osepchuk, to look into the situation and, if possible, to come up with a way of countering the adverse publicity. Osepchuk produced a study entitled "Radiation Hazards of Television Broadcasting to the General Population and Comparison with Microwave Oven Hazards." Documenting his study from official government reports, Osepchuk found that, according to the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy, the thousand-odd television stations in the United States "are located in the centers of population and therefore are of prime concern as sources of biological hazard due to 'electromagnetic pollution.' " He then compared the total radiated power and energy of these television transmitters with the total radiated power and energy that would be put out by a million microwave ovens operating for half an hour a day, and determined that "the television broadcast industry irradiates the country and its population by a factor of more than forty thousand greater than the radiation due to microwave ovens."

Later in his study, Osepchuk quoted the Federal Communications Commission as saying that it had issued no regulations governing television-broadcast radiation, "because the health hazard from such radiations has not been defined, and because the equipment over which it has tolerated to be constructed and operated in such a manner that significant practical radiation hazards have not been known to



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exist." In a section of his study headed "Estimate of Television Broadcast Radiation in U.S. Homes," however, Osepchuk revealed that there is considerable evidence that a large part of the population may be subjected to levels of television radiation as high as one microwatt per square centimetre, and that a smaller, but still large, part of the population may be exposed to several milliwatts per square centimetre—"particularly those residing or working in high-level apartments or offices in cities." Osepchuk then referred to the 1973 Office of Telecommunications Policy annual report, which states that "levels of two milliwatts per square centimetre or higher in nearby high structures" will exist in cities near television transmitters. He also disclosed that it had long been known in government circles that microwave radiation generated at television frequencies could penetrate deeply into the body and affect the central nervous system.

Although Osepchuk's study was never formally published or distributed by Raytheon, a measure of the anxiety in government circles over the amount of microwave radiation in urban areas can be determined by the fact that the Environmental Protection Agency's Office of Radiation Programs has been hard at work for more than a year measuring the intensity of the radiation being emitted by television and radio transmitters in major cities across the United States. Using a specially built radiation-monitoring van, the E.P.A. people have already completed surveys in Miami, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, and Atlanta, and the metropolitan area of Washington, D.C. Few data from the program have been made public as yet, but the E.P.A.'s measurements of microwave-radiation levels in the nation's capital are consistently higher than those taken by the Bureau of Radiological Health in a similar survey five years ago.

Not surprisingly, Osepchuk concluded his report for Raytheon by observing that if low-level microwave radiation proved to be biologically harmful there would be a far greater hazard to the general population from television than from microwave ovens. As things turned out, he and his employers need not have worried, for, in spite of Consumers Union's non-recommendation (which was reaffirmed in June of this year) and in spite of the manufacturers' having been forced over the next few years to recall and repair thousands of microwave ovens that were discovered to be leaking radiation in excess of the five-milliwatt level, sales of the ovens have exceeded the most optimistic estimates of their makers. According to a recent article in the Sunday *Times*, which appeared under the headline "Microwave Sales Sizzle As the Scare Fades," more than eight hundred thousand microwave ovens, valued at three hundred and sixty million dollars, were sold in the United States in 1975—a year in which, for the first time in history, the sales of microwave ovens exceeded the sales of gas ranges. Whether microwave ovens, which are still allowed by federal regulations to leak as much as five milliwatts of radiation after purchase, are safe or not is obviously open to question, since no one knows what constitutes a safe level of exposure to microwave radiation, and since the average housewife cannot have the vaguest notion of how much or how little radiation her microwave oven may be leaking. The manufacturers of these appliances, for their part, continue to claim that it is perfectly safe to allow children to watch food cooking through the oven windows. Not so long ago, however, it was considered perfectly safe to allow children to study the bones of their feet in the viewing windows of fluoroscope machines in shoe stores all over the country.

Though almost no one believes that microwave radiation will turn out to have the same potent biological effects associated with X-rays and other ionizing radiation, the fact is that no one has the slightest idea what the long-term, low-level effects of microwaves will be. At any rate, if microwave radiation should turn out to have irreversible biological effects, it may well be too late to do much about it. Indeed, given the mass addiction to television, and the widespread use of microwaves in all manner of communication, it seems questionable whether today's society would even want to do much about it. It is entirely possible that, regardless of how bad the situation may turn out to be, microwave radiation might pose a hazard people will choose to tolerate and continue to live with. That this possibility exists, however, is hardly a reason for the public not to have been adequately informed about the potential danger posed by microwave radiation long before the radiation had pro-

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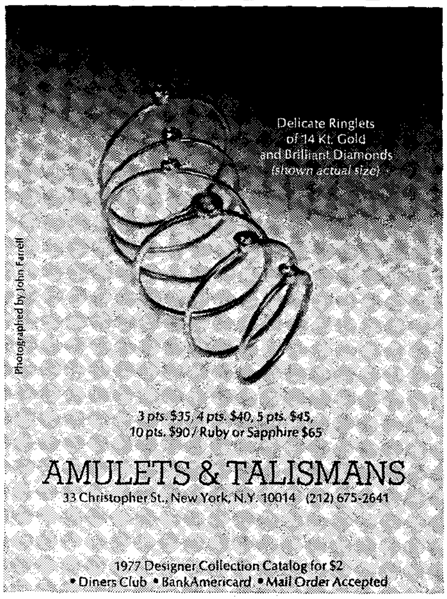
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Needless to say, in order for the public to be adequately informed about any technological hazard prior to its becoming pervasive—after which, of course, the people can merely cross their fingers and hope for the best—there has to be a free and enlightened scientific community, whose members are not only permitted but encouraged to think the unthinkable, if only in order to design a full range of experiments. This, of course, has not been the case with microwave radiation. Still, it is interesting to speculate about what might have happened if, instead of scorning mavericks like Zaret, laughing at pioneers like Frey, succumbing to the military's Cold War outlook, and worrying about possible misinterpretations by the press, the scientific community had undertaken to follow the Soviet lead and had seriously studied the biological effects of microwave radiation fifteen or twenty years ago, when the first disconcerting signs that something might be wrong appeared. It seems likely that at the very least such an endeavor might have prevented the government from placing itself in the position of perhaps having to install window screens for half the urban population. At best, it might have alerted the public long before now to assert its inalienable right to know, and to question the conspiracy of silence about the potential hazards of microwave radiation—a policy that the government was able to maintain for years on the very basis that the public, according to the parlance employed by military and intelligence people in matters deemed to involve security, had "no need to know." If this had been the case, it might not have been left to a handful of foreign-service officials and their wives to remind the nation that it is always eminently sensible to question government policy in any area that may affect the well-being of the people.

—PAUL BRODEUR

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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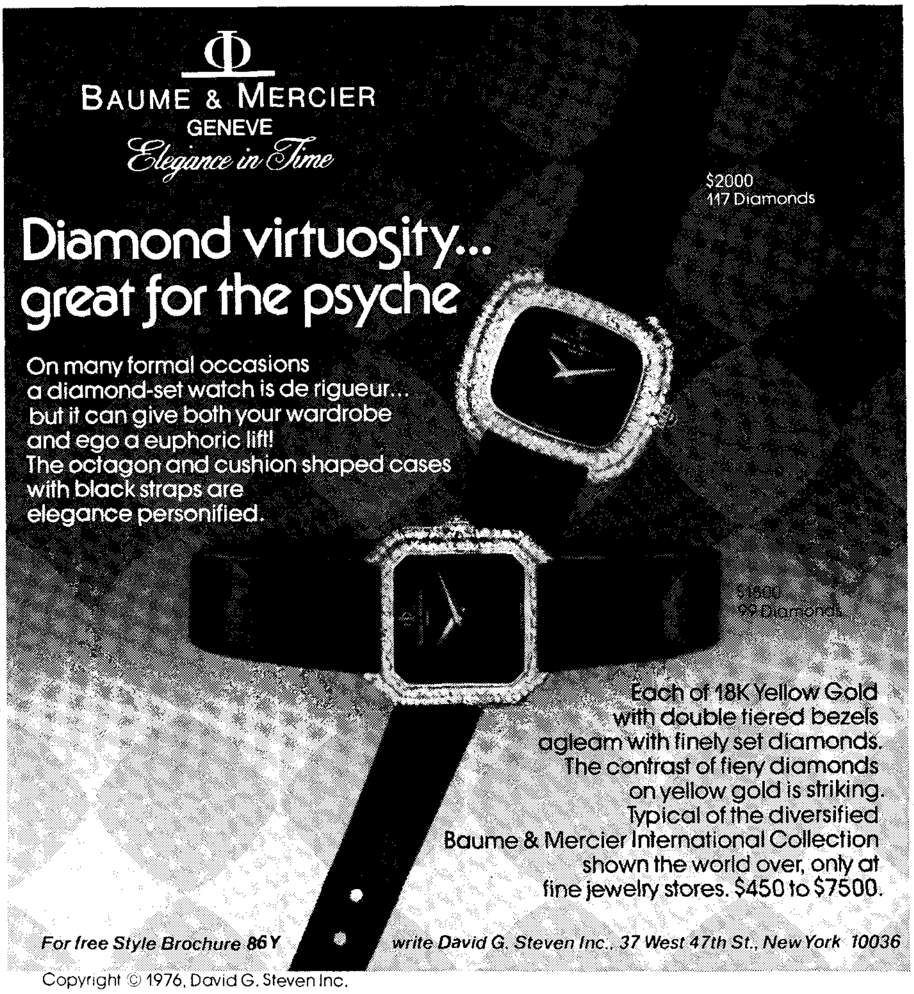
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THE THEATRE

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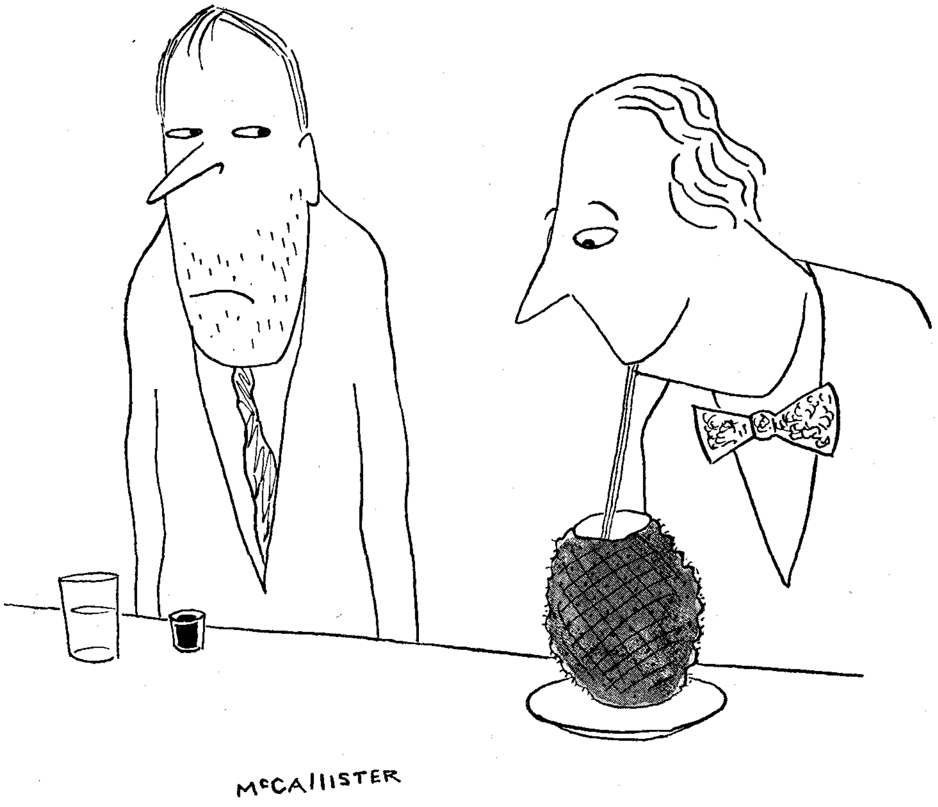
OFF BROADWAY

Charles Fuller's "The Brownsville Raid" opened last week at the de Lys, and its opening marks the tenth anniversary of the invaluable Negro Ensemble Company. The play (which I first saw as a staged reading, under Harold Scott's direction, at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Connecticut) is, as you must surely have heard by now, based on an actual historical episode. In August, 1906, several companies of crack, experienced black troops stationed in Brownsville, Texas, were accused of shooting up the town, killing one man and raping a woman. Although the evidence was so flimsy as to be almost nonexistent (the evidence against the soldiers, that is; there was plenty of evidence of a frameup by the townspeople, who wanted the Negroes out of there, because they were bad for business), all the members of three companies were dishonorably discharged, by order of President Theodore Roosevelt, after an official investigation but without a trial. So much for history. Most of the action of "The Brownsville Raid" takes place in the barracks of one company, with additional scenes in the quarters of its black sergeant, Mingo Saunders; in the office of its white captain; and in Roosevelt's office in Washington. The script, although documentary in form, escapes most of the pitfalls of fact-as-fiction. (No script, no matter how well done, escapes *all* of them for me.) The vitality of the play is in the barracks, and so little is known today about the enlisted men that they are, to all intents, madeup characters. At first, as they go about their military routines, they seem almost anonymous, but so skillfully has Mr. Fuller delineated them that at the end, when each soldier is stripped of his rifle and insignia, while drums are ruffled and an orderly at attention reads to the audience a résumé of what happened to the man in later life, we know all of them pretty well.

The small personal dramas within the large one provide the conflicts and the mystery. The play starts at night, to the sound of gunfire. We dimly see a soldier enter and sneak into his cot. He is Private Holliman, gambler, to whom every man in the unit owes money. Where has he been, and with whom? Sergeant Saunders must handle not only his men but his wife, Dolly, a devoted, superstitious woman who sees nothing but doom in some rags she uses as auspices, and who becomes so terrified that she temporarily leaves the post. A middle-aged private, a veteran of many campaigns and a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, is worried about his beloved wife, who is alone and scared in the town; when he hears that she has been beaten up, he goes almost mad with grief and rage. (This scene, as played by Bill Cobbs, is the high point of the evening; it is rare indeed to see masculine emotion so powerfully acted.) The white captain, who has been passed over many times for promotion, is annoyed when he hears that Army investigators are being sent down from Washington, and becomes furious at the offhand contempt with which he is treated, first by a major brandishing a swagger stick (with a bit too much relish) and later by a general, who tells him that of course he is going to be court-martialled. How subtly the three white officers, each of whom sees himself as free of race prejudice, show their prejudice! With one exception, Mr. Fuller's white characters are as interesting and as free of stereotype as his black ones. The exception is Theodore Roosevelt, who (as written; he is played well enough) is a cardboard figure out of a historical pageant. But "The Brownsville Raid" is no pageant; it is a tragedy, and its pivot is Sergeant Mingo Saunders, whose faith in the Army, after twenty-six years of service, and in the Army's obligation to protect its men, as he protects and rallies and bosses the handful of soldiers under him, is betrayed and totally shattered.

If "The Brownsville Raid" is a success as a play, its production is rather less so, for its small scenes lack the subterranean pressure and the mounting tension and anger and bewilderment that should give coherence and shape to the whole. Bill Cobbs' performance is, as I've said, of extraordinary strength; the rest of the acting is well up to N.E.C. standards. Douglas Turner Ward, playwright and artistic director of the company, is Sergeant Saunders; Graham Brown is Emmett Scott, emissary of mercy from Booker T. Washington to President Roosevelt; Ethel Ayler is Dolly Saunders; and Adolph Caesar, Charles Weldon, Samm-Art Williams, Lawrence Keith, Charles Brown, Frank Hamilton, and Arthur French are among the military complement on hand. Israel Hicks directed. The set is by Neil Peter Jampolis, the costumes by Mary Mease Warren, the lighting by Sandra L. Ross. —Edith Oliver



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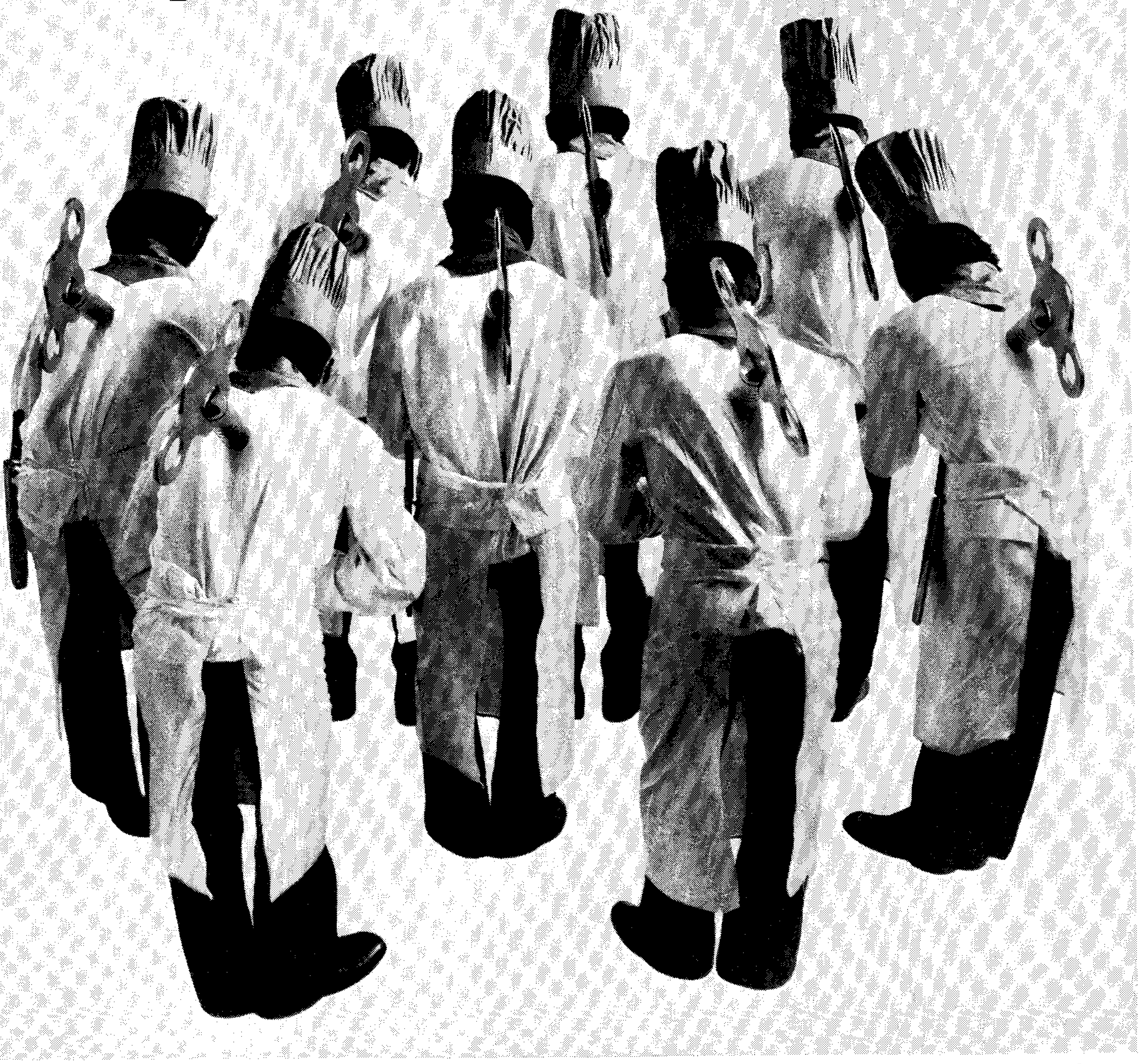

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

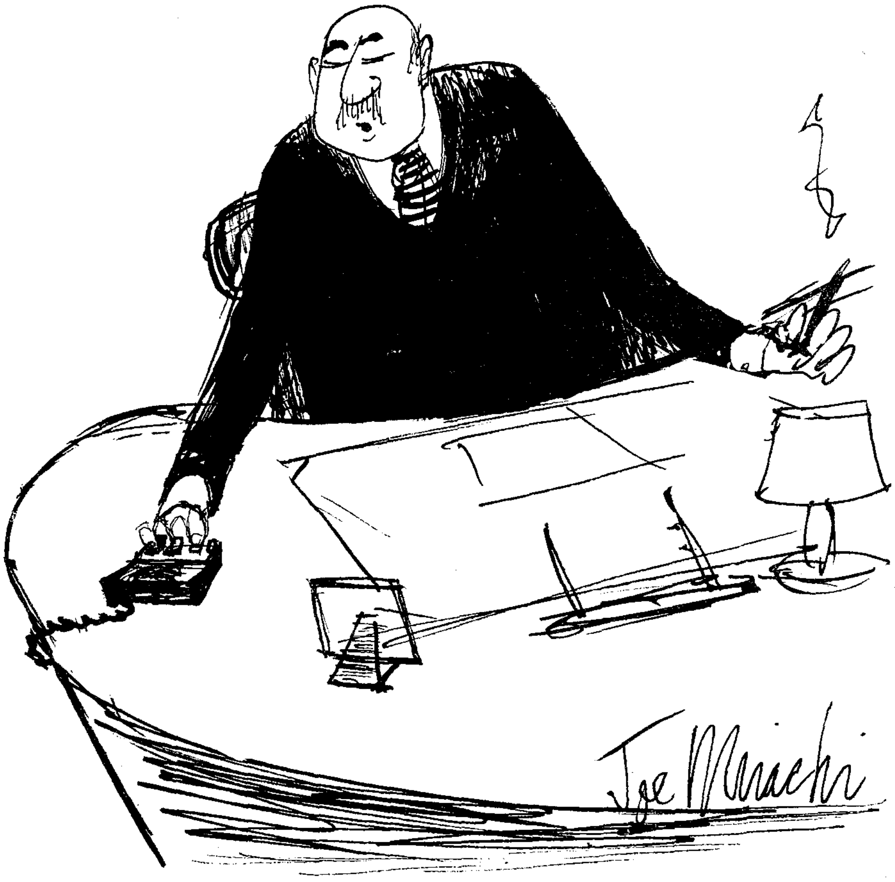
THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

OUR chaotic abundance is making it harder and harder to take pleasure in eating. The whole subject of food has become so fraught with problems—of health, weight, morality, economics—that it is enough to put one off one's feed just thinking about it. To get readers (not to say ourselves) into a more receptive state of mind—to induce a momentary fit of forgetfulness about additives, fatness, cancer of the colon, world hunger, the right to life of animals, and the price of chuck—we propose to preface our annual marketing expedition with the recollection of three memorable meals.

The first took place at an exalted French restaurant in New York (the equivalent of a three-star restaurant in France), in an austerely elegant dining room on the parlor floor of a brownstone—a room appointed with roses and candelabras and beautiful plain old damask and silver and crystal, hung with a faded ancient tapestry, and touched with the air of hushed strangeness one remembers from fairy tales about travellers who arrive at night at enchanted manor houses where anything can happen. Waiters of exquisite courtesy and affability brought apéritifs and good bread and butter and a menu of such dazzling inventiveness that it would almost have been enough, we felt, to read it and go home. The first taste of the first course—a fish mousse in a sauce with a crayfish garnish—produced a shock of recognition: we immediately knew that we were in the presence of culinary art on the highest level, that what we were eating (if one can use such a gross word in relation to such a rarefied dish) was something we could not in a thousand years, with all possible expenditures of effort, and for all of Julia's teachings, re-create at home. In the gossamer delicacy of its texture, the suave resonance of its collective flavor, the mellifluous antiphony of its related parts, the dish stood to normal "gourmet" cooking as the voice of Pavarotti stands to the singer in the shower, a Poiret dress to a Simplicity pattern, "The Golden Bowl" to a story in *Seventeen.* We ate the mousse very slowly, between sips of Chablis, our pleasure mixed with awe. The entrée that followed—deliberately chosen for its contrasting lack of refinement—was a nicely roasted squab pigeon served with an unctuous brown sauce that had begun life as a bunch of bones simmering for ten or fifteen hours in a big pot of water and had developed, through slow, classical stages of enrichment and reduction, into its final mature intensity. With the bird, we ate green peas cooked in broth and butter with bits of salt pork, and sautéed potato ovals, and we drank the good-*enough* claret beyond which one cannot go in restaurants without feeling utterly depraved, even when one has saved up for an expense-be-damned feast such as ours. (An Haut-Brion wouldn't have been bad with that bird.) Dessert was something creamy and praline-permeated, and was followed by good café filtre. But the food had been only one element in a kind of *Gesamtkunstwerk* of intellectual, aesthetic, social, gastronomic, and even sartorial delights that the management had worked up and seamlessly orchestrated (the other diners, obviously planted, looked like characters from Proust), and the staggering bill we received seemed fair. When we got up to leave, we were amazed to find that it was midnight, and we marvelled even more at our sense of physical well-being, as if we had been jogging or eating cottage cheese.

The second meal took place at a no-star outdoor restaurant in the South of France—a place so unprepossessing that the grapes which hung in clusters from an arbor erected over the plastic-covered tables themselves looked plastic. Nor did things get off to a good start. We sat, with numerous other restive diners *manqués*, at half-set tables, trying, with ever diminishing hope, to attract the attention of the single I'm-not-your-waiter, who was abstractedly chatting with the bartender. He finally roused himself to distribute menus and take orders, but with such languor that we knew nothing would come of it. Suddenly, as if by prearranged signal, waiters and waitresses appeared from all directions, bearing loaves of bread and glasses and bottles of wine and heaped platters. Within a minute, everyone was eating and drinking and talking and laughing, and the place was transformed, its uncomfortable English-tearoom chill entirely dispelled and replaced by Bruegel-festival warmth and boisterousness. Our table now was crammed with bread and wine and the bounty of the first course: a basket filled with radishes and scallions of moving beauty had been set in the middle, and at each place a half melon, accompanied by Bayonne ham, had appeared, together with a kind of Jewish-mother's afterthought of sausage in pastry. (The melon was of incandescent sweetness; never before or since have we tasted its like.) The main course was a coarse-grained Mediterranean fish served in a bowl of thick red garlic-and-saffron-flavored broth reminiscent of bouillabaisse, which we ate with bread and occasional bites of green beans and fried potatoes snitched from large communal platters that properly belonged to those of our companions who had opted for rabbit stew, the other possibility on the *prix-fixe* menu. Next, a Brie was paraded around the room and judiciously doled out; and, lastly, an enormous basket of the plastic-looking grapes was passed—grapes whose sweet juiciness had a tinge of the subtle sense of rot that underlies good claret but whose flesh was of a belying infant firmness. A demitasse of strong coffee and a thimbleful of marc ended the meal, whose beautiful amplitude and healthful balance of vegetables, fruits, fish, cheese, bread, and wine were a Demeter's feast celebrating nature's bounty and the arts of cultivation, and whose prefatory misery only heightened our sense of our good fortune.

The third meal was eaten in twenty-degree weather on a frozen ledge in a silent, snow-filled terrain where a group of cross-country hikers had stopped after blundering for miles in vain quest of some natural wonder, trudging through snowdrifts and scrambling up and down icy cliffs with numb, wet feet, faces aching with cold, and muscles whimpering for rest, long hours after lunchtime. We unwrapped a repast that had been hurriedly slapped together as just something to keep us going: ham sandwiches and a thermos of tea, the sandwiches bearing a daunting resemblance to the ones that are sold on trains, differing only in that ours had butter—but congealed butter. Nothing, consequently, prepared us for the almost mystical experience of pleasure that followed our first bite. Nothing had ever tasted so good in our whole lives as that awful ham sandwich. No bread had ever given forth such intense breadness as that stale Pepperidge Farm; no ham had ever had the succulence of that stingy slice of water-injected Armour; no butter had ever had the sweet ingratiation of that chill Land O Lakes; and the hot sugared Lipton similarly thrilled every sense and intensified our transcendent satisfaction. What had brought about this strange gastronomic phenomenon was, of course, our own hunger—the true hunger of a body that has exerted itself and demands compensation. Such hunger is simply not a part of the way we live today, and the pleasure we experienced in the frozen woods was mixed with the rueful realization that it would be a long time before we ate so well again.



"Memo to all vice-presidents, department heads, and division managers: 'Merry Christmas.' Memo to all other personnel: 'Ditto.'"

• •

WE turn now to one of the city's youngest culinary enterprises, called Maude's Pies, which adds a new dimension to what is often called "convenience food." Generally connoting something nasty, prepackaged, and cheap, the term here means something delicious, fresh, and expensive. You call Maude before ten in the morning (at PL 8-1258), and she will that day bake you a pie or a quiche and send it to your house before six in the evening. With a little more warning (a day or two's worth), she will bake you a loaf of white French bread the like of which you will not find anywhere else in the city—hard and crisp on the razor-slashed outside, light and fine-textured and soft within, and still warm from the oven when it arrives. The price is $2, which sounds like a lot of money for one loaf of bread, but isn't if you pass up dinner that night—which you are apt to do after falling on that bread. The pies—apple, lemon meringue, pumpkin, mince, pecan, coconut custard, lime, and (in season) blueberry, peach, and strawberry-and-rhubarb—are all $6, which includes the seventy-five cents that Maude pays the boy or girl who does the delivering and is summoned from a place called Project Return. (Deliveries made beyond walking distance of Maude's apartment, in the East Fifties, require an extra dollar for bus fare.) Maude, a former actress who was born Muriel but changed her name for obvious business reasons (*Muriel's* pies?), characterizes herself as "just a home cook." This is a good description; her productions are endowed with a true homemade character in that they have a quality—a kind of personableness—that is present in food prepared at home for a family and has a way of disappearing from food made for sale to strangers. (This quality of hominess may well vanish from Maude's cooking, too, as her enterprise, which has barely got off the ground, gets into full gear.) Maude's apple-pie filling is a pungent mixture of Rome apples and greenings, yellow raisins soaked in rum, walnuts, cinnamon, butter, and sugar, and her crust, made with butter, lard, flour, and sugar, is sweet and crunchy. There isn't much of the pastry; Maude has an aversion to crusts that grow soggy beneath the moist weight of their filling, and she gets around the problem by a piece of perverse logic: she rolls her dough out so thin that the bottom crust dissolves beneath the filling; i.e., it becomes so soggy that it ceases to exist and thus isn't soggy. (One gets a taste of crust from the sides and, in the case of the fruit pies, the tops, and it suffices.) Maude's lemon-meringue filling has an intense flavor of fresh lemon juice and zest of peel, and its consistency is equidistant between runny and glutinous; the meringue is nicely beiged, and the problem that this kind of pie is prone to—"weeping," or the seeping of the egg white into the crust—is nicely circumvented by Maude's precautionary attenuations. (The fact that she doesn't beat the egg whites much past the soft-peak stage may also have something to do with the meringue's cohesiveness.) The pumpkin pie is a mellow meld of canned pumpkin, cream, eggs, sugar, molasses, cinnamon, and nutmeg. The pecan pie is better the next day: its treacly gooeyness solidifies a bit, and the rum in it makes its alleviating presence felt, in a kind of comeback from an initial rout. Maude's quiche crusts are savory versions of her piecrusts. The spinach quiche ($8.50) is made of spinach, cream, eggs, and Swiss and Parmesan cheese, and has a pleasingly uncomplicated taste, the spinach retaining a green freshness and the custard set at a delicate firmness. The seafood quiche involves scallops, shrimps, and crabmeat, which Maude runs out to buy at the fish market after she hangs up the telephone. The filling here is a sauce, rather than a set custard, and it holds the poached and not overcooked shellfish in the sluggishly oozing embrace of a coquille St.-Jacques. This is $11, and to have it for lunch (five people recently divided a ten-inch pie and found it, accompanied by salad, more than sufficient; a little bit of this rich dish goes a long way) call a day ahead. Maude makes three kinds of cookies: thin butter wafers, pudgy chocolate-chips, and positively gross oatmeal-and-raisin cookies. The first kind taste as buttery and as pleasantly plain as they look; the second are as good a thing of their by now tired kind as one can find anywhere; and the third cause

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the hand that virtuously broke off a modest piece from the cookie's huge circumference to sheepishly steal out for the remainder. The cookies are $4 a pound. The single disappointment among Maude's things that we tried (and we have just about covered her repertoire) was a pâté of rubbery texture and unresolved flavor, which she herself judged to be a failure and has eliminated from her list; she is currently experimenting with a replacement.

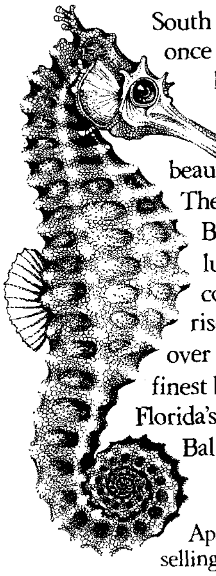
The home-cooked quality discussed above is entirely absent from the pâtés, salads, and entrées prepared by Les Trois Petits Cochons, 17 East 13th Street, an enterprise that was launched eighteen months ago by two young Frenchmen and an American. The Frenchmen have backgrounds in French restaurant cooking, and, indeed, the food sold here could be fairly characterized as a takeout equivalent of the food that hitherto has been the exclusive preserve of those wonderful unpretentious French restaurants, located mostly in the West Forties and Fifties, that serve authoritatively executed dishes of the *cuisine bourgeoise*. Les Trois Petits Cochons (now two; the American left) have already gained fame for their pâté—of which seven or eight permutations exist—and it is deserved. Their coarse-grained pâté de campagne, we think, has no parallel in town (with the possible exception of the rabbit pâté made by Molinari, over on Ninth Avenue at 52nd Street). This pâté has the intense, complicated flavorsomeness of many meats and many herbs that have been tactfully brought into self-reinforcing congress (rather than blended into an annihilating mush); it retains, in addition, more than a hint of the original inelegant idea of pâté as a way of making thrifty use of undesirable, not to say unmentionable, parts of animals. Surprisingly, it evokes recollection of a marjoram-flavored sausage admired by Czechs—a thing of crass deliciousness called *jitrnice* and made of liver, rice, and God knows what, which is available at the butchershop of S. Harant, 1363 First Avenue (73rd), for $1.20 a pound. The pâté de campagne is $6 a pound. A Cochon pâté whose top is covered with sliced apples cooked in sugar and calvados and arranged in the overlapping manner of a *tarte Normande* reminded us of all the debased, overliquored pâtés we have tasted, and only our Gilbertian sense of duty kept us from acting on our instinctive mistrust of such an outré combination. Duty, as it proved, saved us from missing a treat. The combination works: the pâté, a rich mixture of pork liver, pork, apples, and calvados, is enhanced by the occasional accompanying bite into the calvados-flavored fruit in the way that roast pork benefits from the taste of fried apples or applesauce; this pâté is $7 a pound. In contrast to these assertively flavored pâtés, the duck pâté seems bland, though its texture is good and its taste certainly not bad; $8 a pound. Among the prepared salads, we especially appreciated the green beans in vinaigrette, which are nothing like the flaccid gray beans this salad usually features but are softly crisp and green, having been blanched only to the point of unrawness; $3 a pound. The broccoli, cauliflower, ratatouille, and mussel-and-potato salads are similarly remarkable for their careful handling of the vegetables and for the good flavor of their several vinaigrettes, mayonnaises, and sauces. From the menu of hot entrées available on forty-eight hours' notice we selected a *poulet grandmère*, on the assumption that anything with "grandmother" in its name can't be bad, and is apt to be hearty and wholesome and delicious and brown. This time, our instinct did not mislead us. In the shallow foil container we picked up at the shop (deliveries are not offered) and later reheated in the oven we found joints of chicken cut up in the small French manner and mixed with chopped onions, mushrooms, sliced bacon, cubes of browned potatoes, and the anticipated brown sauce. We recommend this dish ($3.50 a portion), and other Cochon entrées we have sampled, with a warning and a qualification. The warning is to make sure the dish is really hot, not just heated, or it will have a warmed-over taste (and it is particularly imperative to bring the *grandmère* potatoes to a tongue-burning hotness and crispness if they are not to be distastefully sodden); and the qualification is to accept the fact that, no matter what you do, you cannot retrieve the élan the dish has lost by not being eaten directly after it was cooked. This is the price one has to pay (along with the monetary one) for preserving one's own élan by not having to spend all day in the kitchen cooking—a price often well worth paying. Also of note are the Cochons' interesting and choice selection of cheeses, their good French bread (sold in *boule* and *baguette* form, for sixty cents a loaf), their excellent fruit tarts ($1.50 each), with strawberries or apples (raspberries are sometimes available) elegantly placed in custard-

filled pastry cups of dense flakiness, and their *andouille*, a highly seasoned tripe sausage of incontrovertible authenticity but of debatable edibility ($6 a pound).

YET another culinary gestalt pervades the offerings of the Montana Palace, the three-year-old domain of a determined young woman named Naomi Schechter, who figured in our report of two years ago. As readers may recall, Naomi, the divorced wife of a rabbi and the mother of two small children, was then struggling to establish herself in the New York catering world with a menu that leaned heavily on ethnic influences and was oriented toward cooking of the meatless, whole-grain, "organic," protein-combination-aware persuasion brought to national attention by Frances Moore Lappé's "Diet for a Small Planet." Today, Naomi's struggles are over. She is the serene majesty of a flourishing multifaceted empire that, along with party catering, does a steady wholesale business with Bloomingdale's and Balducci's (among other plummy places), and deals with individuals at a retail shop at 239 East 9th Street. Surveying the prepared dishes on view at the retail shop, we took a certain wicked satisfaction in seeing that Naomi—like many of us who have valiantly tried to follow the vegetarian teachings of Lappé, and to grasp her inspiriting but confounding protein-bolstering strategies—has backslid, too. Vitello tonnato, chicken salad, and pâté are on unrepentant view in the case, and even the meatless dishes have an air of party-food self-indulgence rather than of health-food self-denial. (A wonderful spinach roulade filled with cream sauce and mushrooms is an egregious example, and poached salmon with dill mayonnaise is another.) When Naomi greeted us at her splendid new kitchen, a few doors down from the retail shop, we saw that she was still skinny as a rail, and when we tasted the lunch she set before us (she herself munched on lox and a bagel), we perceived, too, that her cooking, if less "healthy" than before, was no less interesting and innovative. Take the chicken salad. Large cubes of chicken that have been poached in broth to a nicely gauged point of just-doneness are bathed in a mayonnaise of oil, lemon juice, curry, ginger, and garlic, combined with chopped celery, whole pecans, and seedless grapes, and finally given a mysterious piquancy by the surprising interjection of a small quantity of chutney. This is $1.35 for a quarter-pound. Another nice inspiration is the taste of marjoram in Naomi's cucumber salad; the cucumbers are sliced paper-thin and marinated in oil and vinegar to which sour cream has been added ($1 a pint). The above-mentioned spinach roulade contrives to reverse the conventional role of spinach, which acts here not as the filling but as the outside, hugging, in the manner of a jelly roll, the true filling of cream sauce, cheese, and mushrooms. The price is $1.35 a generous slice, and our warning here is to heat it as little as possible, to avoid separating the sauce. In Naomi's moussaka, offered in a meatless and a meagrely meat-filled manifestation, we may read a reversion to her old Lappéism, and find a reminder, too, of the fact that poor people throughout the world have unwittingly been eating "health food" since time immemorial. The moussaka is composed of eggplant slices, tomato sauce, chopped beef (in the meat version), fried onions, potatoes, and custard, and it has a mellow, warm, veering-toward-sweet character that, though authentically Near Eastern, may not be to everyone's taste; $1.35 a square without meat; $1.50 with. Naomi also makes an authoritative *hummus*, the flavorful mush of chick-peas, tahini (sesame paste), garlic, onions, oil, and lemon juice, priced at $2.50 a pint. Her *taramosalata*, *baba ghanouj*, and *chili con queso* are dips of similar healthy plainness, which toasted pita bread or raw vegetables are logical vehicles for; all these are also $2.50 a pint.

Our gastronomic xenophobia was again reproved by Naomi's pumpkin cheesecake, which, unlikely as it sounds, turns out to be one of the glories of her baking department. It is really not so much a pumpkin-flavored cheesecake as it is a pumpkin pie whose strong pumpkin flavor has been modulated to a dulcet fruitiness and whose texture has been lightened to a fluffy creaminess; the crust is graham-cracker, and the price is $2.70 for a one-pound cake. Naomi's double gingerbread is very dark and very strongly flavored with ginger and molasses, and is thickly smeared on top with a white icing whose tart zestfulness comes not from lemon but from candied ginger; $2 for a fourteen-ounce loaf. A carrot cake with a good springy texture and a warming, plain taste, in which cinnamon and nutmeg are implicit, is $1.50 for a fourteen-ounce loaf; a chocolate-mousse cake that presents a puffy mound of suavely delicious mousse on a base of plain chocolate cake (at $5.50) raises the question of why the cake?

As we left the Montana Palace



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kitchen, we asked Naomi what she ate besides lox and bagels, and she thought a moment and said that she fancied the little potato dumplings sold at a neighborhood Ukrainian shop called Hladun, at 130 First Avenue (St. Marks Place). We stopped in at Hladun, which is no place, and which deals mainly in the knish-like Ukrainian specialty called *pirogi*, and bought a pound of the gnocchi-like dumplings, called *klusky*, which the Ukrainian lady behind the counter doled out on a piece of butcher paper and anointed with a couple of tablespoonfuls of darkly fried onions swimming in butter. At home, we sautéed the dumplings in the onion butter and ate them with immense satisfaction. The combination of the irregularly shaped dumplings—of crumbly friability and flavorful mealiness—with the greasy onions struck us as a solid piece of folk wisdom.

RONA DEME is another small entrepreneur who within a few years has succeeded in making a big mark on the city's food establishment, though "entrepreneur" hardly describes this buxom, cheerful, soft-spoken, endlessly obliging Englishwoman, nor is "enterprise" quite the word for her shop, called Country Host, at 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), which recently expanded to occupy its neighboring shop space, the better to embody its underlying idea of itself as an evocative compendium of old-fashioned country pleasures and comforts. (The image evoked in us is that of a big country kitchen filled with the scents of baked ham, burning wood, and the cool sweetness of apples brought up from the cold cellar and heaped in earthenware bowls in readiness for pie making, where the door keeps opening to let in a blast of poignantly icy air and a progression of visiting neighbors—on whom a cup of tea and a plate of gingerbread are pressed—and where the rhythm of work serenely, unhurriedly, almost offhandedly being done is never interrupted.) The Country Host, moreover, offers solace to the British expatriate hankering after a bit of Scottish shortbread or a Shrewsbury biscuit or an Empire biscuit or a Cornish pasty, since it keeps these, and other British specialties, in permanent stock. The shortbread, sold in thick wedges for $4.60 a pound, has the buttery, undersweetened, even slightly salty taste and the densely crumbling texture of the authentic Scottish article. The Shrewsbury biscuits are currant-studded cookies of a delectable crisp crunchiness and refreshing juiciness (there is lemon juice in the buttery pastry), baked very brown, and priced at $4 a pound. The Empire biscuits are large sandwich cookies of thickset flaky butteriness, filled with homemade raspberry jam and festively decorated with colored sugar sprinkles pasted on the top with egg yolk; fifty cents each. The Cornish pasties are snacks of nourishing unpretentiousness—triangular lard-pastry envelopes filled with a savory mixture of chopped beef, potatoes, and onions; sixty-five cents each. The plastic-wrapped little plain sweet baked loaves that one sees all over town these days (banana bread, for instance) are done here with exceptional authority and offered in an unusual variety of flavors: along with banana, there is carrot-, zucchini-, lemon-, ginger-, currant-, and cranberry-flavored bread. All are priced at $2.80 a pound, with the loaves averaging from $1.60 to $1.80 each. One of the happy results of the electrically controlled cold cellar purchased this year by Mrs. Deme to accommodate the harvest of McIntosh apples and greenings from her upstate family farm is an apple cake she invented to divert herself from her regular apple-pie making—a cake baked in a rectangular pan and sold by the square for fifty cents. The ingredients are brown sugar, molasses, butter, flour, and ginger, with slices of raw apple thrown in at the end, giving the faintly ginger-flavored cake its moist sponginess and its fragrant warmth of taste. The apple pies have good lard crusts whose puffy tops invitingly gleam with egg yolk and sugar, and whose fillings, of apple, sugar, cinnamon, and butter, have a Mom-like satisfyingness. But, good as these pies are, we reserve our most ecstatic endorsement for a variant involving a crumbly topping of brown sugar, flour, and butter, which bakes to a wonderful buttery-sweet crunchiness and sits on top of the apple filling almost audibly begging for cream. Both types of apple pie are $6 for a nine-inch version, $6.75 for a ten-inch one, and $1.50 for a miniature pie serving two. Ball jars filled with stewed tomatoes ($1.50 a pint) and preserve jars of raspberry, blueberry, peach, strawberry, and blackberry-and-wild-cherry jams and jellies ($2 to $2.75 for an eight-ounce jar) are further reflections of the bounty of the Deme farm. One of Mrs. Deme's home-baked hams always sits open and ready for hand-slicing on her counter (she dislikes the marmoreal smoothness of machine-sliced ham), and honest potato salad and coleslaw are always available; the ham is $4.40 a pound, and the salads are $1.70 a pound. A small selection of cheeses, Orwasher breads, imported crackers, and canned goods and teas, as well as a bacon cured without chemical additives, are among the non-house items available. Mrs. Deme will undertake to cook to order practically anything that is within her plain-cook scope. (Occasionally, she strays out of her depth, as in a caviar pie she once made for us, which looked like one of the exquisite *haute-cuisine* illustrations in Larousse Gastronomique but tasted like egg salad.) She nicely roasts turkey ($35 for a fifteen- to sixteen-pound bird, $25 for a ten- to twelve-pound bird), stuffing it with a bread dressing of homey plainness and appending a container of pan drippings. She invites customers who are too lazy to make stock from their turkey carcasses to bring them back so that she can make the stock, her service charge being a few cupfuls for her own use.

IN response to the recent idle interest in ethnic food among the Gucci-shod and the Sassoon-clipped, a number of food stores of the sort that used to exist only in run-down ethnic neighborhoods have hopefully cropped up on the upper East Side. One such is the Garden of Delights, which brings a (considerable) bit of Atlantic Avenue to Lexington Avenue (at No. 1192, near 81st Street), with its bins of olives, sacks of grains, trays of Turkish delight, cans of stuffed vine leaves, boxes of couscous, jars of tahini, feta and Kasseri cheeses, and packages of pita bread. The owners—Malca Lothane and M. Bousaid—are not, as it happens, escapees from Atlantic Avenue but direct immigrants from, respectively, Israel and Lebanon. (Nor are they married; she is the wife of a psychoanalyst, and he is a bachelor.) A small second-story restaurant was recently added to the Garden (named for the Bosch triptych in the Prado, of which a reproduction hangs in the store), and it serves the Near Eastern and Moroccan dishes that Malca learned to make at her Sabra mother's knee. The hot entrées are probably best eaten in the restaurant (dishes like couscous and shish kebab become travesties of themselves when reheated), but the cold appetizers are very nice to take home as a first course or as something to nibble on with drinks. We would rate Malca's *hummus* just a jot higher than Naomi's (but the difference isn't enough to propel one to the uptown Garden if one lives near the downtown Palace) for seeming to be more delicately flavored; the price is $1.50 a portion. Malca's *tabbouleh* is surprising: its major ingredients are parsley, tomatoes, and scallions with just a sprinkling of cracked wheat—rather than the other way around—and it is mixed with lemon juice and olive oil; $1.75 a portion. Her moussaka is even more astonishing, being a kind of ratatouille of tomatoes, onions, eggplant, and pine nuts, rather than the conventional layered baked dish; $1.75 a portion. Other excellent appetizers are cucumbers in yogurt ($1.50), okra in tomato sauce ($1.50), spinach pie ($2.25), and raw lamb with scallions ($4.25). A hot dish that does lend itself to reheating is Malca's Cornish hen stuffed with couscous, ground roasted almonds, and raisins, and served with a brown, slightly sweet sauce ($7.50 per portion). Back in the downstairs shop, note the house baklava (fifty-five cents a square), which is of a proper honey-subdued flakiness; a coarse-textured pound cake (sixty cents a square), which also has been steeped in honey; Armenian string cheese, a mozzarella-like creation, flavored with caraway seeds, which comes in a ball that one unravels to tear off stringy tendrils ($4.99 a pound); and the various Arab breads from the Damascus Bakery (over on *echt* Atlantic Avenue), priced at fifty-nine cents for a parcel of six plain pita loaves, at $1.05 for a parcel of six sesame loaves, and at eighty-five cents for a parcel of two marcouk loaves, which fold out of the package like large cloth napkins.

On a recent visit to this Arab-bread Mecca in Brooklyn, we learned from one of the owners, Henry Halaby, that the bakery had had to set up an automated factory four years ago in order to meet the escalating demand for its bread from groceries and supermarkets throughout the city; however, it continues to make some bread by hand for sale in its shop, at No. 195, and in a few select stores, of which the Garden of Delights is one. The visible difference between the products of the machine and the hand is the preservatives cited on the package of the former, but there is also an invisible difference having to do with the personal attention that the handmade loaves receive—or, rather, perhaps, with the inattention that the machine-made loaves reflect in the unevenness of their quality. At the subterranean Near East Bakery, 183 Atlantic Avenue, a ninety-year-old establishment (favored by Bloomingdale's bread buyer) where everything is still done by hand, we were greeted by a scene that looked

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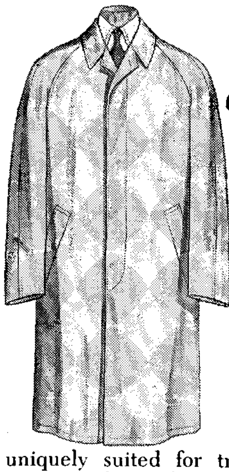

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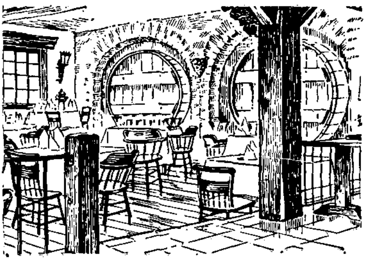

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positively Biblical. (Our knowledge of how things looked in Biblical times is derived from a comic book we were given in Sunday school, which left an indelible impression.) Bakers were extending loaves on long wooden paddles into ancient-looking ovens set into the cavernous walls of the place, while other bakers shaped loaves in old wooden forms or arranged baked loaves in trays to cool. George Kanatous, a member of the Lebanese-American family that owns the business, was selling bread and meat pies at a small counter at the entrance of the bakery. He is a personable man in his late thirties who used to work for Western Union but recently quit his good job there to "do what I wanted to do," and now divides his time among free-lance photography, theatre production (he is head of the Washington Market Players), and the bakery, which, he says, "draws me like a magnet." We hate to say this, since the bakery draws us, too, but we find the bread made here less good than that made by the crassly commercial Damascus, its texture being coarser and more porous and its flavor bland.

ANOTHER reluctant conclusion we have come to is that Bloomingdale's cheese department—that living hell of interminable waiting, full of jostling and glaring companions in misery—is worth the anguish it provokes, and, moreover, that the cheese sold there is of uniform excellence precisely because so many people come and buy it, thus practically insuring that no cheese sits around the store for long. The Bloomingdale Roquefort is as close as you can come on this side of the Atlantic to the unharsh, melting flavor of the product eaten in France ($6.20 a pound), and its Double Gloucester—another test that few cheese stores pass, and even Bloomingdale's sometimes flunks—usually exhibits that singular combination of youthful bloom (the fresh crumbliness of Cheshire without Cheshire's somewhat naked taste) and resonant agedness (the mature character of Cheddar without Cheddar's oily smoothness); the price is $3.40 a pound. Bloomingdale's Morbier, a pale-yellow cheese from the Jura marked by a horizontal blue-black line that looks like mold but is actually edible charcoal (this stripe is a vestigial indication of the original method of making Morbier—out of morning and evening milkings, which were kept discrete by a layer of charcoal), has a mild, smooth agreeableness; $3.80 a pound. Also highly recommended is Bloomingdale's St. Paulin of the Près de Clos label, which is not the orange-rinded cream-colored cheese we think of as St. Paulin here but a beige-yellow, gray-brown-rinded cheese that belongs, in its pleasant straightness of flavor and smooth suppleness of texture, to the category of Fontina, Chiberta, St. Nectaire, and Beaumont; $4.30 a pound. Bloomingdale's Montrachet goat cheese is an eleven-ounce log powdered with edible charcoal and possessed of a fresh and only mildly goatish taste; it is also available without the charcoal, and the price is $3.95 in both cases. (We preferred the charcoal version for a reason we can't explain, since it's the same cheese—perhaps for the amusement of picking off the charcoal.)

Ideal Cheese, 1205 Second Avenue (63rd), another near-ideal source, is presided over by Edward Edelman, a man with a Cause—which is to get people to serve cheese at room temperature. Mr. Edelman feels, with reason, that a piece of ice-cold cheese is as far from what it should be as a plate of cold spaghetti or a dish of warm ice cream. Accordingly, most of the cheeses sold at Ideal are left out all day, so that a customer wanting to try a cheese will taste it as it should taste, and anyone shopping late in the day can serve cheese that evening as it should be served. (Mr. Edelman recommends a minimum of three hours out of the refrigerator.) We have a Cause of our own, which Mr. Edelman's bossy example has emboldened us to put forward, and this is to urge people who like cheese to stop serving it with salad. The combination does a great disservice to the cheese: the palate flooded with vinaigrette simply can't make out a cheese's fine points, so, in effect, when eating salad with cheese one is eating cheese-flavored salad. (The boorish California practice of serving salad before the main course is something to take under consideration. The restaurants that plant a bowl of while-u-wait salad before the customer as soon as he is seated have reduced many a picky child, weakened by boredom and hunger, to taking an experimental bite of the stuff, and enjoying its pleasures ever after. Adult eaters, too, have confessed to an astonished appreciation of how good a bit of salad can taste as a prologue rather than as an elegant redundancy.) To get back to Ideal, we rejoiced with Mr. Edelman over the return of Taleggio, banned from these shores, he informed us, because of pesticide problems now resolved, and were recalled, by the morsel he cut for us, to the unique flavor of this Italian classic, whose faintly sweetish "bite" is its clear signature. This is $4.50 a pound. A newly arrived mild and fresh-tasting cow cheese named Stracchino ($5.98), a pungent double-crême from the southwest of France named Corolle ($4.98), a part-skim-milk cheese from Austria named Thomasio, (with an affinity to Gouda; $2.39), and a blue-mold-injected cheese of Brie-ish creaminess named Belle Bressane ($5.49) were other rewarding cheeses brought to our attention. A soft-ripened cheese from Switzerland named Vacherin Mont d'Or—made in one- to one-and-a-quarter-pound wheels edged with a strip of birch, which serves as the cheese's mold—was characterized as a great treat by Mr. Edelman, which it ought to be at $8.50 a wheel. The Bath Oliver biscuits available here are large, round crackers of a dense crispness and a certain flavorful sweetness—by which we mean the sweetness of unsalted butter, rather than anything sugary. They are $1.09 for an eight-ounce package.

The small, family-owned shop of Fierro's Cheeses & Delicacies, which opened a year or so ago at 208 East 54th Street, brings to the midtown area a good strong taste of Little Italy and is pervaded by a characteristically Italian-American air of justified boastfulness. First-rate Parmesan and Romano are grated to order, for $4.89 a pound, and Asiago—a *grana* type that is eaten as a table cheese before it achieves its ultimate grating hardness—is available in the aggressive but eminently edible "medium" stage of development, for $3.75 a pound. Ricotta of lovely soft fluffiness and sweet, fresh flavor is $1.79 a pound, and salted hard ricotta—which has the fresh, mildly assertive flavor of Greek feta that New York feta rarely retains, and would be a good substitute in Greek salad—is $3.75 a pound. Mozzarella into which prosciutto has been insinuated, jelly-roll fashion, proves to be a delectable idea; $3.20 a pound. Marinara sauce put up in Ball jars by Mama Fierro ($4.99) has an honest, unexciting tomato flavor; on the advice of her son Anthony, we ate it over De Cecco brand spaghetti (available at the shop for seventy-nine cents a pound), with a lot of Romano cheese and a spoonful of ricotta placed on each (warmed!) plate before it was piled with pasta and sauce, and found the dish satisfying and by no means bland. Bread comes in daily from the redoubtable Zito Bakery in white, whole-wheat, and Sicilian manifestations. We particularly enjoyed the last-named for its dense doughiness within and its hard, brown, sesame-

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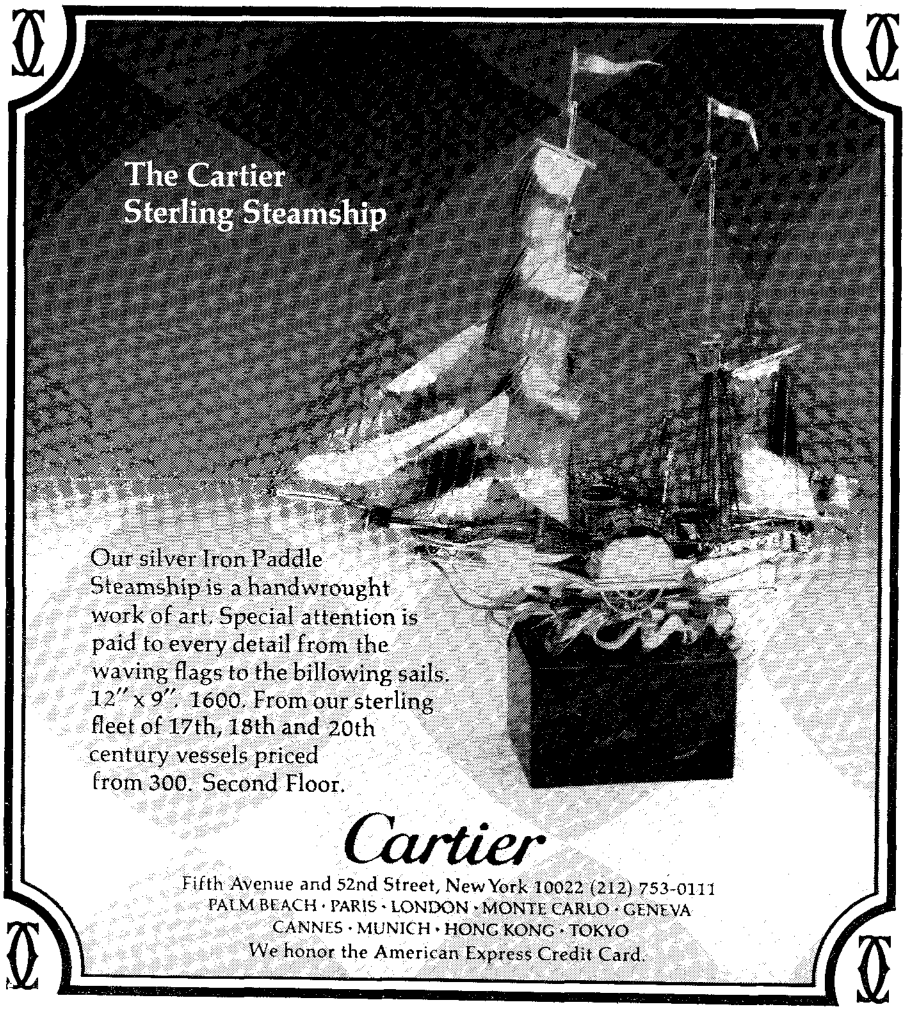

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pocked crispness without; eighty cents per loaf. A selection of non-Italian cheeses, prosciutto, anise toast, bread sticks, dried figs, cheesecake, squares of spinach quiche (of only so-so quality), and various canned goods complete the offerings of this appealing establishment.

Another welcome newcomer is Pasta & Cheese, 1375 Third Avenue (78th), which opened just this summer and has been steadily gaining renown for its handmade pasta, produced daily by an Italian chef named Enrico Badenchini. Egg noodles, spinach noodles, spaghetti, and ravioli are the daily staples, and tortellini and cappelletti are made once or twice a week. The pastas ($1.50 a pound) require very little cooking—three or four minutes for the noodles, and two or three minutes for the spaghetti—and they are softer and more delicate than, though not necessarily superior to, commercial pastas. Indeed, there are sauces that positively overwhelm the tender reeds of the handmade pasta and are much better wedded to the more resistant commercial strains, and in this category we are obliged to place the very three sauces that Pasta & Cheese have elected to prepare. The pesto sauce (now out of stock, but it will be back when basil is) is one of the best we have ever eaten—of a fresh and warmly flavorful greenness and non-oiliness; $3.69 a pint. The marinara sauce ($2.35) has the pleasing flavor and texture of chopped tomatoes and onions that haven't cooked long enough to lose their identity, and the meat sauce ($2.99) has a quality of amiable plainness and non-spiciness that will recommend it to children. Good Parmesan is available grated, in little plastic bags, for $8.99 a pound, and ungrated for $6.99 a pound. The ravioli filled with meat or cheese ($3 for a box of three dozen) has the delicate flavor and texture of the pasta, and, like the pasta, is best when served only with butter and grated cheese. The cheese part of the enterprise is voluminous (over a hundred and twenty varieties are available) and generally reliable.

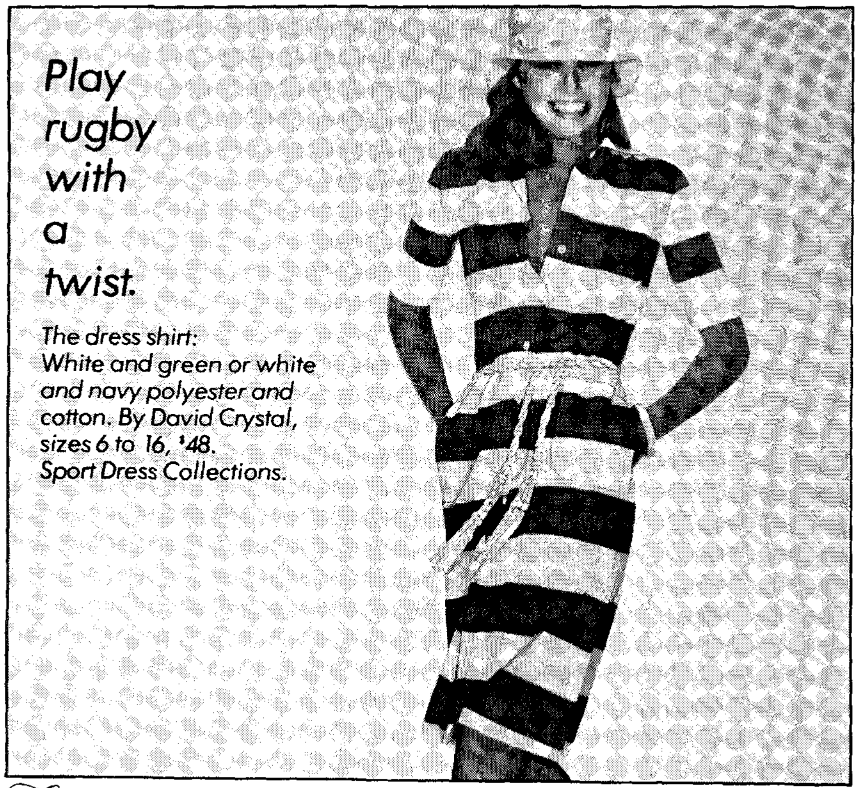
ROWE'S FRUIT & VEGETABLE STORE, 1204 Lexington Avenue (82nd), is one of the most agreeable and reliable sources of produce in the city; everything here looks as if it had just been picked from the garden, and nothing that isn't perfect is offered for sale—and offered not at fancy-grocery prices but, incredibly, at prices no higher than those one pays for the wilted lettuces and brown-edged string beans and deviously packed strawberries at the supermarket. Mr. Rowe, a former pianist in his native Korea, is usually to be found behind the cash register, keeping the ever-forming line of customers moving so briskly that one almost feels a little miffed when one unexpectedly finds oneself off the queue and out on the street holding a bag, like a drunk bounced out of a bar. The co-owner of the store, Mr. Rowe's older brother, is usually not around until late in the day, because he is sleeping off his nightly journey to Hunts Point, where he arrives at one or two in the morning. "If you go later, the good things are gone," the cash-register Mr. Rowe explained, and noted also that his brother has a good "connection" at the market. The other night, we ate a honeydew melon that Mr. Rowe selected for us (he explained that one can tell about a melon's ripeness from its surface quality, but we were unable to grasp the subtle distinctions of skin tone he pointed out), and it quite ranked with the melon we had eaten in the South of France, though its sweetness struck a note of silvery lyricism rather than the golden mellowness of the French melon. We have also eaten mild young arugula, unblemished Bibb lettuce, sweet white bean sprouts, and (in season) the best of asparagus, raspberries, basil, and peaches, thanks to Mr. Rowe, who is not unaware of the distinction of his enterprise and tells us that some of his customers come from as far as Staten Island. (He accepts phone orders on Fridays and Saturdays, and will make deliveries from Monday through Saturday from 40th Street to 96th Street between Fifth Avenue and East End Avenue.) In addition to the produce, Mr. Rowe stocks milk, butter, eggs, and a selection of Oriental items such as bean curd, hoisin sauce, dried Chinese mushrooms, oyster sauce, soy sauces, tempura batter, and sesame oil.

Which brings us to the subject of Chinese food—a sensitive one for us, since we are only too aware of our woeful omission of this great cuisine from our reports of the past. Now another year has gone by, and again we find ourselves with not a shiny noodle or a dried oyster or a leaf of Chinese cabbage to offer. The reason (we have come to realize) that our wok sits gathering dust in the cupboard is that we associate it with some perfectly terrible dinners we have given—meals where the food was all right but where the atmosphere created by frenetic stir-frying and restless rushing back and forth between kitchen and table was like that of a kung-fu event; conversation was all but impossible, and conviviality grew dimmer with the hair-breadth entrance of each nervously produced dish. Chinese dinners we have eaten at other people's houses have been no less disquieting. (One exception took place at the house of a couple who faced grim reality and didn't set places for themselves at the table; they simply acted as invisible cook and efficient waiter throughout the calm but obviously rather joyless meal.) Chinese people must contrive to eat meals at home that don't drive them crazy (maybe they send out to the local Chinese restaurant), but Occidentals, until they learn the secret of Chinese self-service, had probably better do their eating of Chinese food in restaurants.

WE offer now the results of some comparative marmalade research, and cite the Pride of Jamaica brand, sold at Macy's for $1.85 a two-pound can, as the clear first choice. Made of Seville oranges and sugar, it has the fresh flavor, smearable consistency, and approachable rind that distinguish marmalade on the most assured level of execution. At $4 a pound, the Crabtree & Evelyn marmalade purveyed by Bendel and Bloomingdale's should be called Shame of England, its handsome label and excellent taste notwithstanding. The Walther brand—no bargain either, at $3.50 for twelve ounces—has about it an air of fanciness and refinement that sets it apart from other overpriced marmalades, being a lovely, pellucid pre-jelly of delicate sweetness—more akin to the scent of orange blossoms than to the taste of oranges—in which unpeeled orange slices repose, to be cut up and eaten with one's toast or politely ignored, as the case may be. It can be had at E. A. T., 1064 Madison Avenue (80th).

Among honeys, the Moorland Apiaries' wild-thyme variety (sold at Macy's for $1.75 a pound and characterized on the label as "the Hymetus Honey of America") particularly pleased our palate, and R. Stephens' leatherwood honey, from Mole Creek, Tasmania, surprised it: this honey has the damnedest taste, strongly flavored with something you can't get at—some acerb, aromatic herb or spice. It comes in a tall, square-cut bottle decorated with a colorful label that shows bees sucking on the white blossoms of the leatherwood shrub, and is sold at Bloomingdale's for $2.80 a pound.

A SUBLIME work of pâtisserie made by Dumas (116 East 60th Street and 1330A Lexington Avenue, at 88th) gives no hint of its sublimity when seen in the display case: a mere dark, iced, chocolate cake, as plain as



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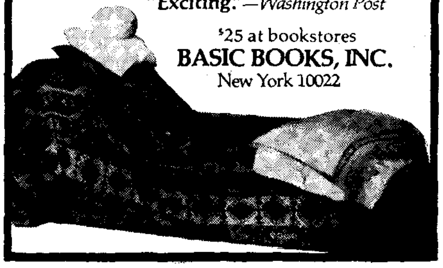

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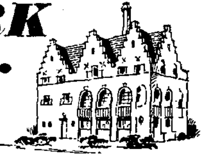

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the black dresses worn by elderly Frenchwomen, decorated with a single shy crystallized violet. But within, layer upon layer of fairy-light mocha cream, touched with the faintest hint of vanilla, alternate with layer upon layer of gossamer chocolate sponge cake, eliciting from even the most well-bred and quiet of eaters involuntary little moans of pleasure. This beautiful cake is $5.50 in a six-inch version, and $7.50 in the seven-inch size. Knowing that a cake like this—or like others in the Dumas repertoire—cannot be eaten every day, the bakery has thoughtfully stocked a line of sherbets, forthrightly named Le Sorbet by their Georgetown, Washington, manufacturer, which have the refreshing true-fruit flavor of the original French ice, in contrast to the cloying Life Saver sweetness of most American ones. Only fruit, sugar, and water are used in the preparation of these sherbets, and from the strawberry member of the line we can extrapolate the deliciousness of the other flavors—raspberry, lemon, orange, pear, banana, chestnut, cranberry, chocolate, coconut, passion fruit, black currant, and mango. The price is $1.50 to $3 a pint.

THE agreeable and orderly Spice Box, 968 Second Avenue (51st), supplies the serious cook with such earnests of his dedication as dried flageolets ($2.98 a pound), split peas (seventy-nine cents), strudel flour (fifty-nine), graham flour (fifty-nine), cracked wheat (eighty-nine), dried Czech mushrooms ($2.50 an ounce), wild rice (from $4.95 to $7.95 a pound), blanched almonds ($3.95), and candied fruits (from $1.80 to $4). Every imaginable herb, spice, and herbal tea is on view here in an alphabetical arrangement of glass jars, along with some unimaginable ones: scouring rush (forty-five cents an ounce), which used to be a pot-scrubbing medium and is now a tea; eucalyptus leaf (forty cents); orrisroot (fifty cents whole and ninety-eight cents ground); and Szechwan pepper ($1.98). There are also imported honeys, preserves, olive oils, vinegars, mustards, chutneys, candies, and teas, and coffee and chicory are ground to order. A selection of cooking and baking equipment permits the cook who is following a recipe and finds that he has no pastry brush or that his cake pan is a few inches too short to then and there remedy the lack.

AN attractive small shop with the improbable name of Manny Wolf's Gourmet opened about a year ago at 207 East 49th Street and serves as a kind of *Reader's Digest* of the New York delicacy world. Extracts from the Trois Petits Cochons pâtés, Miss Grimble's cheesecakes, Parisienne Bakery breads, Mrs. Anderson's cookies, and other notable local oeuvres are available here, along with a good selection of cheeses and a choice survey of packaged imports—things like Tiptree jams, Droste chocolates, Lu *petit-beurre* biscuits, and Destrooper cookies. The shop came into being when two young interior decorators, named Susan Bean and Emerson Bergia, who work as partners, were approached by Seymour Ellis, the present owner of Manny Wolf's Chop House, who asked them to design the interior of a store (two doors down from the restaurant) where he wished to sell at retail the steaks that he features at the restaurant. One thing led to another, and the decorators were presently running the store—but running it along very different lines. The steaks are kept on respectful display, but they are not where Susan's and Emerson's interest lies. Emerson, in fact, has never even tasted the steak, being a lapsed vegetarian, but not all that lapsed. (He felt that his vegetarianism was emitting vibrations that clashed with those of the shop's meat-eating clientele, and he obligingly reverted to meat eating "so I could start communicating with those people.") On Susan's guarded recommendation, we tried a sirloin steak for dinner ($6.98 a pound), and had to agree that this meat is indeed something else—beyond butcher's prime and into the realm of delicacy and rarity. Eating such a steak is almost—though not quite—enough to take one's mind off the heavy toll (in the planet's resources, animal life, human health, and hard-earned money) that our great national specialty exacts. But as we end our report, we feel encouraged by the signs of change we see all around us—signs of revulsion against the wastefulness of the standard American diet, signs of effort to combat the carelessness and laziness that prevent us from husbanding our abundance so that it may support health here and save lives elsewhere. Steak and potatoes may well drift out of our cuisine as Nixon and Ford have drifted out of our government. The fact that our President-elect was a grower of peanuts—those excellent legumes, replete with protein, vitamins, minerals, good flavor, and pleasing associations of youthful idealism and black achievement—could not be a more fitting piece of symbolism or a more purposeful-looking historical accident.

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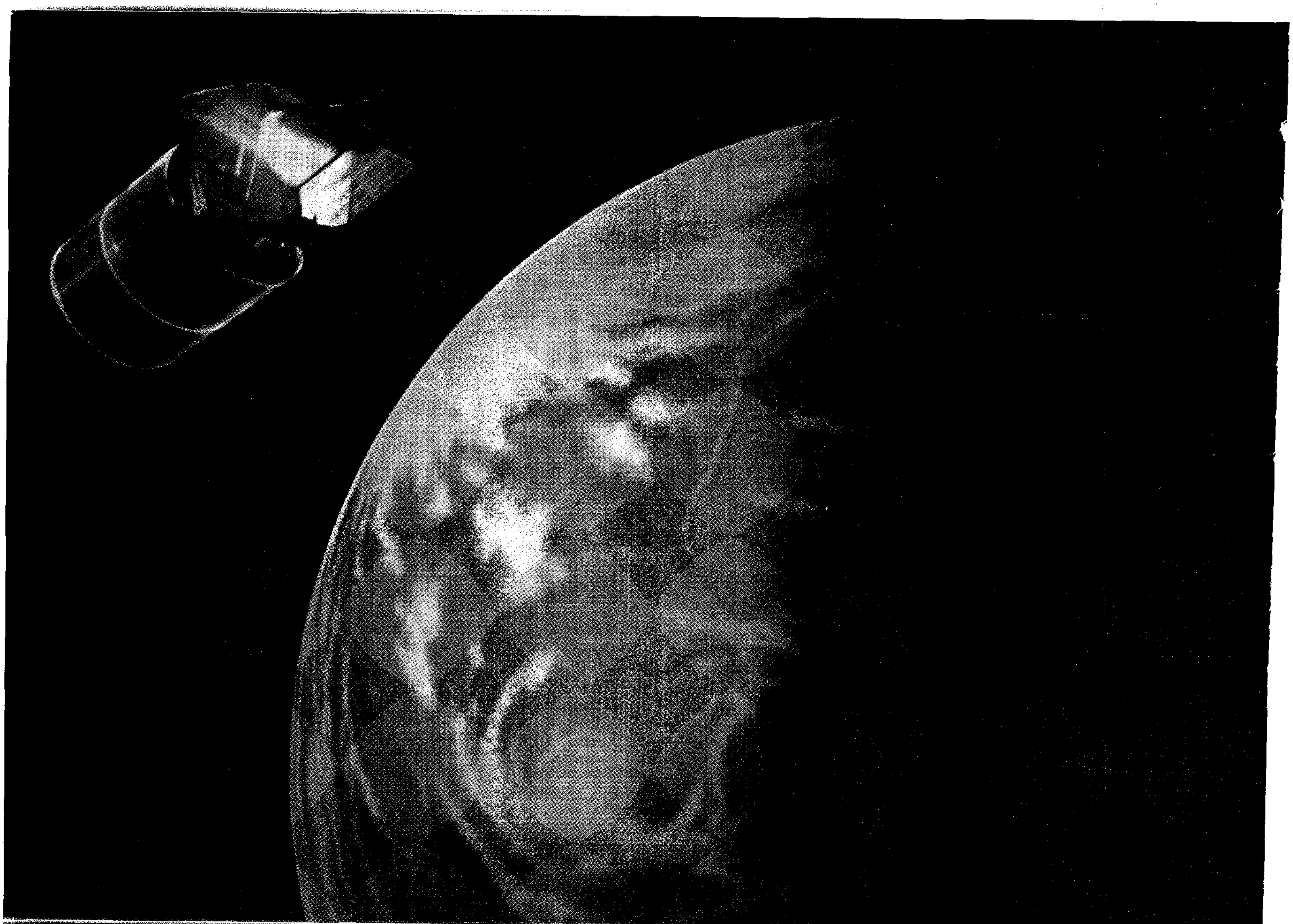
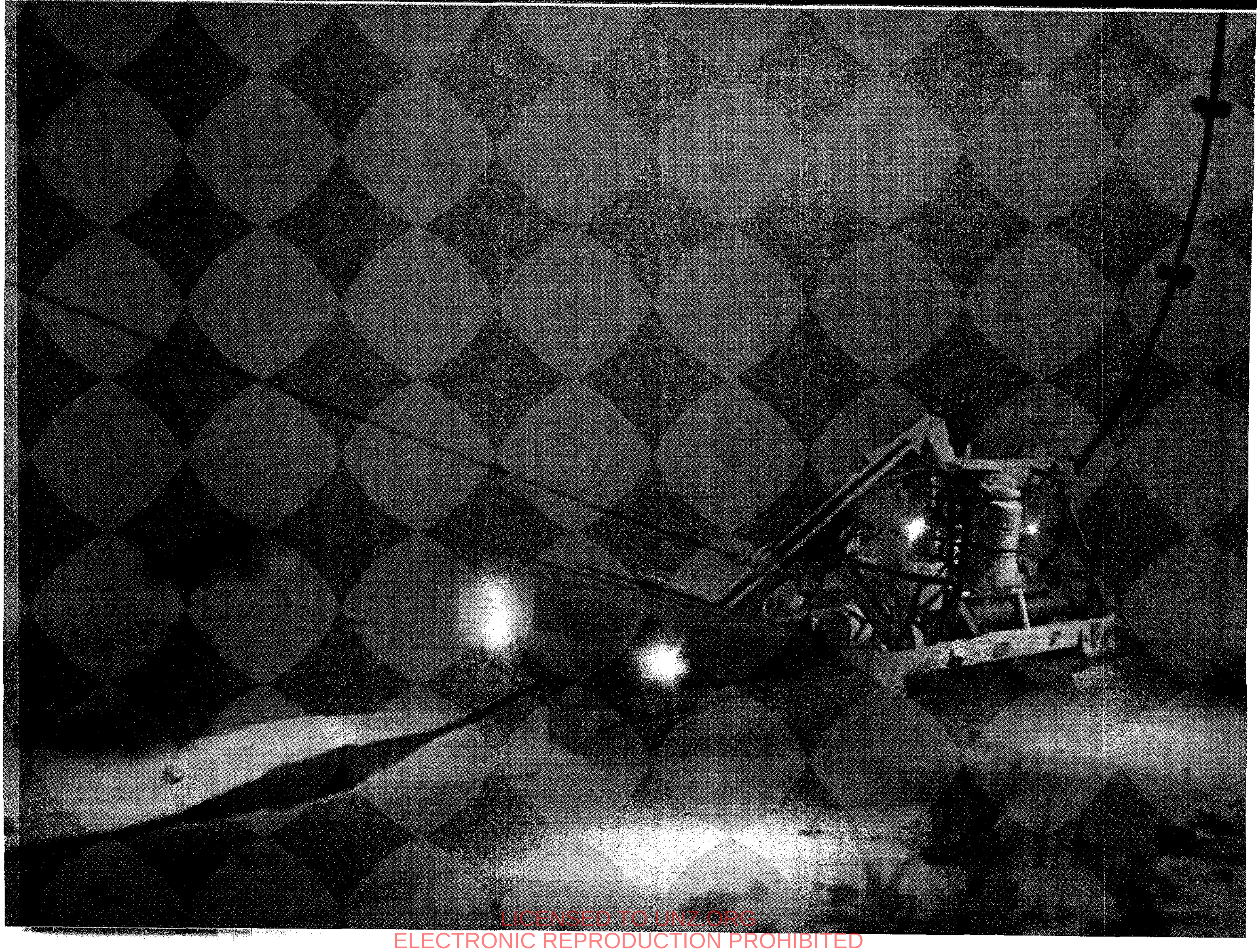
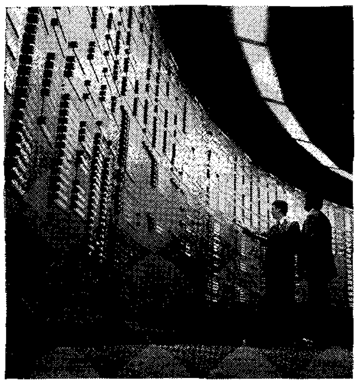




We're going from one extreme to another to help hold down the cost of Long Distance calling.



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

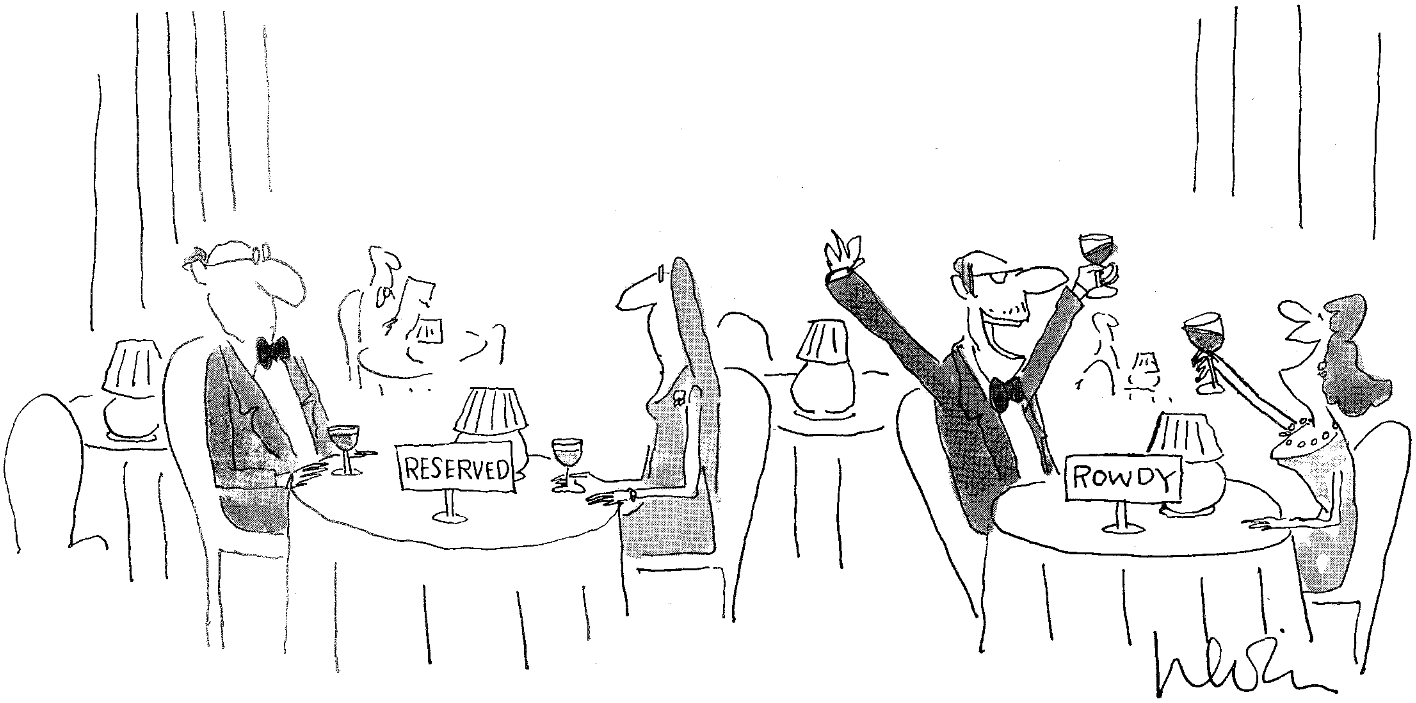
DECEMBER 11

THE late Walter Lippmann propounded a cyclical theory of modern history which held that roughly fifteen years after major wars or great social upheavals the stage is cleared, at least in most Western societies, of those who led their people into or out of these crises, and a new cast comes on, to undertake new departures—often leading to new disasters—in foreign and domestic affairs. Thus, in 1933, a decade and a half after the end of the First World War, Hitler and the Nazis came to power in Germany, and Franklin Roosevelt brought to Washington what amounted to a new generation of politicians and planners—social engineers and tinkerers eager to deal in experimental ways with an economy on the verge of collapse. And in 1961, sixteen years after the end of the Second World War, John Kennedy brought into government still another set of new and, for the most part, untried people, seeking answers to the social, economic, and political problems that had surfaced in the fifties. "One postwar period ended when Roosevelt defeated Herbert Hoover and another when Dwight Eisenhower retired to Gettysburg," Lippmann said, "and I guess you could say that on both occasions prewar periods began."

Jimmy Carter follows Kennedy by sixteen years, and although he will become President less than two years after the end of the war in Southeast Asia and the political convulsions of Watergate, there are striking parallels with 1933 and 1961. Carter, much more a newcomer and an outsider than Roosevelt or Kennedy, is, in this phase of the transition, establishing more ties with the Democratic past than either of those two Presidents did, but he continues to be surrounded by people who were not yet born in 1933, when he was eight, and whose memories of 1961 are those of schoolchildren. Many are Southerners, many are blacks and women; although the level of intelligence and sophistication is impressive, few are academics or intellectuals of the sort that attracted Roosevelt and Kennedy. Some are, like Carter himself, largely self-educated and self-trained. Thomas B. Lance, who will head the Office of Management and Budget, learned the rudiments of banking in a teller's cage; Jody Powell is a press secretary who has never been a journalist; Barbara Blum, who is handling much of the transition work, is a social worker who until a few years ago ran a mental-health clinic on Long Island. Ideologically, they seem far more of a mixed bag than their predecessors, being drawn from a spectrum that ranges from conservative financiers to civil-rights leaders and radical economists. But they share with the Roosevelt and Kennedy people a strong sense of mission, a belief in the efficacy of activism, and a confidence that they will be able to harness or bypass the bureaucracy and make the machinery of government function as they think it should. And, in contrast to their patron's earnestness, they have an insouciance that also recalls the early New Dealers and New Frontiersmen.

But what really signals this as the onset of a new period is not so much the changing of the guard as the fact that the challenges and opportunities are new, and in many cases unprecedented. Roosevelt inherited a shattered economy, Kennedy a slowly stagnating one. They and their advisers could use Keynesian tools with some assurance that they were the right ones. Carter confronts a situation never envisioned by the Keynesians or any other acknowledged school—one in which employment and unemployment rise simultaneously, as if they were somehow yoked, and in which needed stimulation is feared by many on the ground that it will get out of control and lead to unwanted overstimulation. The stains of Watergate are mostly gone or fading, but part of Watergate's enduring legacy will be Carter's, for he will assume the Presidency at a time of widespread disenchantment with the institution itself and, indeed, a growing distrust of all government. But it is in foreign affairs that the changes are most striking. The world that Carter faces is not at all the one that Kennedy knew, and very different from the one that Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger saw in 1969. Even as recently as 1972, an energy crisis was a prophecy—a prediction of what would one day happen if we did not use our resources prudently. For Carter, it will be something that can be brought upon us by the oil-exporting nations with the swiftness of an overnight coup d'état. Kennedy and, at the start, Nixon and Kissinger dealt with a politically stable and still prospering Western Europe and Japan. Now most of our allies are plagued by recession, and the President-elect and the Secretary of State-designate, Cyrus Vance, are being warned that unless Great Britain's economy is shored up by loans from the International Monetary Fund the country may become ungovernable and, in time, totalitarian. If Britain should go under, so, probably, would France and Italy, and there would be little chance of sustaining the hope, kindled only in the last year, that Spain and Portugal could develop as modern democracies. In 1960, Kennedy expressed alarm at what he believed, mistakenly, was a widening Soviet-American missile gap that would expose us to international blackmail and possible destruction if it was not shortly closed; Carter is now being advised that the Soviets' success in developing multiple-warhead missiles launched from submarines is in fact a development he should welcome, since it makes Russia more nearly our equal in second-strike capability and thus, presumably, more amenable to arms control and reduction. Nixon and, until this year, Kissinger ignored southern Africa, because they assumed that the Portuguese empire would endure beyond their time, as would the white regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa; Carter and Vance will have to deal with the consequences both of that oversight and of the American involvement in the area that was initiated by Kissinger. Until this year, when Ronald Reagan discovered the Panama Canal in the early primaries, the only serious problem in the Western Hemisphere, as Ford and his policymakers saw it, was Fidel Castro's Cuba, and to some people in the State Department and the Pentagon its gravity seemed questionable; now, thanks to Reagan and to Ford's and Carter's campaign oratory, negotiations with Panama have taken on a new urgency and acquired new difficulties. Meanwhile, in the few weeks since the transition period began, foreign-policy problems have developed on our normally tranquil northern and southern borders—with the rise of secessionist fever in Quebec, and in Mexico with the combination of the peso's devaluation and agrarian unrest over land distribution.

But if the roster of crisis points seems longer than it was in most of the years since 1961, it does not follow that the dangers are greater or more numerous, or solutions more distant. On the contrary, it is possible now to maintain that the prospects for peace and something like stability in international affairs have brightened considerably, and that Carter and Vance and their colleagues may find the problems overseas more tractable than those they face at home. The principal development that makes this view credible is the fact that most Americans, and most of their new leaders, have been stripped of what



the late Denis Brogan, an astute British student of our institutions, called "the illusion of American omnipotence." In Southeast Asia, we learned that our high military technology and our great resources of manpower could not help us attain the political ends we sought; we also learned that those ends were illusory, since they could be pursued only by destroying most of what we were trying to preserve. The President-elect has said repeatedly that he would not authorize military intervention in any place where the national interest was not directly threatened, and he has made it clear that his view of the national interest is not as expansive as that of Nixon, Ford, and Kissinger—or, for that matter, of Presidents and Secretaries of State since Harry Truman and Dean Acheson. (If, once in the White House, Carter should begin to see things as his predecessors did, Congress would almost certainly restrain him by drawing in the purse strings, as it did in the last days of Vietnam and again early this year, when there was talk of intervention in Angola.) In the foreseeable future, then, we seem unlikely to endanger ourselves by endangering, or appearing to endanger, others. We are committed to negotiated settlements, and in some places the outlook is relatively bright. Britain, which in its present plight is being spoken of as "the New York of Europe," will probably be tided over until it begins pumping North Sea oil in a few years. The Geneva conference on the future of Rhodesia may fail, and if it does there will be bloodletting for years, but even if the Soviet Union encourages turmoil, the prospects for a confrontation there of the superpowers seems remote almost to the point of nonexistence. In the Middle East, there seems at last a chance for an overall settlement. The outgoing Secretary of State has done much of the spadework for this, and it is perhaps his richest bequest to his successor. But his adroit and resourceful diplomacy has been aided by other developments. The Egyptians tired of relying on the Russians and of devoting themselves to military adventures while the quality of life for their own people grew increasingly wretched. And the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Saudi Arabians, and many Lebanese tired of the intransigence of the military and political leaders of the Palestinian Arabs. The hideous civil war in Lebanon cost the Palestinians many of their best troops, and the Syrians have been, at least until now, successful in restricting the activities of those who remain. The major Arab powers are ready to negotiate an end to the state of war, which would mean that only rhetoric would be needed to acknowledge Israel's right to existence as a sovereign state, and Yasir Arafat, the most influential of the Palestinian leaders, is said to be on the point of abandoning his resistance to the idea of becoming part of a unified Arab delegation to negotiate with the Israelis. The Israelis, of course, are wary, for negotiations could succeed only if they established a Palestinian state on the West Bank of the Jordan and in Gaza. But the nature and role of such a state would be determined largely by the powers that created it, and the Arab world seems to feel that it will have redressed the legitimate grievance of the Palestinians if it provides them with a homeland. If the Palestinians, settled and secure in their territory, wished to continue battling the Israelis, they would—barring great provocation by Israel—have to do so without the help of their neighbors, and it seems doubtful if the Palestinians, having lost so much to Syria, would wish to proceed on their own.

The Soviets now say that they favor a negotiated settlement in the Middle East, and there is reason to believe that they mean it. They are at last established as a naval power in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Even if Israel were to be destroyed by enemies armed with Soviet weapons, there would be little profit in it for the Russians, and their Arab allies would probably be more demanding than ever—as are all allies, including ours, who have fought proxy wars. So in a situation that looked as hopeless as it was dangerous only last year, there is now in view the kind of settlement that the most optimistic of observers have never before, in the thirty years of Arab-Israeli hostilities, considered attainable. And there is hope elsewhere. Tensions between Greece and Turkey have kept the two countries on the southeastern flank of NATO close to war for years, but Carter's Secretary of State has successfully mediated between them before and has a prestige among their leaders not unlike that of Kissinger in Israel and Egypt. In Panama, where negotiations are all but stalled, there may be some ugliness before Carter takes office, but he has pledged to give the negotiations a high priority, and there is no reason he cannot back away from the hard line he took in the October debate on foreign policy. The American presence in Panama could be phased out long before the end of the century, for the canal is well on its way toward obsolescence—a fact not discussed by the campaigners this year. And the time may soon be right for lifting the economic siege of Cuba and recognizing that its government has as much legitimacy as those of Chile and Brazil. Moscow might well urge Castro to be accommodating, for subsidizing the Cubans in their economic near-isolation is draining the Soviet economy at the rate of about two million dollars a day. In Asia, there will remain the problems of South Korea and Taiwan. Carter has said that he favors substantial troop withdrawals from South Korea over a period of years. Such talk makes Japan edgy—not so much, apparently, because it fears having the peninsula used as a launching base for a Chinese or Soviet invasion as because it might be a step toward a weakening of our commitment to Japan's security. It might also make the Chinese edgy, for not altogether dissimilar reasons—their thought being, it is said, that having American forces so close at hand could be seen by the Soviets as something of a deterrent to aggression. It is unlikely that we will soon compose our differences with Peking over the future of Taiwan, but there has for years been a tacit agreement not to make a big deal of the matter, and it may be that, even without a settlement, further progress could be made toward normal diplomatic relations.

Much—in fact, almost everything—depends on what is going on in the minds of the people in power in Peking and their counterparts in Moscow. Of Peking's state of mind barely anything is known, and of Moscow's not much more. The new Chinese leaders—particularly the military people, who have lately been calling the world's attention to their vulnerability—may think it far more urgent to settle their large disputes with the Russians than their small and unthreatening ones with us. It could be in our long-range interest as well as theirs if they did so, for a Sino-Soviet war would almost certainly be a thermonuclear one; no military commanders in their senses would wish to meet the Chinese, however inferior their equipment, in combat on the ground. On the other hand, if the Soviets felt that they had, through reaching a settlement with the Chinese, been relieved of the necessity of maintaining large forces on their eastern frontiers, they could once again concentrate their strength in the West. Many here see their recent buildup of conventional forces as evidence of an intention, if not to invade Western Europe, at least to enfeeble NATO and intimidate member governments, bringing about what has been called "the Finlandization of Europe." This is perhaps the most plausible explanation. But the buildup could also have been undertaken in anticipation of a broadening of détente with the West. If, for example, there should be an agreement on troop withdrawals in both Eastern and Western Europe, the Soviets might want to be sure of having large, modernized forces on hand in the event of trouble anywhere from Poland to Bulgaria.

Carter and Vance are eager to explore the possibility of new and large steps toward arms control and reduction, and the Soviet leaders insist that they are no less eager. It is generally assumed, even by those who are critical of some of the concessions we have made and of our failure to get more concessions from Moscow, that the Kremlin has a genuine wish and need for a reduction of tensions. The problems of the Soviet economy are different from the ones we face, but no less serious. Where our concerns are inflation and unemployment, theirs are inefficiency and a flagging productivity. The differences here are not over the purposes of détente and the desirability of an end to the arms race but over what we should be doing while we are negotiating, and the debate is in many ways an interesting one. There are those who think that we already have enough, or more than enough, military equipment to attend to our defense needs and to any needs that might develop, if the arms race goes on, in the next several years. We have a quantitative lead in most fields and a qualitative one in all. Studies made of the MIG-25 flown into Japan by a defector earlier in the year have shown it to be a primitive aircraft in comparison with American models, and many intelligence estimates attest to the relative backwardness of Soviet technology and industry even in turning out military equipment. Another school, of which James Schlesinger, the former Secretary of Defense, is often the spokesman, does not dispute these findings but holds that they provide us with no reason for not maintaining, and even widening, our lead. In matters of defense, he says, the problem is not simply to achieve the kind of parity or advantage that can be measured by statisticians and other analysts but to sustain the kind of activity—research, development, production—that will be perceived everywhere as proof of a nation's resolve. In a 1975 statement, he wrote, "Because the Soviet Union continues to invest heavily in new nuclear-tipped missiles, the United States must be prepared to match those developments so as not to lose the strategic edge or even be perceived by others as having lost it." But unless he means merely spending money so ostentatiously that everyone knows about it, this begs the question of what those "developments" are that we must "match." In a recently published book, "The Dynamics of Détente," Arthur Macy Cox, who is a former State Department and C.I.A. official, offers what he regards as a legitimate paraphrase of the "perception" case: "In other words, even though we are five or six years ahead of the Soviets in the deployment of MIRVs . . . the Soviets will nevertheless be perceived to be ahead because in the process of catching up they are rapidly building while we [appear to be] slowing down."

There is, of course, something to be said for the Schlesinger position. If leaders in Western Europe have the impression that we are no match for the Soviet Union, their confidence in us and in NATO will be diminished. But if that is really the problem, there is a highly developed aspect of the American genius—surely the equal of our technological skills—that needs to be brought into play: our aptitude for public relations. "Looking ahead," a Georgetown University study that is based on the Schlesinger view says, "the growing nuclear forces of the Soviet Union could acquire a margin of perceived superiority in the eyes of political leaders all over the world. This image . . . would enhance Soviet influence and prestige at the expense of the United States." If this is so, then it would seem that what is called for is not a few billion dollars for new weapons systems but a few million in the hands of image-makers, who, armed for once with the truth, should be able to persuade those "political leaders all over the world" that if it is missiles they are worried about, we have plenty of them—and of very high quality, too. Madison Avenue could help fulfill Carter's hopes for peace, arms control, and a balanced budget.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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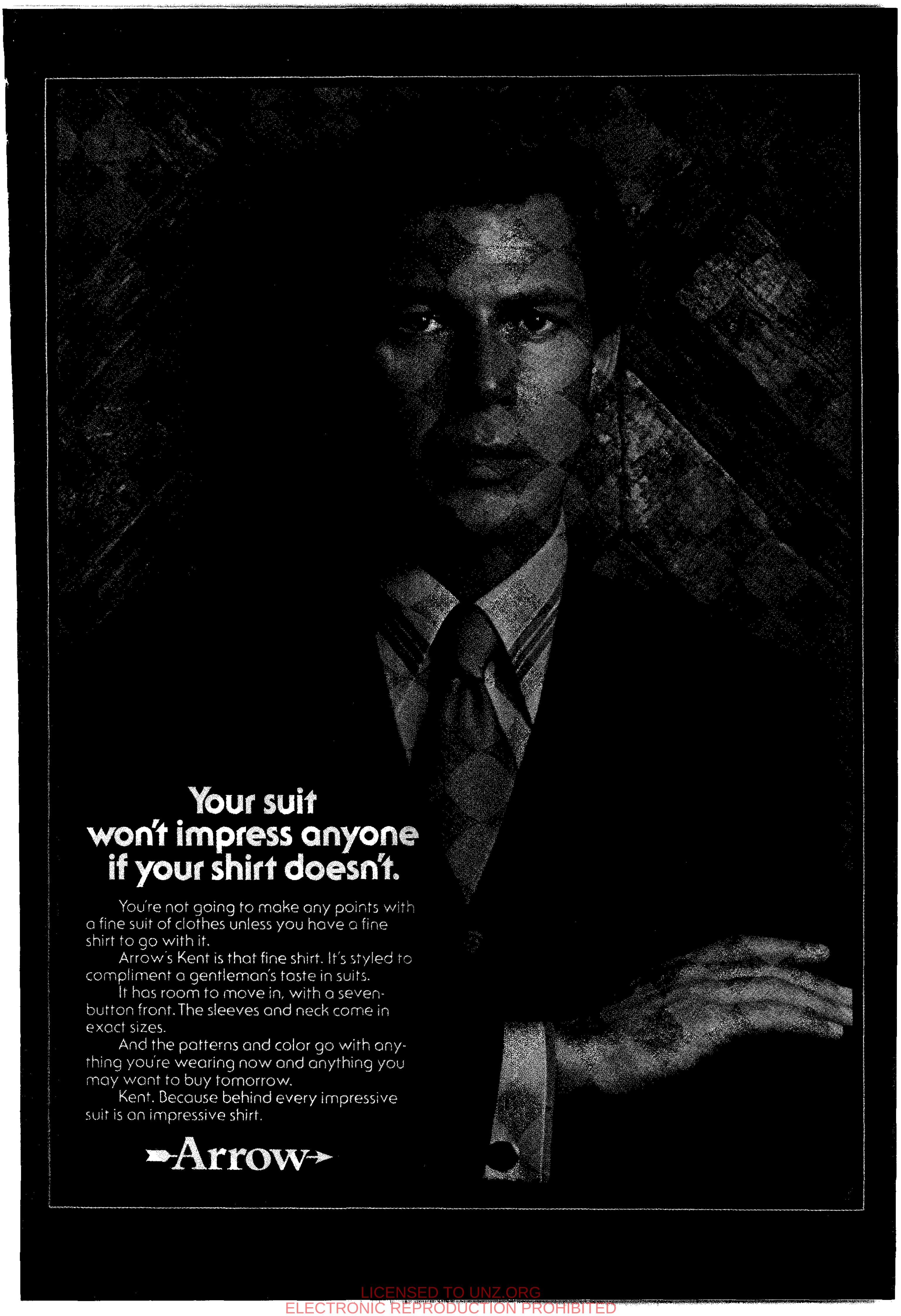

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Joy to the World

(A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS SPECIALS)

"THE RICKY RASHOON 'ON HIS OWN AGAIN' CHRISTMAS SPECIAL"

LAST year, it was "The Ricky and Roselle Christmas Special," but soon afterward, as everyone knows, Roselle Rashoon decided to call it quits on her four-month marriage to the popular entertainer and go it alone as an idiot savant. This year's show will doubtless be laced with sadness for Ricky, but he will be helped out by some of the top comedy talents in the business, such as the Traphagen Brothers and Varnoux Grismond, Jr., who does his famous falling-out-of-a-fig-tree routine. In an emotional moment, Ricky reads aloud the last, and only, letter Roselle ever wrote him, in which she expresses her fondness for East European cooking and her fear of the California Motor Vehicles Department. Varnoux Grismond, Jr., does his Puerto Rican reindeer imitation. Special guest appearances by the defensive backfield of the Oakland Raiders.

"TOMMY AND THE MAGIC GRAPEFRUIT"

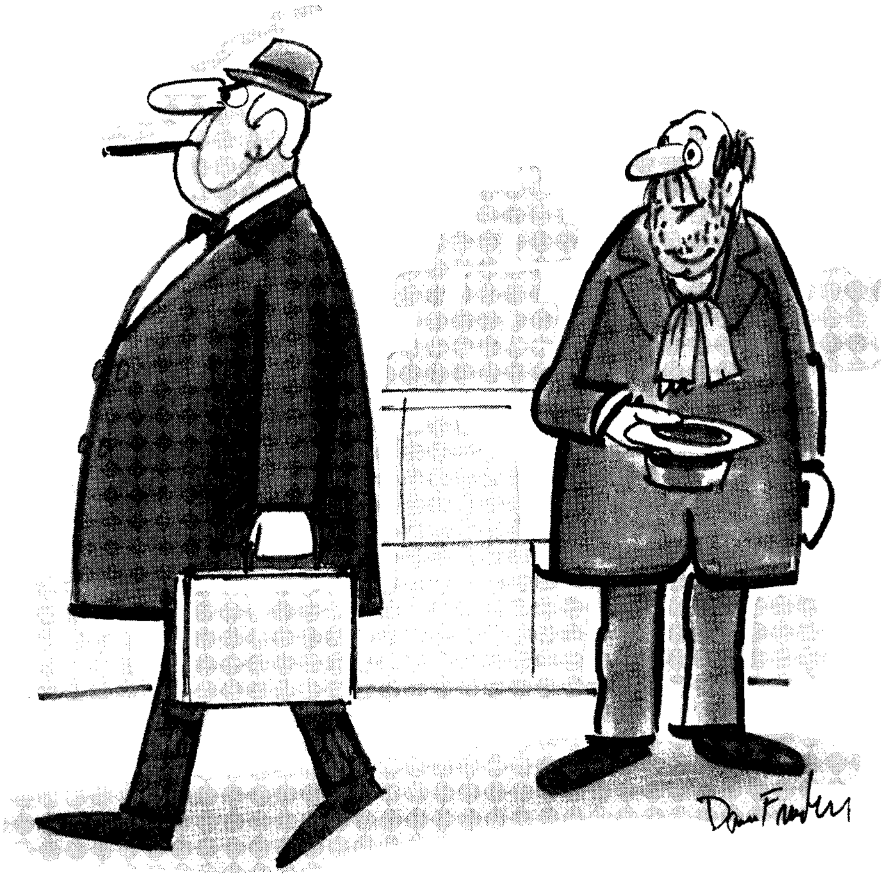
THIS delightful singing-cartoon version of O. Henderson Podsnap's beloved children's fable about a little boy who wants to give his mother a magic grapefruit for Christmas has already reached the status of a television holiday classic. The late Rex Bangalore can be heard as the voice of the king who had too many shoes. Melanie Montrose sings the part of the nearsighted princess. Children of all ages will thrill to the "Dance of the Jolly Citrus Fruits." The program will be hosted this year by Lyle Torquemada, star of next season's upcoming adventure series "The Parasurgeons."

"BUNNY BENSINGER'S SUPER HOLIDAY SPECIAL"

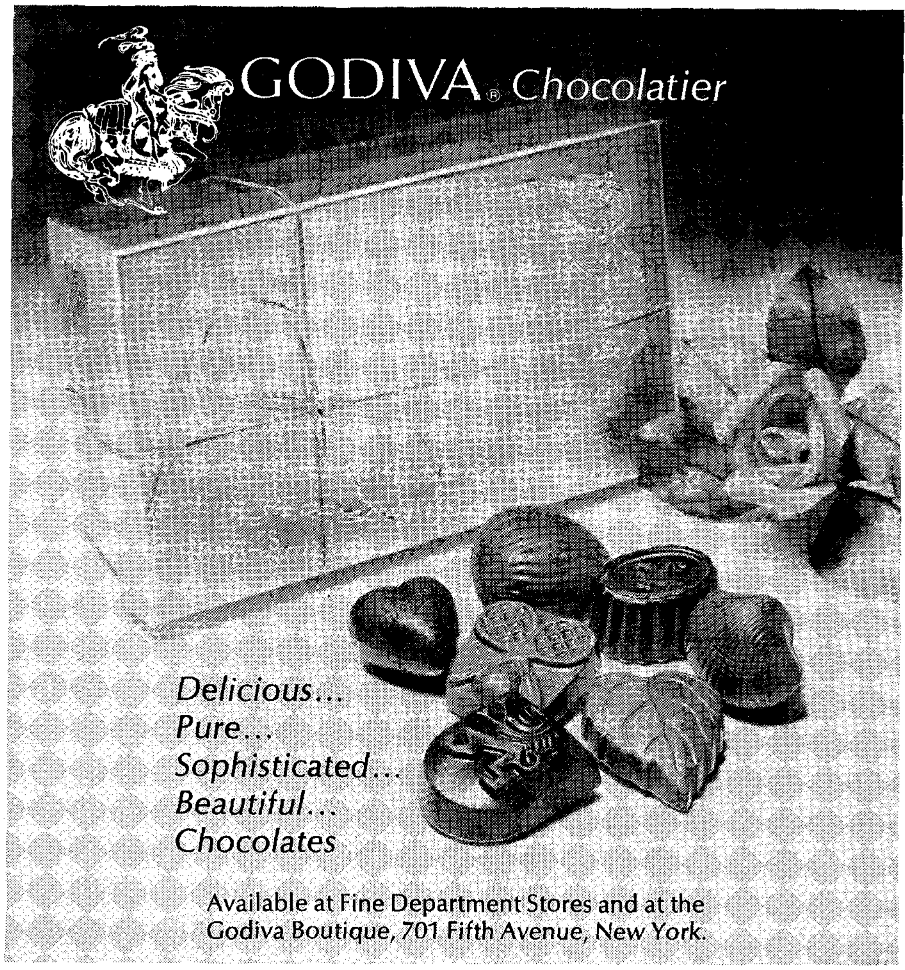
AFTER the success of last winter's "Bunny Bensinger's Holiday Special," which was broadcast live from the Cockatoo Inn in Las Vegas and featured a full-scale replica of an entire Bethlehem manger-and-stable complex, this winter's "Bunny Bensinger's Super Holiday Special" will be broadcast live from Bethlehem and will feature a full-scale replica of the Cockatoo Inn. On hand with Bunny in "the Holy Land" will be a few of his friends, including Ricky Rashoon, Olympic gold-medal winner Otis Pentachuck, and His Eminence Metropolitan Grigor Barzilaus, who will say a few words on behalf of world peace and Bunny's favorite charity, the Lagniappe Disease Clinic. Bunny will sing a medley of his old favorites, including a new arrangement of "Who Put the 'Chris' in Christmas?," which he will do with Otis Pentachuck and Lyle Torquemada, star of next season's upcoming adventure series "The Parasurgeons." The high point of the evening will be when the Bunny Bensinger Balladeers join Bunny on the special ice stage, along with guest stars Johnny Bench, Johnny Cash, and Syrian Minister of Defense General Mustafa Tlas, for a special "Skating Tribute to Elton John."

"THE HARVEY RUSHMORE YULETIDE NEWSCAST SPECIAL"

ONCE again, veteran newscaster Harvey Rushmore and the rest of the newsroom team at "The Harvey Rushmore Evening News" have put together a special holiday news treat for viewers. On hand for the festivities will be newsroom stalwarts such as weatherman Deke Van Doxie, who will recap some of the year's outstanding weather, and genial traffic commentator Buzz Pardee, who will reminisce about traffic and other subjects with consumer-parking adviser Pamela Devere. Roving correspondent Lem Antwerp travels to Spent Bullet, Nevada, for a timely interview with Mrs. Grolier O'Moon, great-grandniece of the inventor of the Christmas-tree stand. National disaster correspondent E. Bruce Fairbrother will give holiday disaster coverage a new wrinkle by focussing on the numerous unpublicized car, rail, air, and boat passengers who emerge unscathed from holiday travel. "It's a sound idea on paper," admits correspondent Fairbrother, "but one tippy Brazilian ferryboat could blow it." On the other hand, it will be business as usual for veteran newscaster Harvey Rushmore, who has decided to put aside (as "not befitting an old police reporter") the red suit, white beard, and cap with bells that in years past have earned him, among affiliate-station managers, the sobriquet of "Mr. Holiday News." Instead, this year Rushmore will concentrate on basics, in-



"In that case, how about a weekend at your firm's hunting lodge?"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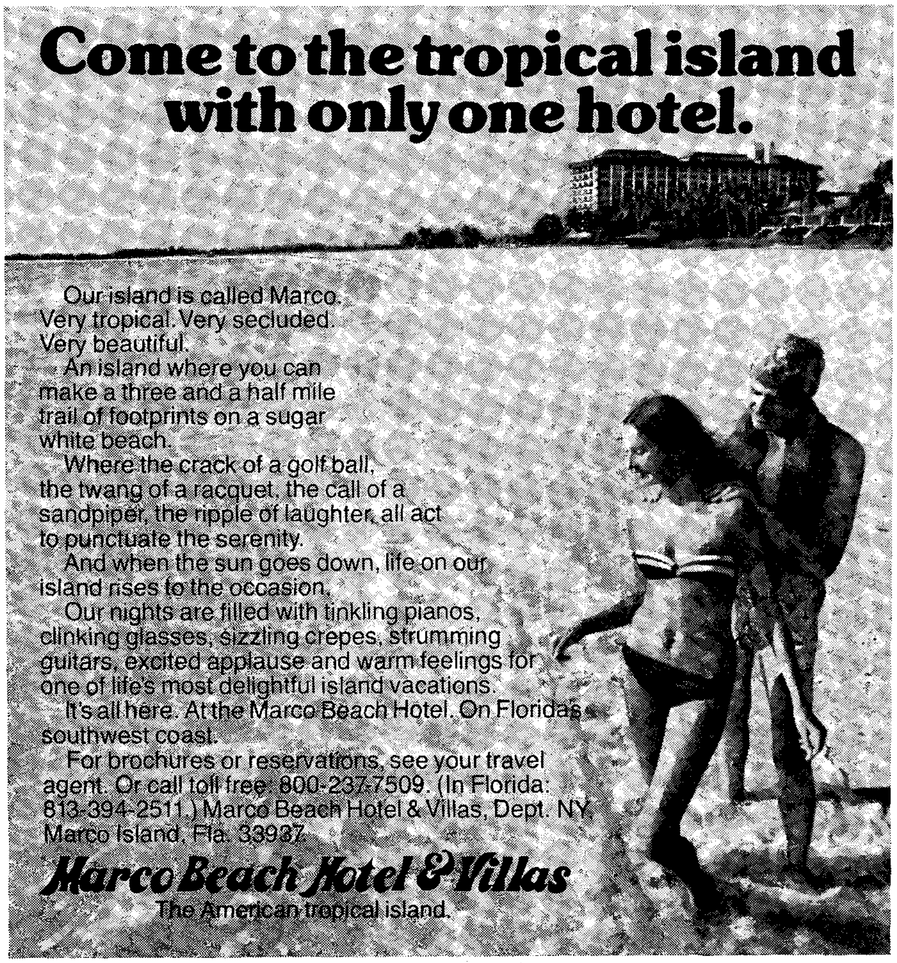
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terviewing such luminaries as Roselle Rashoon, network president Schuyler Benedict, and (by live satellite hookup) the Shah of Iran on "the meaning of Christmas."

"The 'Frieda & Her Friends' Christmas Showcase"

NOW that she has her own comedy show Tuesday evenings, it was clearly only a matter of time before Peggy Pomeroy—the irrepressible Frieda Ferguson of "Frieda"—had her own holiday special. Sharing the spotlight with Peggy are Lou Don Noon, who plays Frieda's boss, Mr. Quigley, and Sidney Capablanca of "Cassebeer & Son." Much of the fun consists in Sidney's teasing Peggy for having turned down the part of Capt. Philbrick's sister in "Cassebeer & Son." In a "Pageant of Sacred Music" number, Frieda Ferguson reveals herself as a promising classical whistler by whistling selections from the "Ave Maria" and "Over the Rainbow"—no surprise to those who know that in real life Peggy Pomeroy studied whistling under Varnoux Grismond, Sr., before turning to drama. Lou Don Noon then teases Sidney Capablanca for having turned down the part of Derek Farnsworth in "Frieda." Peggy then joins special guest stars Bobby Riggs and the Secretary-General of the U.N. in a special "Whistling Tribute to Elton John."

"The 'Masterpiece Theatre' Boxing Day Special"

AS a result of a special grant from the Mammoth Petroleum Corporation, the stars of public television's popular dramatic series "Masterpiece Theatre" get together on the first weekday after Christmas on an offshore drilling platform in the Gulf of Mexico for a bit of wassail and a spot of carolling. In between reprises of "Adeste Fideles" and "Good King Eoldred's Thumb," noted British thespians such as Sir Hugo Jukes ("Daniel Deronda") and Tony Tennett ("Tristram Shandy") reminisce about puddings. The most dramatic moment of the program comes when Dame Edwina Niggs reads aloud the Queen's Christmas Message, first in English, then in a variety of Welsh dialects. At the conclusion of the madrigal competition, Mr. E. Tom Guilfoyle, president of the Mammoth Petroleum Corporation, will present a plaque to the winning team and also say a few words about the role of international oil companies in the furthering of plainsong among the underdeveloped nations.

—Michael J. Arlen

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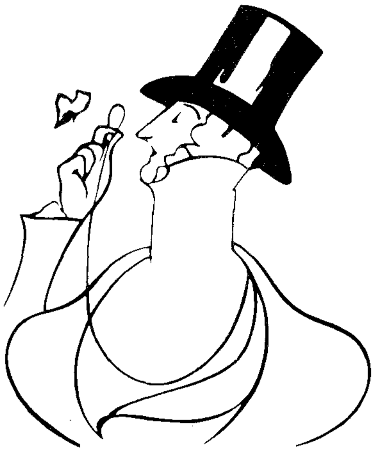

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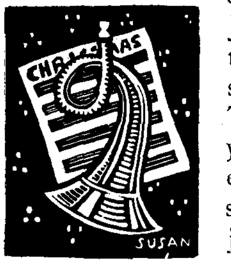
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mastery

A MASTER class held in public sometimes becomes a kind of recital at which the instructor is the star and pupils provide the performance material. I never heard Elena Gerhardt or Lotte Lehmann sing a full program, but at public master classes I certainly heard and saw them perform. (Gerhardt, short of breath but still sure in her shaping of word and phrase, sang parts of the "Winterreise" with wonderful intensity; Lehmann suddenly, in full voice, set the Wigmore Hall ringing with the Marschallin's "Heut' oder Morgen"—just five notes, producing sound and sentiments never to be forgotten.) There was no suggestion of public performance, however, about the three public master classes given at the Juilliard School last month by Herbert von Karajan or the three given last month and this by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Walter Legge. Karajan worked with a group of student conductors on Strauss's "Don Juan," Brahms's First Symphony, and "The Rite of Spring;" Schwarzkopf and Legge worked with young singers on Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf lieder and Mozart arias. They ignored the audiences. Karajan sat below the podium, among the players of the Juilliard Orchestra, and, scorning a microphone, conversed in unraised voice with the students, not caring whether his comments reached the visitors or not. Schwarzkopf and Legge sat, backs to the audience, on the edge of the Juilliard Theatre platform. They used microphones, so all that they said could be heard. But they turned to the audience only to chide it when it was noisy.



Karajan concentrated on the techniques of rehearsing. He tried to persuade flamboyant young men not to mime their excitable interpretations, not to "perform," but to beat time simply and clearly while using their ears as if they were "two microscopes" to discern whatever was wrong, and then correct any mistakes of pitch, timing, or dynamics in the fewest possible words. A handful of terms, he said—loud/soft, fast/slow, early/late, long/short, sharp/flat—were all a conductor needed to do his work. Trust the orchestra was the burden of his advice. Put everything right in rehearsal; repeat passages, first slowly and then up to speed, until every note from every player is rhythmically and dynamically in place—this was the practice he enjoined on his pupils. Then, on the night, a performance will flow as if of its own accord. Relax, he often said; use your ears, not your arms and body. A jerky, jittery young firebrand was told to stop flashing his baton about as if it were a wizard's wand and made to summon the orchestral surges of "Don Juan" by moving no more than an index finger. (The second of Richard Strauss's Ten Golden Rules for a young conductor was "Never sweat; only the audience should get warm.") Karajan recalled his apprehension, as a child, that he would never be able to lift his huge, heavy horse over a fence, and his discovery that one had merely to get the pace and place right and the horse would do the rest. So with an orchestra approaching a climax. All this told us much about a man who, with a technique as calm and unflashy as Adrian Boult's, elicits virtuoso playing of effortless smoothness and power. His remark that if the presence of bar lines is ever felt, lyricism is lost perhaps helps to explain why his performances can be overfluent, gritless to a fault.

Walter Legge, although unmentioned in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, has probably done more than anyone else alive to raise standards of musical performance—not just in Britain, where he founded and directed the Philharmonia Orchestra and engaged Karajan, Cantelli, Klemperer, Giulini, and, for two memorable Brahms concerts, Toscanini to conduct it, but internationally, through many, many recordings of performances executed to his exacting requirements. He was the man behind many HMV and Columbia records—matching artists to repertory, casting, coaching, coaxing, and, at recording sessions, commending or criticizing until he was satisfied: "I was determined to put onto disc the best that artists could do under the best possible conditions." Before the war, he produced all Beecham's recordings and the influential Hugo Wolf Society albums; after it, symphonic albums by those Philharmonia conductors, the Callas series of operas, Mozart operas under Karajan, Böhm, and Giulini, "Fidelio" under Klemperer, shining Richard Strauss, captivating Johann Strauss, great lieder recitals by Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau, piano recitals by Dinu Lipatti, and much else. Legge's genius was, and is, for recognizing and remembering in detail what constitutes greatness in musical execution, for perceiving potential greatness, and for inspiring new interpreters to learn from and emulate—not merely ape—the best achievements of their predecessors. I owe him a personal debt, for he persuaded my first employer that a music critic should be sent wherever in the world there was something or someone worth hearing. The world owes him a debt for having sought out, sifted, promulgated, and preserved for posterity the best in mid-twentieth-century musical performance.

When Legge married Schwarzkopf, two perfectionists joined forces. In their master classes, they instilled the attention to detail that has been the hallmark of Legge-directed and of Schwarzkopf-executed interpretations. Many minutes were spent working with a student on the single word "*graust*" in Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger"—on the timbre, the attack, the volume, the pronunciation of the "gr," the pronunciation of the "s," and then on all these together in the context of the whole phrase. The quality stressed was line—musical line—above all. Like Peter Pears last year, like Karajan, and like, I am told, Maria Callas in her Juilliard classes, they constantly urged their pupils to have a whole line in view before embarking on its first note. Schwarzkopf insisted on pure, precise German; allowed no disruptive North German "r"s—especially final "r"s in such a line as "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"—to break the legato, except for some special expressive effect; urged an aristocratic Viennese pronunciation as the most musical. Consonants should be distinctly but rapidly and unobtrusively sounded; no spitting, no buzzing, hissing, *rrr*olling, or humming (except, again, for a rare special effect); vowels, fully sustained throughout the length of a note, are the creators and carriers of a musical line. Legge's bugbear was the insertion of an "h" between notes slurred to a single syllable, and often he stopped singers to complain of a lifeless note or word—here an anacrusis not already instinct with sense, there a final note that died into blankness when it should have pointed, across a rest, to what was coming. Both instructors refused to pass unsteadiness or uncertainties of pitch. Students were not allowed to "swim" with their hands. Divisions and ornaments had to be sounded clearly, not scurried, and not merely "indicated" by little

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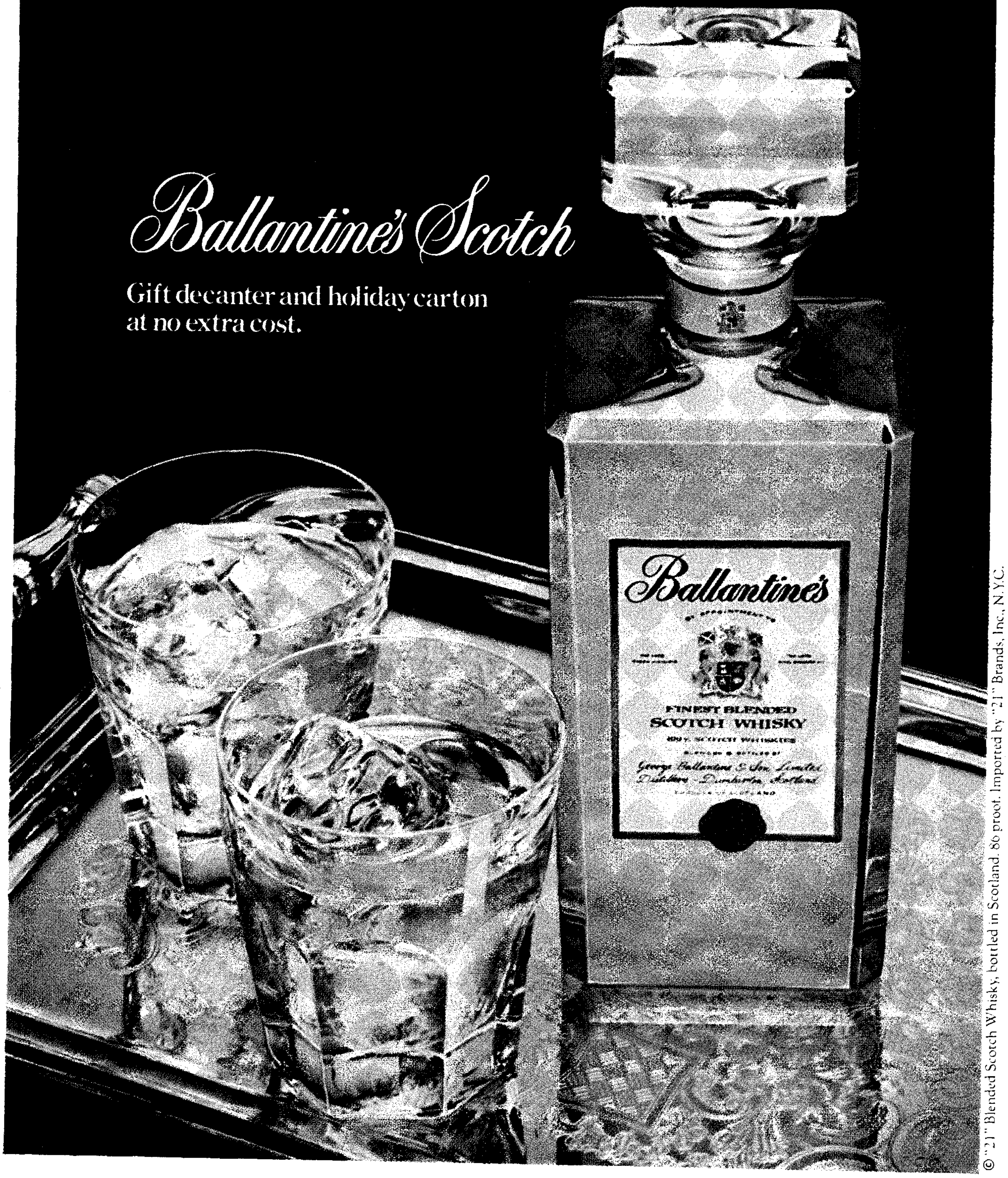
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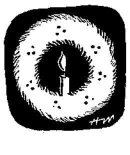
shakes of the head. There were many things of many kinds to be learned. George Szell and his advice were several times invoked. So was Lotte Lehmann's magical way of breathing out an initial "j." I hope that the students felt they were being made heirs to great traditions that Schwarzkopf and Legge have both absorbed and extended—and that they were given a listening list for further study. In the early days of their collaboration, Legge made Schwarzkopf listen to records as challenges. In an *Opera News* article about his wife, he recalled how he "set out to widen by recorded examples her imaginative concept of the possibilities of vocal sound." Among the examples were Rosa Ponselle's creamy timbre and noble line; the Slavic brilliance of Nina Koshetz; some insinuating phrases from Geraldine Farrar's Carmen; a single word from Melba, "*Bada*," in Mimì's Farewell; some Elisabeth Rethberg and much Meta Seinemeyer, "to show how essentially Teutonic voices can produce brilliant Italianate sound;" Lotte Lehmann for generosity, warmth, and impulsiveness; Elisabeth Schumann for charm and lightness; Frida Leider for dramatic tension. And there were instrumentalists, too: "Fritz Kreisler for the dark beauty of his tone, his nobility and elegance, his vitality in upbeats, his rubato and cavalier nonchalance; Schnabel for concentrated thinking over long musical periods, firmly rhythmical, seemingly oblivious to bar lines. From the analysis of what we found most admirable in these diverse models we made our own synthesis."

In his "Life of Rossini," published in 1824, Stendhal indulged in a flight of fancy—that one day a device would be invented to preserve for successive generations of students and opera lovers the sound and style of great singers. Edison turned fancy into fact, but I sometimes wonder whether singers of today profit from his invention as fully as they could. If Lenus Carlson, a young baritone of abundant natural gifts, had listened attentively to records by Mattia Battistini, Giuseppe De Luca, and Pablo Casals, could he have turned the long spans of Valentin's "Avant de quitter ces lieux" into a set of unjoined notes, as he did in the Metropolitan Opera's revival of "Faust" this month? If Paul Plishka, the Mephistopheles of that performance, knew how Pol Plançon sang the arias, would he not have striven for aristocratic elegance, greater lightness and delicacy of inflection? I cannot believe that Maria Ewing, heroine of the Houston Grand Opera's new production of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," knew what Conchita Supervia—and a dozen other singers besides—did with the single word "*ma*" in Rosina's cavatina, since she made nothing of what should be a bewitching moment. I have met singers who grew indignant at the suggestion that they should seek instruction from old records: "I want to do *my* Norma, *my* Almaviva, *my* Carlo, not a copy of Rosa Ponselle's, Fernando De Lucia's, Battistini's." Strange, and not sensible, the failure to realize that many great artists began by imitating the best of their predecessors and then, challenged and inspired by a full knowledge of what others had achieved, developed and refined a personal interpretation in the light of individual temperament and technique. Henry Chorley praised Giulia Grisi, London's and Paris's favorite prima donna in the mid-nineteenth century, for "her cleverness in adopting the effects and ideas of others more thoughtful and originally inventive than herself." "Her most popular personations," he added, "followed those of other actresses. Her Norma, doubtless her grandest performance, was modelled on that of Madame Pasta—perhaps, in some points, was an improvement on the model, because there was more of animal passion in it," and because Grisi had the more beautiful voice. As a modern instance of not straight imitation but the realization that at a particular moment something special is needed, I would cite Frederica von Stade's singing of Rosina's "*ma*" on a new Philips disc of Rossini and Mozart arias. It is not like Supervia's "*ma*," nor like Callas's, but, like theirs, and especially in the repeat verse, it twinkles delightfully.



ONE day, I hope to see "Il Barbiere" played as a high-spirited, elegant comedy of situation and character, not as a low, vulgar romp. The Houston version, directed by Anthony Besch, began promisingly but fell to pieces in the first-act finale. When the officer, about to arrest Almaviva, came to attention, he stamped on Figaro's foot, Figaro went hopping around the stage, and the start of the *quadro di stupore*, "Fredda ed immobile," was drowned by belly laughter. Then the soldiers raided Bartolo's cellar; they drank and diced while Figaro applied leeches to Bartolo's calf and Almaviva flung Berta's washing—frilly undergarments—all over the stage. As the curtain fell, Berta was being carried off to a bedroom by a drunken crew. In Act II, Almaviva-as-Alonso clowned broadly during the Lesson Scene and had evidently forgotten the plot of the opera altogether. The "Buona sera" quintet was "enlivened" by nonsensical added business: at each successive entry, someone prevented Basilio from picking up a guinea he had dropped, thus keeping him onstage during a scene the sense of which is that everyone is eager to hasten his departure. Anything for an easy laugh!

Still, things were less frenzied than in Sarah Caldwell's production for the City Opera, and Donald Gramm could make a substantial character, not a caricature, of Dr. Bartolo. Paolo Montarsolo's Basilio routines have become polished with years of practice. Hermann Prey's Figaro bounced about in a conventional, exuberant way. Edoardo Gimenez could not manage the trickier divisions of Almaviva's role. Maria Ewing's Rosina was attractive but lacked piquancy. Besch and Charles Mackerras, who conducted, are men who usually think out a performance afresh, using score and libretto as their starting point and testing later "traditions" by their aptness to the work the creators conceived. It was disappointing to find that here they had assembled a routine modern "Barbiere."

Houston does its operas in two versions: with an international cast, in the original language, and with an American cast, in English. The American cast, inadequately directed by David Gately and tamely conducted by Chris Nance, did not realize its potential. There were good voices—Stephen Dickson's in the title role, Scott Reeve's as Basilio—but they were not used to create lively personages. Ruth and Thomas Martin's translation is drab; it sounded doubly so because the recitatives were chopped into separate phrases, served out like sections from a presliced factory loaf. But there was merit in Linda Kowalski's Rosina—dark in timbre, vivacious, and sparkly in the upper reaches. And as Almaviva there was the young tenor Rockwell Blake, who seems to be what the world has been waiting for ever since the Rossini revival began. Several modern sopranos and mezzos have shown themselves able to get through Rossini's fiendish runs and roulades with fair accuracy; modern tenors have usually sketched them, smudged them, or cut them. But Mr. Blake sings coloratura with the freedom and accuracy of a young Sutherland, and he sings it in full voice. He is not a *tenorino* but a manly lyric tenor with the kind of agility seldom heard since Hermann Jadlowker recorded “Ecco ridente in cielo” in 1912—and with more grace and charm of musical manner than Jadlowker showed. A cadenza in Almaviva’s first aria took Mr. Blake to the high F; the final aria (“Cessa *di più resistere. . . . Ah, il più* lieto, il più felice,” better known in the mezzo version that ends “La Cenerentola”) revealed all his abilities. The number was slightly shortened, which was a pity. It brought the house down. (In the international performance, Mr. Gimenez struggled through it, and was received in silence.) If Mr. Blake fulfills his promise, Rossini’s “Otello” and “Semiramide” can return to the stage as more than shows for a prima donna and supporting cast.

“Faust” went on being done at the Met while most other major houses abandoned it. (Covent Garden’s 1974 production, gift of an American foundation, was the first performance there in nearly forty years.) I was brought up to believe that unless Melba or Eames and the de Reszke brothers were to come again, “Faust” could not be accepted by a modern audience. Not so. In the long run, the public is always right, and “Faust” has had a long enough run to be proof against critical attack and passing fashions: at Covent Garden, from 1863 to 1924 it played every season but one before falling from favor; it was the first opera ever done by the Met, and most subsequent seasons have included it. This season’s revival was not well sung; in fact, by Melba and Eames standards it was wretchedly sung. But Jean-Louis Barrault’s 1965 production, set out now by Bodo Igesz, moves well. Jacques Dupont’s simple décor, though monotonously brown or gray, changes with a swiftness that removes cumbersomeness from the piece. The scale is grand, the chorus and dancers are abundant, and the effects are picturesque without being heavy. Much is missing—colors, trees, walls—but not much is flatly contradicted. This is a serious and honest attempt to stage Gounod’s “Faust,” not a clever director’s modish, unmusical commentary on it.

The shortcomings of the principals can be described by negatives. Jeannette Pilou, Marguerite, was not limpid in timbre. Stuart Burrows, Faust, was not romantic. Lenus Carlson was not legato. Paul Plishka was not elegant. On the credit side, Miss Pilou is an actress and musician of charm, character, and intelligence. Mr. Burrows is reliable and never strident. Mr. Carl-

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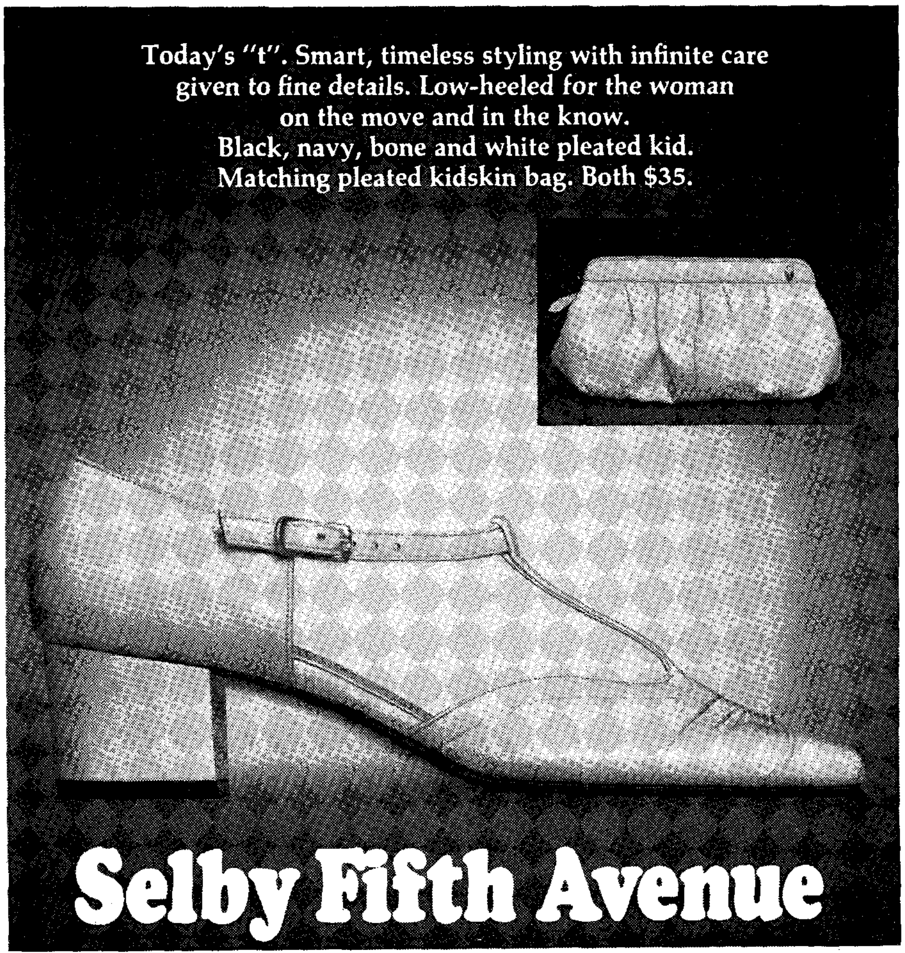

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son is promising. Mr. Plishka is powerful. All of them knew what they were about. Georges Prêtre, the conductor, also has ideas about the score. The romantic fluctuations in his tempi were generally convincing, but the duet and trio of the last scene, I felt, needed broader, less excitable handling. There was new choreography, by Stuart Sebastian, for the Brocken ballet. His divertissement—part Balanchinesque, part Las Vegas—was chic, civilized, and, although rather uncertainly danced, less ridiculous than most Walpurgisnacht dances.

Of recent New York recitals, one that stays with me is Raymond Dudley's, in Alice Tully Hall, of six Haydn piano sonatas, played on the instrument that we call a fortepiano to distinguish it from the powerful modern pianoforte. Mr. Dudley used a replica of a Viennese instrument now in the Smithsonian Institution, of light construction (it weighs about a tenth as much as a modern concert grand) and light, clear, sweet tone—the kind of piano for which Haydn and Mozart wrote. Hearing the right instrument is not enough in itself to insure a fine musical experience. As Cyril Ehrlich remarks in his newly published "The Piano: A History," "comparisons between old and new instruments have little meaning without reference to methods and standards of performance. For example, it is said that early pianos 'speak' more easily and clearly, particularly in the bass, where individual notes of a chord are heard with a clarity denied to the 'woolly' modern instrument. Yet . . . in Schubert's posthumous B-flat Sonata the low bass trills are executed with perfect clarity [on a modern instrument] by Brendel or Serkin, and the textures of his 'Wanderer' Fantasy never sound muddled in the hands of a Richter or Pollini." True enough—yet anyone who gets to know the sound of the pianos Schubert knew is likely to wish that Brendel, Serkin, Richter, and Pollini would turn to such instruments, and add to their interpretative artistry the extra delight of authentic timbre. In a Bicentennial gesture, Mr. Dudley played six sonatas composed in 1776, and gave fluent, thoughtful performances distinguished by naturalness and by freedoms that did not become undisciplined. Haydn's piano sonatas are strong and surprising; the surprises sounded just as impressive on the intimate scale as they do on Horowitz's Steinway.

—Andrew Porter

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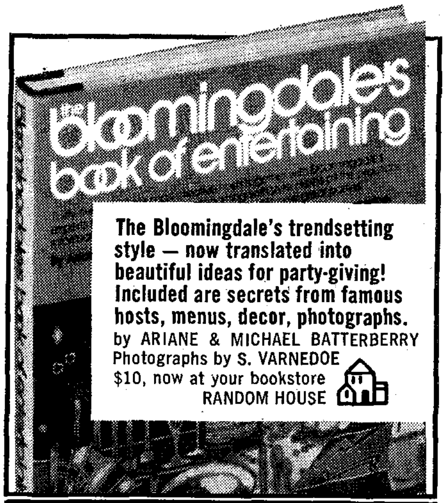

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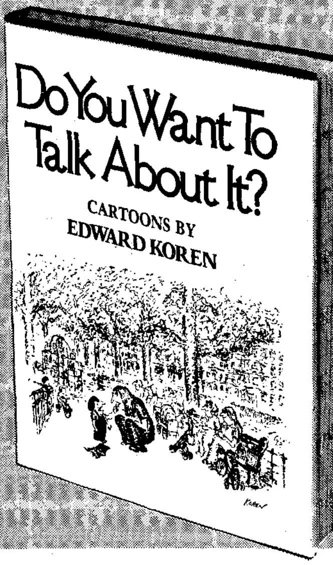

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THE RACE TRACK

Six in a Row

FRAMPTON DELIGHT brought off a nineteen-to-one chance by a head in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, but the hero of the race was Steve Cauthen, a sixteen-year-old apprentice, who rode him. What's more, it was the boy's fourth in an afternoon of five winning races. Earlier in the afternoon, he had completed a string of six straight wins, for he'd ridden the last three winners on the card the day before. That sort of thing has never been done before on a New York track. On Saturday, Cauthen began by winning the first race by four lengths and the second by about half that. He skipped the third and fourth, won the fifth, and lost the sixth and the seventh. After winning the eighth, the Gallant Fox, he was presented with a trophy by Telly Savalas, but this failed to overwhelm him—he went on to win the ninth race by a length. Not bad for a boy who started riding only last May. Lenny Goodman, Baeza's agent, who seldom overlooks a bet, has taken over Cauthen's engagement book, so he will have plenty of mounts from now on. Frampton Delight, who has been running in claiming races for Len Ragozin for most of the season, carried only 106 pounds in the mile and five furlongs of the Gallant Fox. He had enough speed to make a good position in the early running and enough stamina to overtake Appassionato in the stretch. Volney was third.

THE contest between Hawley and Cordero for the year's riding honors continues merrily. Last week, Cordero was as busy as a bird dog, riding in almost every race on the card at the Big A, and he brought the earnings of the horses he'd ridden to $4,536,331, which topped Hawley's total. However, he's still far behind the young Canadian in the number of races won—269 to Hawley's 402—and to this critic that is what counts. Hawley made quite an impression on racegoers during the short time he was at Belmont Park last September. He has made a much bigger one in California over the two years he's been riding in Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. At Woodbine, horsemen agree that he's "the best." In fact, Lou Cavalaris would put him in the top ten riders of the world. Maurice Zilber, who trains Nelson Bunker Hunt's horses in France, has said much the same thing about him. One of the things trainers like about Hawley is his ability—perhaps it's a gift—to help relax horses before a race. If one of his horses comes to the paddock keyed up, he will talk to it, fuss over it, and calm it down. Also, even in the hardest of finishes he doesn't take as much out of his mount as some riders do.

Born in Oshawa, Ontario (near Toronto), on April 16, 1949, and christened Sandford Desmond Hawley, he got his first job around horses at E. P. Taylor's National Stud Farm. There he met Colin Wick, who later became his agent, and Duke Campbell, a trainer, for whom he later groomed horses for a year and galloped them for two years more before he was allowed to ride in a race. His first winner was something named Fly Alone, at Woodbine, on October 14, 1968. Things moved faster after that. The following year, he was the leading apprentice rider in North America; from then on through 1974 he was the leading rider in Canada; and on December 4th he became the youngest jockey ever to pass the three-thousand-winner mark.

Trainers say Hawley is just the right size and weight for a jockey—five feet two inches and 107 pounds. He has broad shoulders and powerful arms and hands—he was a member of his high-school wrestling team. On the street, he looks just another pleasant-featured, quietly dressed young man, slightly on the small side. On a horse at a race track, you'd know at half a glance that he was a top race rider—he almost never gets in close quarters, and when he does he makes getting out of it so easy. In his free time, he likes playing golf and fishing. He also sponsors a hockey team of eleven-year-olds called Hawley's Horses. He and his wife live in Mississauga, just outside Toronto, along with two dogs, two cats, and an Australian parrot. His wife has several show horses.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Four Episcopal churches are featured in a new Lutheran filmstrip showing how to make church buildings more functional. . . .

The new filmstrip emphasizes arrangements for intimacy, hospitality, futility and flexibility.—*The Church News of the Diocese of New Jersey.*

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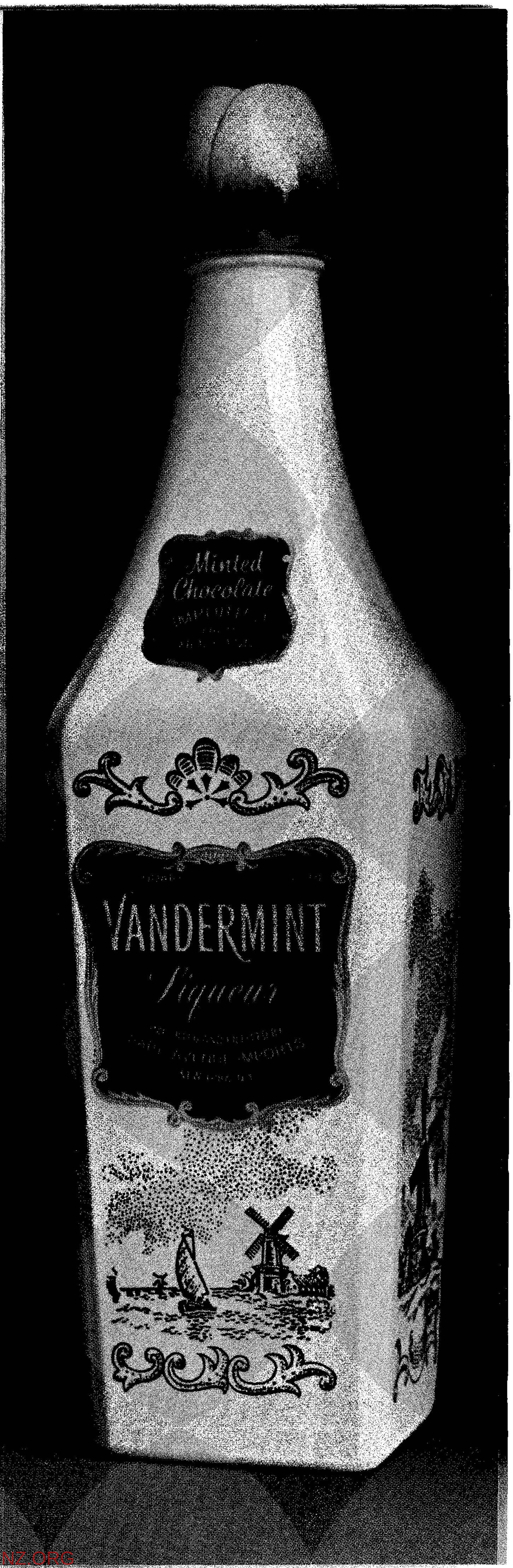
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

This Is My Beloved

EVERY time Jeanne Moreau opens her mouth in "Lumière," a *pensée* drops out. As the international screen star Sarah Dedieu, she is so solicitous of everyone's welfare that when she isn't reciting bits of Gallic wisdom of the heart or quoting weighty lines from Ingmar Bergman she picks up a book that's handily close by and reads us an enriching passage. It's no wonder, then, that lovers swarm all over Sarah and that her friends adore her—she gives fully of herself to each, and the lowliest worker on the set of the movie she's starring in may expect her loving consideration.

This appears to be how Moreau sees herself, and how she wants us to see her—as an impulsive, Colette-like woman eagerly sniffing a visiting friend's new perfume, or putting nasturtiums into a salad and serving it charmingly with her fingertips. The film, which marks her début as a director and also as a scenarist, is made up of treasured scraps; the script suggests a process of accretion rather than writing. Even the name Sarah Dedieu has the highest associations: not only Bernhardt but "Rachel when from the Lord," the actress about whom Proust speculated on "the power of the human imagination, the illusion on which were based the pains of love;" and, like Rachel, Sarah has had a lover named Saint-Loup. For a first film, the title "Lumière" is superbly confident, a dazzling pun, calling up not only the Creation, and Louis Lumière, the pioneer filmmaker who photographed actual events, but also the bright lights that theatrical people live in, the glow that stars give off, and the cry that is traditionally heard on movie sets—"Lights, camera, action!" The meaning is essentially the same as Chaplin's "Limelight," and "Lumière" is perhaps the most elevated daydream of an actor's life since Chaplin's Calvero performed at a gala benefit, demonstrating to those who thought him a has-been that he was still the greatest performer of them all, and then died in the wings as the applause faded.

Watching the movie is rather like attending a queen's levee. Sarah awakes, sits up in her pomegranate-red nightie, her hair freshly done, as her servant brings in her fan mail. Admitted into her world of friends, we can see that she has no fears about her work, no pangs of anxiety about aging, no paranoia about the new actresses coming up. In the course of a week, she discards one lover firmly, honestly, and takes on another—predestined for her, she feels. She visits the laboratory of Grégoire (François Simon), a cadaverous biologist, an ascetic so devoted to her that he is a husband in all but sex, and she listens to his scientific discourse with an absorption that makes us feel like bums: she does not merely understand science, she understands it with her whole soul. They walk together in white corridors that are like the inside of a machine; truly they are in a different world. At the end of the week, she wins something like the Academy Award, except it's at a ceremony where she is the only one being honored, and her girl friends and boy friends are all there, gathered round, to be happy for her. This bliss-out is the movie every actress must at some point have dreamed of making. Inadvertently, "Lumière" becomes a film about an actress's narcissism.

When word is brought to Sarah that her platonic husband was dying of a disease contracted because of his dedication to his work, and has killed himself, the camera moves in for a closeup. But she cannot react. We are invited to admire the virtuosity of her shocked impassivity. "That light," she complains. "*Le soleil m'enmerde.*" Ah, yes, her star's ambience has blinded her to his suffering. Her grief must be terrible to be so bottled up. Then she goes to her movie set, takes off her flaming pomegranate cape, and, dressed appropriately in a Hamlet black tuxedo, breaks down. You feel you should applaud.

Jeanne Moreau has always made love to the camera—in effect, to the director. She has had her own way of changing her emotional coloring—surprising the director, entrancing him. The most dismaying aspect of "Lumière" is that she's making love to herself. In the sixties, Moreau used to say that she liked directors to decide for her what they wanted her to do, because "the ideas you can have about yourself are not very interesting." She said, "I think it is much better to see yourself through somebody's eyes." She was right. It's one thing to be seen as a goddess; it's quite another to see yourself as a goddess. And she was right when she discussed her "mystery" as "the director's mystery, for him to unravel." Of all the performers one can think of, she is probably the one who would naturally suffer the most from directing herself. The great thing about those sulky women she played in the early sixties was how little they said and how much they implied. Now that she's laying on the aphorisms, she isn't implying a thing. The flip-overs from mood to mood are visible, and there's nothing underneath to hold the tricks together.

"Lumière" suggests a refined, thin-blooded "All About Eve." That American film is so telegraphic in style that the characters seem to be talking in headlines, but here the conversation is so gracefully marginal that you long for a headline or two. Sarah is offered to us as a chic, theatrical version of an earth mother, and as she drifts from appointment to appointment everything basic is left out. Moreau once said, "When I see something I want, I go *right* for it. I really won't let *anything* stand in my way. Shame, self-respect—nothing can stop me. I *always* get what I want." A decade later, she presents us with considerate, thoughtful Sarah Dedieu. But we never cared about whether Jeanne Moreau was nice; the point was, we couldn't take our eyes off her. We can, now that she's gone soft on herself; there is no strength of any kind in "Lumière."

Rarely has there been so much camera movement to such static effect. The film is full of "artful touches": the camera plays peekaboo, or swirls whimsically, without dramatic impetus; a pair of women are photographed back to back, in a reversal of Bergman's face-to-face encounters; Sarah's shade of red turns up on her lovers—everybody in the movie is color-coördinated with her. In a prelude, shot in Moreau's house near Saint-Tropez, a quartet of holidaying actresses exchange confidences, and we are alerted that this is going to be a gentle, woman's view of women. The relaxed intimacy among the four is unlike the views of women's friendships which men directors have given, but it's a little too sun-sweetened; we seem to be in an idealized girls' dormitory, or an overage budding grove. The most animated moments in the movie involve Julienne (Francine Racette) and Caroline (Caroline Cartier), who probably represent Sarah at earlier stages in her life, just as Laura (Lucia Bose), who has married rich, retired from the

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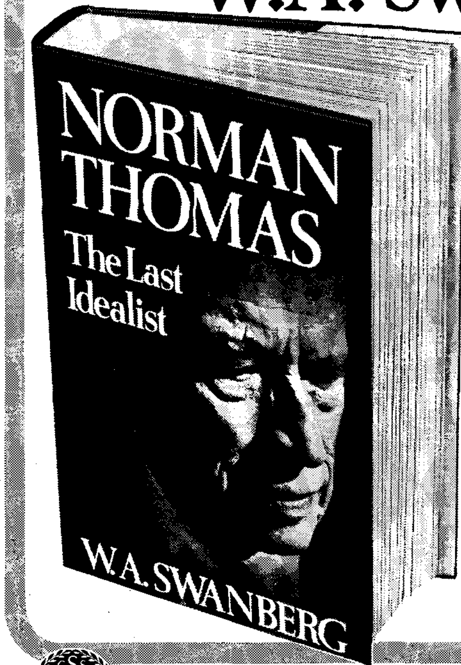

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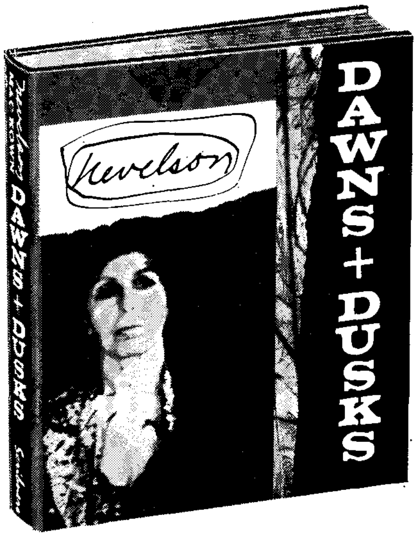

theatre, and become a little dull, probably represents what might have happened to Sarah if she had quit. As a director, Moreau brings out the possibilities in the young actresses. Francine Racette, a tall brunette, indecently pretty and with a monkey grin, is like a showgirl Katharine Hepburn; she has the popping-out-of-her-skin sexiness of the glittering Parisiennes of thirties movies—Jacqueline Delubac in the Guitry films, or Mireille Balin in "Pépé le Moko." While Moreau sees the comedy in the seduction scene that Racette plays with a visiting American (Keith Carradine), Sarah's passions are treated with the utmost earnestness, even though she appears to have excruciating taste in men. The lover she sends packing is a mewling infant, and her new predestined soul mate (Bruno Ganz), a German writer whose books she says have "invaded my mind," is clammy and passive. But no one in the film expresses any awareness of her predilection for weak, asexual men, and her romantic scenes with the sombre Ganz, which are a killing mixture of "La Notte" and "Now, Voyager," are played absolutely straight, even when she rests her head, pictorially, on his manly shoulder. When Sarah is with her women friends, the scenes are arranged so that she can embrace them and be infinitely supportive and generous. The picture is a valentine to a wonderful woman's life of art and love. It shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture.

"Lumière" is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject, and this can be taken as feminine sensibility. But this is also what has given feminine sensibility a bad name. The affectation of "Lumière" is that its heroine is closer to the earth than men are, and yet has higher, more spiritual feelings than men. Which is where many men, too, have wanted to place women—leaving them out of the middle range, where the action is. There is no middle range in Moreau's picture—nothing between innocent girlish sensuality and poetic conceits. Jeanne Moreau keeps herself in too good a light. The film never rings true: it's a wrong-note sonata.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

However, Reuben Ginsberg, a co-owner of the center, is enthusiastic. "Dallas needed something unique," he said, "and we spared no expense. . . . It's a new star in the ferment of Dallas."—*Dallas Morning News.*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Nights of the Long Knives, by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Another of Mr. Kirst's death dances through the nastier corridors of Nazi Germany. It opens, in the present, in Lugano, Switzerland, with the assassination of an elderly German resident, one Heinz-Hermann Norden. It then moves back to 1933 in Germany, with the recruitment of an idealistic young Norden into a six-man group of Nazi superthugs. The training of these men and their increasingly revolting assignments take us up to the outbreak of war. The story then steps up to the present, to Lugano, and to a satisfying denouement. It is an impressive measure of Mr. Kirst's skill that he makes us care about his dehumanized young true believers—care enough, at any rate, to follow them through their hideous zealotry—and it is not too much to say that it is a scarring experience.

GENERAL

Lewis Carroll Observed, edited by Edward Guiliano (Potter). In January, 1974, some twenty scholars, writers, collectors, and dealers met in Princeton and began discussing the possibility of producing this collection of new essays and unpublished photographs and drawings. Widely varying approaches have come together in this book, from psychoanalytic commentary to logical theory, from close textual scholarship to the ingenious kind of literary history that can describe Chapter 36 of Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" as "a clearly deliberate adaptation of the trial scene at the end of 'Wonderland.' " One contributor remarks that Alice's adventures were accepted by children as "a new kind of literature written especially for them." The later work "The Hunting of the Snark" provoked from a reviewer the thoughtful complaint "that the nonsense is not artistic, that it does not wake, as the nonsense in Alice's two adventures did, the chain of association. We can be amused by the Cheshire Cat, but not by the Beaver; by the Queen of Hearts, but not by the Bellman." Carroll seems to have been taken most seriously when he abandoned himself most fully to his imagination, to his instinct for giving pleasure without regard for the high, "serious" call of duty.

Good Company: A Memoir, Mostly Theatrical, by Irving Drutman (Little, Brown). This engaging book is the work of a master raconteur. The author tells just enough about himself—that he was a stagestruck New York boy who found his niche by writing about the theatre and its personalities—to set the scene for his subjects. His recollections are not of the anything-for-a-laugh kind. Though most of the people in the book are entertaining, Drutman shows other qualities as well: the reasons that many people found S. N. Behrman lovable emerge very clearly, and so do the reasons that many people found Oscar Levant intolerable. Mr. Drutman sees that Tallulah Bankhead is showing off; he also sees that she is running scared. The author has included brief portraits of four close friends—W.H. Auden, Ira Gershwin, Janet Flanner, and Virgil Thomson.

Degas: The Artist's Mind, by Theodore Reff (The Metropolitan Museum of Art/Harper & Row). An isolated, aloof figure who willfully cut himself off from people by his petulance, his harsh, defensive irony, and his open anti-Semitism, and yet a man who was practically worshipped by the many artists he encouraged and by his few close friends, Degas is one of the most fascinating personalities in late-nineteenth-century French art. Mr. Reff's portrait, however—presented in a collection of seven essays on aspects of Degas's life and art—is not so dramatic. There is almost nothing monstrous or vehement, or even mysterious, about this Degas, who goes about his work with the diligence and dispassionate intelligence of a cool professional—he could be a scientist, a detective, or an art historian. Mr. Reff's breadth of learning, the concision and clarity of his prose, and the subtlety with which he traces intricate developments in the painter's work set his book apart from nearly all other recent art historical studies. Yet it isn't quite the great Degas book one had expected from this distinguished scholar; the finely calibrated, Swiss-watch quality of his

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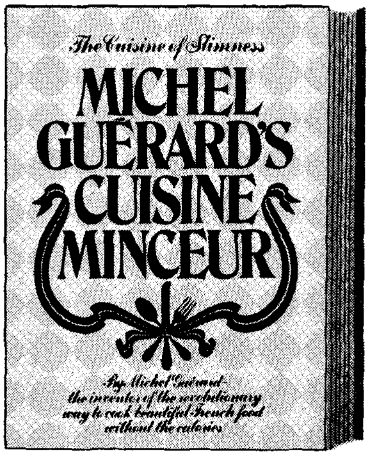
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style takes away more than it gives. Two hundred and sixteen illustrations, fourteen in color. Twenty-five dollars.

Van Gogh, by Ian Dunlop (Follett). A biography by an English art critic, who is at pains to show us Vincent Willem van Gogh the man, rather than the "tortured genius" of latter-day legend. Mr. Dunlop sticks closely to the facts of van Gogh's life, putting to rest such myths as that van Gogh never sold a picture in his lifetime, and sorting out the truth about the overcelebrated ear mutilation. His book is written on the assumption that the emergence of this uncouth and exasperating figure—at once humane, hypersensitive, boorish, and tender—as one of the world's great artists was miracle enough and needs no embellishment. Photographs, black-and-white reproductions of the paintings and drawings, and twenty colorplates. The color was a mistake.

American Views: Prospects and Vistas, by Gloria-Gilda Deák, with an introduction by James Thomas Flexner (Viking). Mrs. Deák, a special consultant at the New York Public Library, has chosen from that vast repository some fifty-seven color prints that variously depict the appealing look of (for the most part) early urban America, from the beginnings of Baltimore, around 1752, to the grand opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, in 1883. The artists, with the exception of Currier and Ives (represented by their Elysian "A Home on the Mississippi" and three others), are largely unfamiliar, and they are, most fortunately, as often attracted to the ordinary ("Broadway from the Bowling Green," "The Corner of Greenwich and Dey Streets," "Boston from Dorchester Heights," "A View of Reading," "Cincinnati on the Ohio") as to the grandeur of Niagara Falls and the pomp of William Henry Harrison's Inauguration. The draftsmanship in all of them is precise, the colors delicate, the feeling buoyant. Mrs. Deák supplies a restrained text of generous captions that describe and discuss each work as art and as history. Her book is a total delight. Nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

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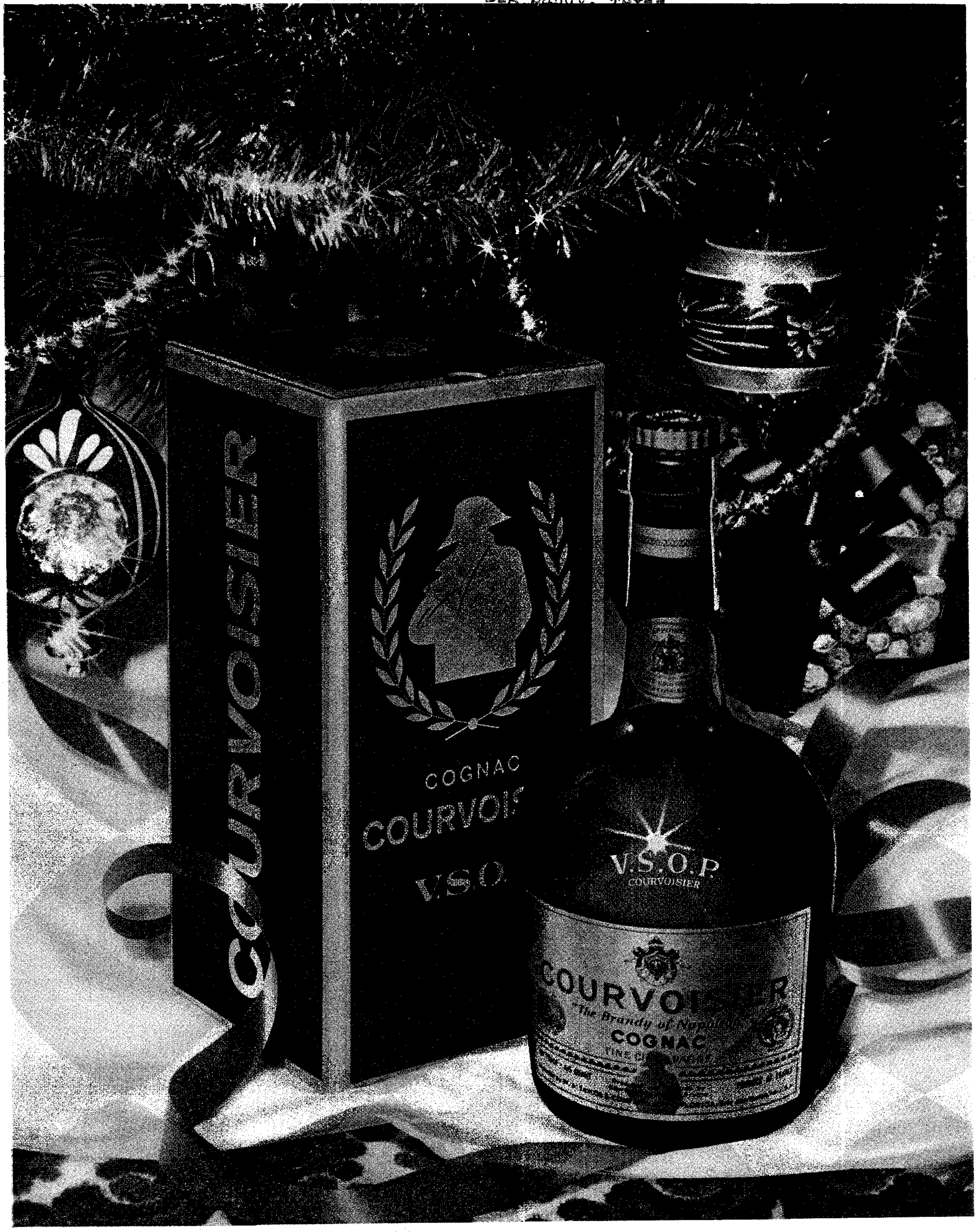
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